YACHTING

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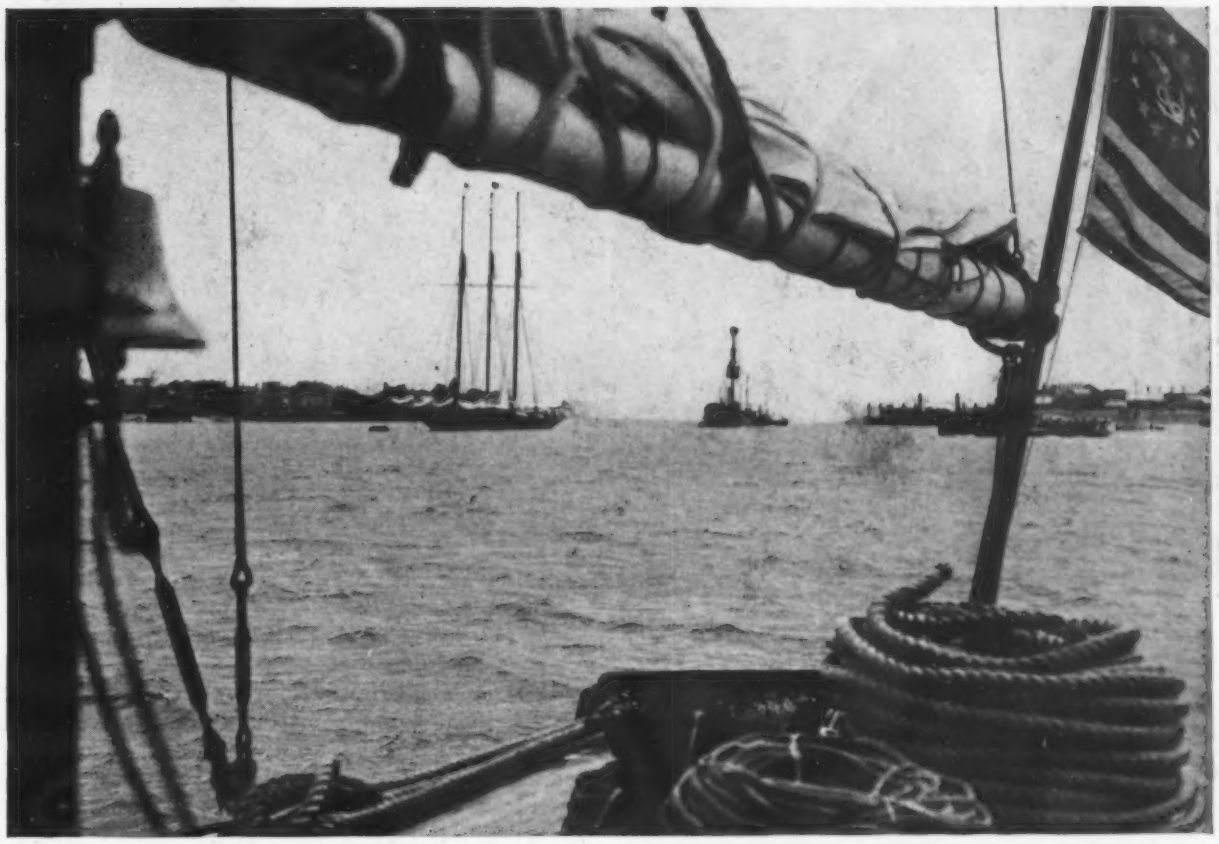


"Atlantic" fast to a mooring buoy in Gosport, as seen from "Yankee"

"Yankee" Goes to Meet John Bull

By

ALFRED F. LOOMIS

JUST before he won the Pulitzer prize for reporting the last America's Cup match, old Bill Taylor was kind of pulitzing around *Yankee* on the eve of her departure from Boston. When he saw my rough sailor's togs laid out in my deluxe cabin he let out a snort of derision.

"Calls that hardship, does yer?" Bill snarled, rasping his horny hands on the silken coverlet of my couch. "Well, I'll pull down the Nobel prize for literachoor when I writes up your sybaritic luxuries."

So I may as well admit at the outset that what I had anticipated as a hard case passage proved to be soft and enervating. Bill was right. We ate hot food a la Delmonico's, slept dry, and never worried about the condition of *Yankee's* mast and hull. But we could have done with a bit of heat in our gorgeous Georgian saloon.

This leads me to say that the Gulf Stream was not where we expected to find it, but farther south, and that we stayed in it only long enough to learn to sigh for the delights of a summer passage. Sirs, it was cold. Cold enough for me who had only to roll out from time to time for sights, and colder still for Frank Paine who commanded, and for Jack Parkinson, who took the other watch. Coldest of all for the crew of Norwegian-Americans who didn't share the comparative comfort of the dog-house, but who stood their watches on deck. However, that was all in the line of preparation for the snow and ice of an unusual English May, and now that it's behind us the crossing may be summed up as a pleasant one.

Leaving the Army Base Pier on April 25th at the stroke of four bells of the forenoon watch, *Yankee* towed nearly to Boston Lightship, with the famous three-masted schooner *Atlantic* steaming along and making sail astern of us. There we let go the tug and under our cut-down mainsail, ordinary headsails, and diminutive mizzen, sailed into a light easterly air. Loaded with 27 tons of water, edible stores, and extra gear, we floated nine inches below our racing marks and to a water line length of 95 instead of 85 feet. Despite the extra weight and despite the short rig of 5,200 square feet in our four working sails, we experienced no difficulty in outfooting as well as outpointing our consort, *Atlantic*, and in dropping her hull down before sunset. Thereafter for twelve days Commodore Lambert's flagship remained out of sight astern, and on the twelfth, when we were becalmed and she came within ten miles of us and almost abeam, we picked up wind again and forged ahead. So at no time while we were "racing" did the champion of the seas take the wind of the passage-making *Yankee*.

London News Agency

Gerard B. Lambert chats with Mrs. T. O. M. Sopwith on the deck of his schooner "Atlantic"

The race was an unusual one, all things considered. Paine had gentle intimations from the owner of our little pleasure navy that *Yankee's* major purpose was to get to England safely in time for the season's racing. We were to be given our head in light going and *Atlantic* was to catch us when it blew so much that we had to shorten down. In short, *Atlantic* was to race us as hard as she was able and we weren't to take any chances when it ceased to be our weather. To add to the novelty of the race, we kept in radio communication at all times, exchanging not only positions but the prevailing conditions of wind and sea. In this connection I venture to say that when radio communication becomes the normal thing between ocean racers, *Atlantic* and *Yankee* will stand as the only yachts to swap *bona fide* information.

Having taken a provisional departure from Boston Lightvessel after letting go our tug, we spent a slow afternoon beating in a light air to Cape Cod. At about nine in the evening we brought Highland Light abeam on a course Southeast by South and took a new departure. If we were going to make a fast passage, as we hoped, there was no use including in it eight hours of drifting in the mouth of Provincetown Bay. With darkness the wind hauled into the south and southwest, and thereafter for 2,500 miles we never hauled the sheets clear aft. It was not all plain sailing, however, for frequently we were obliged to steer high of the course on one jibe or the other to bring a proper draft to the canvas.

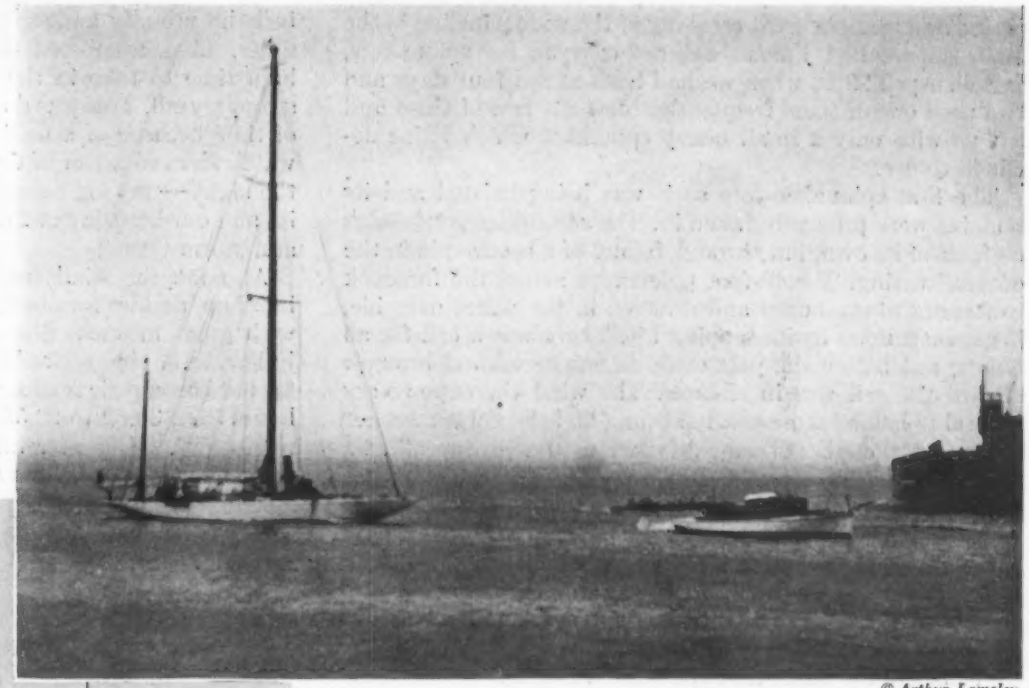
For this reason our track shows a curve more southerly than we had intended it to be. We had agreed with *Atlantic* to cross Latitude 40 in Longitude 65, and thence to sail east true until we were past the farthest meridian at which ice had been reported. But when we reached our rendezvous at noon of the second day out (having a lead of 70 miles over our mother ship) the wind was westerly, and in order to smooth *Yankee's* roll we continued to decrease latitude as we made easting. Thus our next day's run of 209 miles carried us 28 miles farther to the south'ard, while at noon of the day following we were in Latitude 38° 53′, more than a degree below our intended track.

With this much southing, we confidently expected to receive great assistance from the current. We were sadly disappointed. In the four days during which the color and temperature of the water showed us to be well in the Stream our distance made good by observations was only 16 miles more than the distance logged. Worse was yet to come. When *Yankee* reached Point "B" in Latitude 40° 30′, Longitude 47° 10′, and began her great circle course to England we were just east of the Grand Banks at the supposed junction of the Labrador Current and the Gulf Stream. According to the current diagrams there should have been a slight set in our favor. But, during the day which followed, the surface of the water was confused, as it is when current flows against the wind, and I nearly had nervous prostration when I found that we had logged 246 miles and made good only 220. It is true that during this run we had steered various courses and so had not sailed the shortest distance between points. It is equally true that easterly winds had prevailed for some days previously and there is the possibility that a westerly surface current had been induced by these untimely winds. But I was certainly disappointed in my old friend the Gulf Stream.

Before anybody rears up to say, "Here's proof that it's bad to drink the warm magic of the Gulf Stream," let me quote a weather report from the patrol cutter stationed at the southern limit of the ice in Latitude 42° 30′ as we crossed the meridian of the Banks. We were 120 miles south of her, enjoying a strong and steady westerly wind. She reported dense fog and light northeasterly air. Going south as we did, we had no fog in the entire passage, and no head winds until we came within 450 miles of the English coast — where we had plenty.

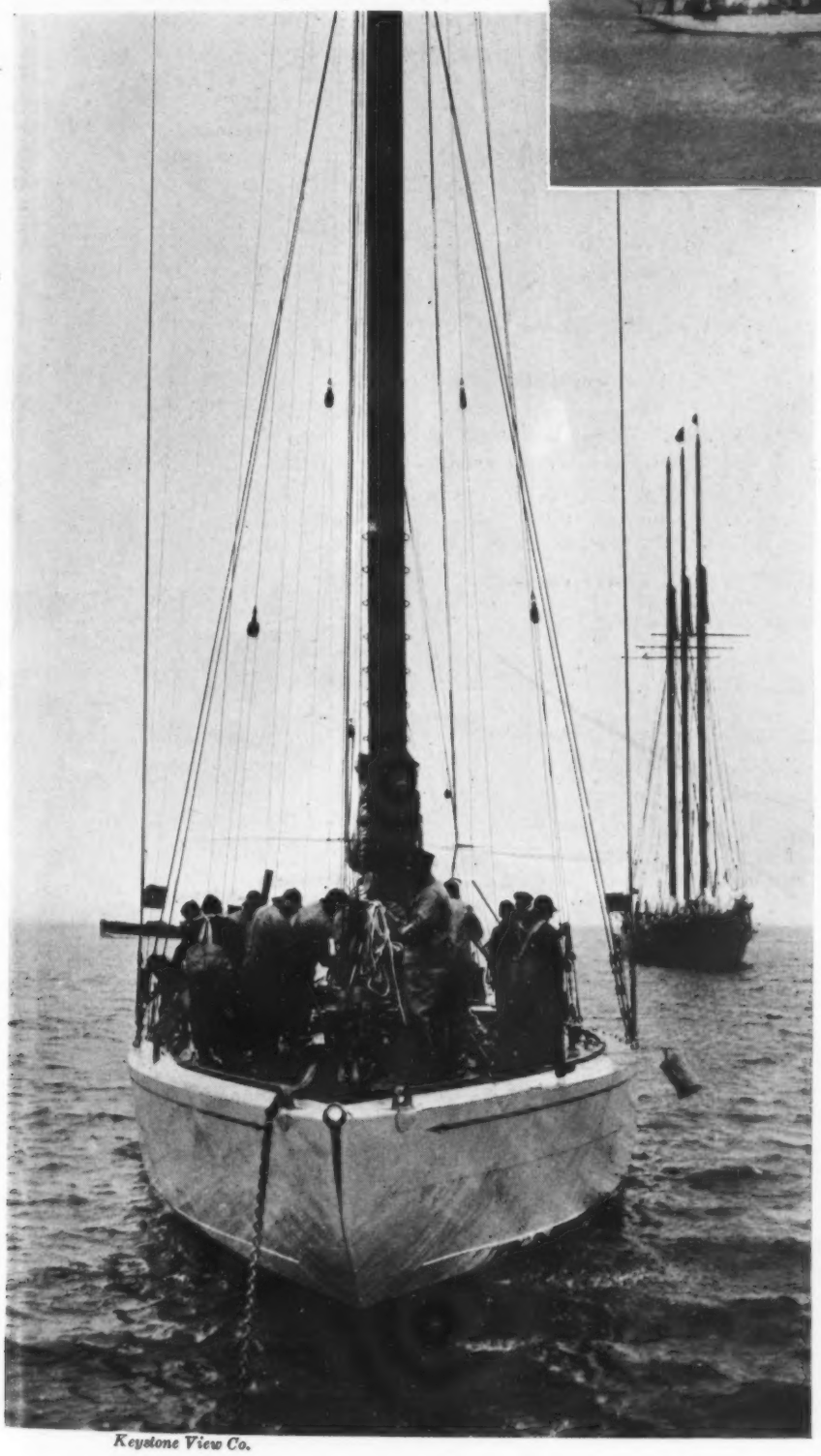
If in the foregoing I've gone too meteorological and oceanographic for some of the light-hearted readers, let me assure you that I shan't repeat the offense. While I was stewing in my juice because dead reckoning positions would not accord with my sights, the boys were sailing the boat to the best of their excellent ability. *Yankee's* motion was easy except in light going when she rolled to an 8½-second

Right. The end of the voyage. "Yankee" enters Portsmouth Harbor in tow of "Utilitie," her tender, after a passage of 17 days and 18 hours from Boston



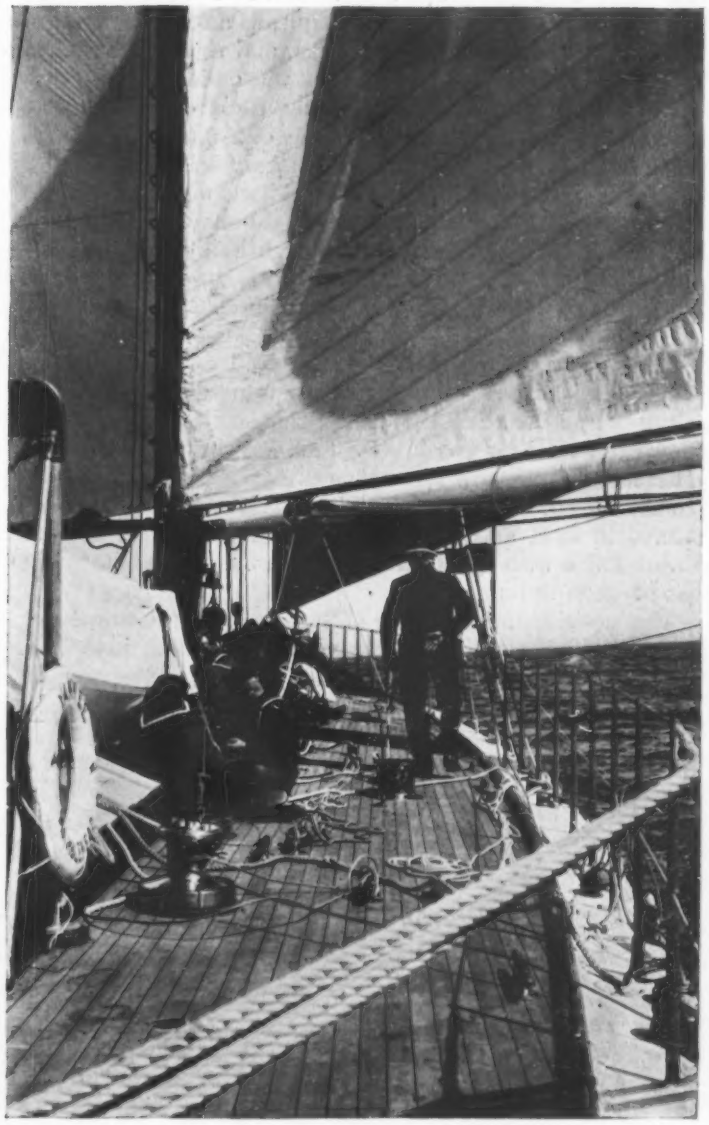
© Arthur Lamsley

In the morning watch. Washing down "Yankee's" deck as she lies at anchor in the Solent. "Atlantic" is anchored near by



Keystone View Co.

Below. Running before it with spinnaker set. The log probably read: "Hands employed at various jobs"



period and set up a great creaking of the wide paneling in the main saloon. But *Yankee* was not easy on her spinnakers, and on April 29th, when we had been at sea four days and had used one of them frequently, blew out two of them and left us with only a small heavy spinnaker which Paine declined to use.

The first spinnaker tore as it was being hoisted and its remains were promptly taken in. The second let go through no fault of its own, but through failure of a bronze pin in the outhaul fitting. The 40-foot pole swept across the foredeck from port to starboard and dragged in the water overside, being suspended by its topping lift. There was a call for all hands, but before the pole could be mastered and brought aboard the sail was in ribbons. The wind thereupon very agreeably hauled more nearly abeam, and the guinea was set instead. Although, subsequently, we used a jib topsail as a spinnaker for short periods, it happened that we were not handicapped in the slightest for lack of big kites.

Thus far we had had a very easy passage, with nothing in the state of the wind or sea to give us a test of *Yankee's* ability as an ocean cruiser. As it was almost my first experience aboard a Class J boat, I had no standard by which to compare her with her sister craft. Notes made in my log were only to the effect that the noises aboard her were heavier and more numerous than I had hitherto heard. When a staysail sheet block lifted and fell to the deck in light airs it sounded like something dropped from aloft in a small boat. The paneling in the saloon creaked like a wicker basket, reminiscent of the noise of a steamer in a heavy seaway. The radio set, capably operated by R. S. Daggett, gave vent to the most amazing groans and squeaks and bellows, all in the natural performance of its duty, and the sound of men running or walking in boots on deck was ominous.

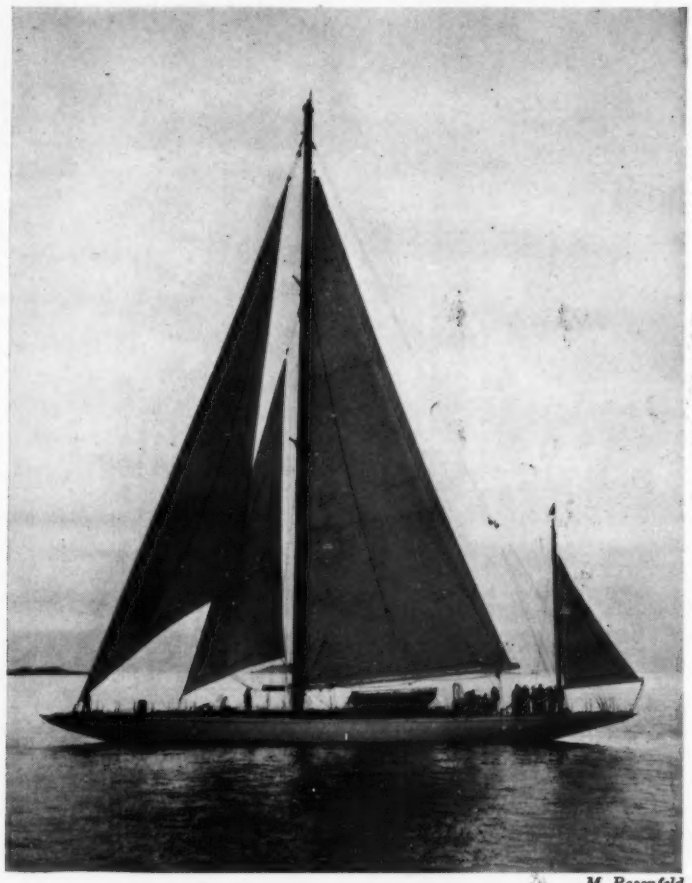
These were superficial impressions. Eight days from port we piled a 233-mile run on top of one of 220 miles. This was good, but not much better than *Brilliant* had done in 1933 in her two best days. We hoped for a little more strength to the wind so that the racing cutter might show what she was made of. Shortly after noon of this eighth day of sailing, the glass, which had been consistently high, began to fall rapidly and the wind to pick up from south southwest. This looked like it.

In the afternoon watch we logged 45 miles under four lowers. In the dog watches, which were shortened thirty minutes by advancing the clocks, the run totaled 42 miles. Now came the first watch, with Jack Parkinson on deck and most anxious to show something pretty in a four-hour run. To the accompaniment of tumbling glass and rising wind, he turned in 48.6, and at midnight handed the deck over to Frank Paine with the remark that this was a figure he might have reason to remember.

The designer and skipper of the boat kept Commodore Lambert's injunction in mind and at 1:30 took in the jib. But he didn't take in the wind, and at the stroke of eight bells he proudly announced to Jack that the run was 50.8 miles. That completed the inter-watch contest, for it was high time to take in the mainsail and set in its place the storm trysail. This was done, a process involving some waste of time because of a halliard fouled aloft, and the morning watch showed a run of only 39 miles. At some time during the night — my log doesn't show it — the mizzen was taken in, and our best day of 273 miles was finished under staysail and storm trysail.

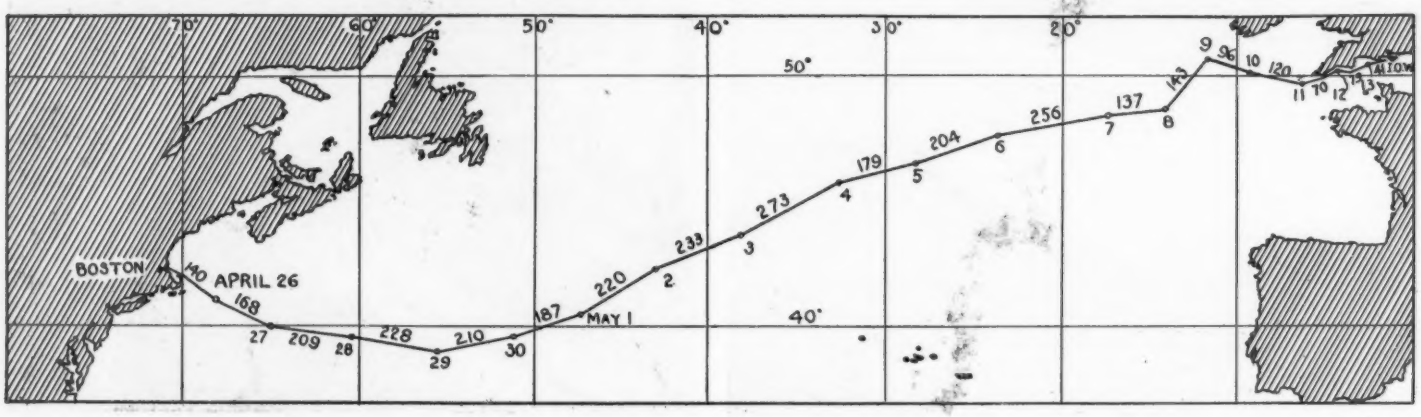
At noon the wind really began to blow and the sea to build up, and we awaited the next radio report from *Atlantic* with great interest. She was astern of us, along what we judged to be the track of the gale, and we asked particularly for her barometric reading. Ours had dropped in twenty-four hours from 30.02 to 29.56, and *Atlantic's*, corrected to ours, read 29.37. Of greater interest than the state of *Atlantic's* barometer, however, was the body of her message: "We are

(*Continued on page 100*)



M. Rosenfeld

"Yankee" was rigged as a yawl for her ocean passage, using most of her old wooden mainmast and stepping a mizzenmast with a few square feet of heavy canvas hung on it. Below. A track chart of her crossing showing the daily runs



Spanish Treasure Fleets and Flying Frigates

By

GREGORY ROBINSON

IF LATE years ocean racing has been much in the minds of yachtsmen. Types of craft, equipment, personnel, and the winds and currents of the Atlantic have been the preoccupation of many sitting by quiet firesides comfortably in slippers. Old sailing directions, written before smoke had smudged the clear horizons, have been hauled out again and searched for a rule which would give hope of a fair wind, and lately the rule has been followed by men in seaboots only to meet a whole row of exceptions coming from dead ahead. However, the wise man knows that if he keeps racing long enough the rule will come right.

The seamen of old Spain had no book of experience to guide them. They had to find the best way out and the best way home for themselves, and although the blessing of Holy Church doubtless made for them a good departure, their lack of a practical method of finding longitude did not ensure a good landfall. In practice, they went early to the latitude of their desired island and ran along the parallel until they fetched it up over the horizon; it was the longer way, but, under the circumstances, the surer, and more often than not they got there. We northern races are inclined to forget the pioneer work of the Spaniards, dwelling rather on our successes against them and the prowess of our own seamen. But the record of these men who went forth in the name of religion is written large on the charts. In Nombre de Dios, San Salvador, Esperito Santo, and in the saintly names of the hundreds of rivers, capes and cities which lie between the Sacramento in the north and the Cape of the Eleven Thousand Virgins in the south, is to be found the evidence of their achievement.

The great shipments of gold and silver from the New World to the Old have melted away, leaving Spain a poor country. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* Nevertheless, there is evidence enough in the archives to show that the seamen delivered the goods in fair quantity and fine condition. It is said that enough treasure passed through Seville in the sixteenth century to pave that city's streets with silver and its sidewalks with gold. Noting that the thickness of the paving is not specified, we may readily accept this and accept, too, the less lyrical statement that in the years between 1587 and 1600 — of which there happens to have survived a record — there passed in over San Lucar Bar treasure to the tune of something like 145,000,000 dollars. That is a deal of money and hardly points to a wholly incompetent nation to have fetched so much safely across the wide and stormy ocean in despite of the King's enemies.

Indeed, so far as planning was concerned, things could hardly have been bettered. As early as 1508 Amerigo Vespucci was appointed pilot-major and with his staff he trained and examined pilots, sending them to sea again for a year if they failed; certificates went with all navigational instruments used, while a standard chart was prepared under Amerigo's supervision. So came the word "America" on the map, though it would appear that it was a toss up as to whether they would not write Jerrisabellica — America was born lucky. A board was responsible for the surveying of all ships intended for the West, and they were inspected light, loaded, with a final look around at the farewell buoy to insure against overloading and to make sure that they went armed against an enemy. All of which sounds modern enough. Everybody was registered and examined as to financial position and morals, special care being taken to see that no blasphemers made the crossing. But officials were bribed and blasphemy soon broke out in America, unregistered goods were shipped in the night, and regulations were not carried out. Rogues and fools did their best to wreck the machinery. And all of this has a modern sound, too.

The sailing orders were explicit. From San Lucar Bar they ran for the Canaries. After completing with wood and water, they made a departure from Ferro; the course was S for twenty-four hours and then away W by S across the ocean for the Island Deseada. Here, if the fleets for the Spanish Main and Mexico had sailed together, they parted; the former had an easy navigation, laying a course for Cape de la Vela and so comfortably along to Nombre de Dios or Porto Bello. The Mexican fleet passed through Galleons Channel, which is betwixt Antigua and Guadaloupe, by Santa Cruz, Cape Roxo, Mona, and Saona, into the Bay of Neyba, in San Domingo, for refreshment. Then S to Alta Vela, WNW for Cape Tiburon, passing north of Navassa to Cape Cruz in Cuba, and across the Bay of Jardines de la Reina (which queen's garden is a rockery) to sight the Island of Pines. After passing Cape Corrientes and San Antonio, it was a bold NW into the Gulf, then W for a landfall well to the north of their port — that was, in winter. In summer time they chanced their arm, wending their way through the shoals of Yucatan, so at last into San Juan d'Ulloa. For the masters of the clumsier old wagons this last passage must have been a nightmare. If the Nombre de Dios fleet had sailed from Spain alone, a more southerly course was made, bringing them to Galleons Passage, between Tobago and Trinidad. Thus they came to fetch it away, sometimes alone and sometimes together, but once the treasure was aboard, then they always made the ocean passage as one fleet.

Havana was the rendezvous. In summer time the great convoy was swept out through the Florida Channel up north of the Bermudas to 39°. Then, huddled together, and, of necessity at the pace of the laggards, they crawled down their easting, making the Island of Corvo in the Azores. In winter, they left Bermuda to the north and in 37° made for the Island of Santa Maria. From the Azores by way of Cape St. Vincent, thence, if they were favored, home to San Lucar Bar again.

As early as 1520 the game of hanging about on the horizon and pouncing upon the stragglers was being played, first by French privateers and very soon afterwards by a swarm of English, Dutch, and Flemings, plain or mixed. They hung thickest around the Azores for here was an added chance of an East Indian carrack if they were men enough to tackle her, besides the convenience of being able to fill up barricoes with water and hang on a week or two longer, hoping. Some of them went missing, many came home more than half starved, but enough made large fortunes to advertise the business and keep up the numbers.

Those who have had to do with convoy work will best appreciate the difficulties and weariness of it in the days of sail. The shepherding of a crowd of vessels under steam has its anxieties, but the differences between units is mainly confined to speed forward; in sail was added the rate of speed sideways, for some of them were leewardly old haystacks and the wonder is that they kept together at all. In

modern times the periscope is close work and sudden death; in the old days, evilly disposed topsails peeped over the horizon at you and kept on peeping, keeping up the anxiety for weeks. Doubtless, the Admiral of the Flota, as the senior officer of the West Indian convoy was called, went white at forty. But somewhere about 1589 he was relieved of a great responsibility when it was arranged that the more valuable cargoes should cross independently of the large convoy.

For many years those splendid fellows, the Biscay fishermen, had been working the Newfoundland Banks in flush-decked vessels, bringing home dried fish for the Friday dinners of good Catholics. With very little alteration in design, the smelly fish carrier was converted into a carrier of gold ingots and silver bar. The design probably owed something, too, to the little ships which had been carrying the treasure from the Main to Havana for some years and it was in the latter place that they were built. From *Biscainers* they came to be called *galley zabras, pataches* and other funny names, and, eventually, *frigates*. We may be sure they kept their fishing crews, but these had to put up with a guard of southern Spaniards housed on deck aft. Sick, cold and sorrowful those soldiers must have been as these proper ocean racers came lashing across the Atlantic in winter time and in the higher latitudes. Figuratively, and, in fact, the smartest men-of-war never saw the way they went.

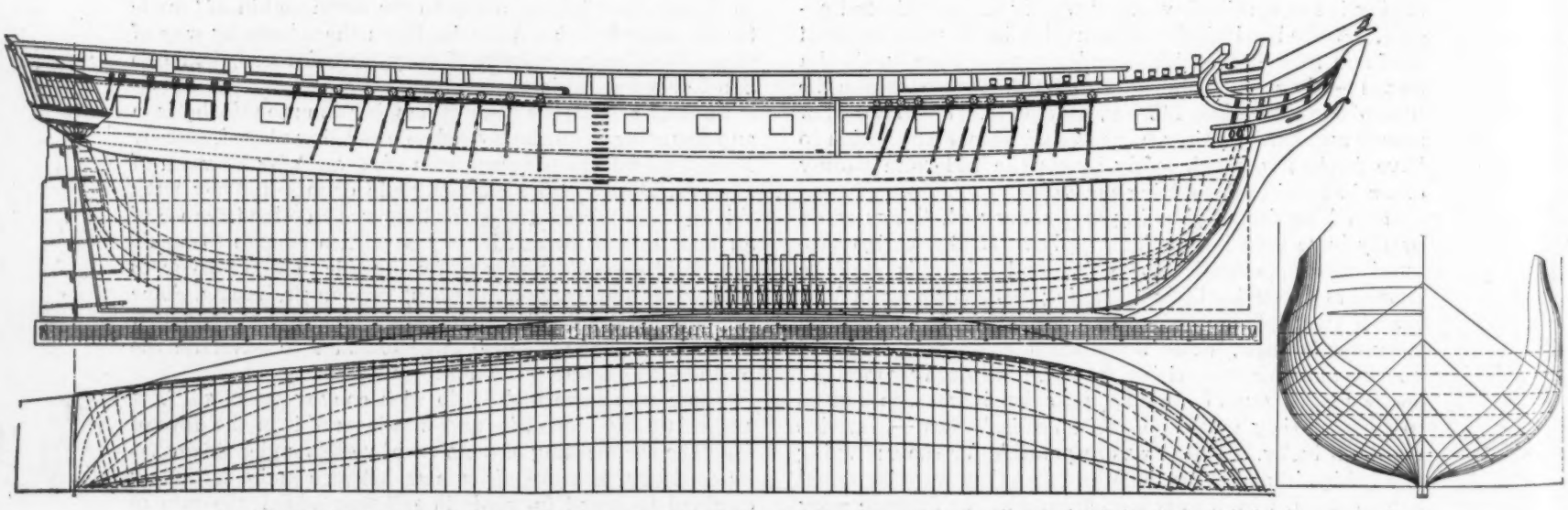
It was some years after their first launching that England was trying to find out what they looked like, and from a spy at Havana came a picture of a dreadful looking box; the drawing is still preserved in the Record Office. Perhaps it was a case of counter-espionage, perhaps the poor fellow could not draw, but, certain it is the result is a gross libel on those fine little ships. Some day, maybe, their lines may be discovered in Spain and we shall know what they were like. From particulars gathered here and there, they would seem to have been of about 200 tons, much longer in the keel, and of less beam than the orthodox ships of the period. I have no experience of it, but I imagine gold would be good stuff for ballast lying snug by the kelson. It was a hint to the Spanish designer, which he took, and, clapping on more sail, he produced a flyer. There is no record of any of these early birds being caught with treasure on board. This is not the end of the story of the frigate, which may as well be briefly related here.

When war ceased with Spain, they made a nest for themselves at Dunkirk from whence they terrorized the English Channel, often holding up the coal trade in the North Sea so that prices in London went skyrocketing and poor folk went with cold feet. They were manned by all sorts, including English and Scotsmen. The English shipwrights produced the ten *Lion's Whelps* to catch the Dunkirkers; the Dunkirkers sailed two feet to their one and snapped up merchantmen under their noses.

In early days the Earl of Warwick bought a Dunkirker and used her privateering, but it was not until 1635 that the Navy, having caught a little frigate called *Nicodemus*, decided to copy her, she having the reputation of running away from everything "as a greyhound does from a little dog." So the following year were launched the *Roebuck* and the *Greyhound;* they seem still to have been on the beamy side and of only about 100 tons. The latter ended her career twenty years later in a sheet of flame and glory. After being overwhelmed by two privateers and having one hundred of the enemy in her, Captain George Wager put a light to his magazine. But long before that, English designers had produced a whole string of fine frigates, faster and harder hitters than anything that came out of Dunkirk, and in Cromwell's day, such ships as *Adventure, Nonsuch, Constant Warwick, Tiger, Dragon* and *Sapphire* cleaned up the Narrow Seas. It is Peter Pett of Ratcliffe who has the distinction of building the first British frigate.

By the eighteenth century, what with unintelligent copying, and overloading with ordnance — that eternal error in ship design of trying to put a quart into a pint pot — the frigate had become a slug. The renaissance came from France towards the end of the century when she built many fine, graceful vessels. Unfortunately for her, one of the best fell into British hands soon after launching and supplied a much needed pattern — her name was *Revolutionaire;* she revolutionized frigate design in England. And she was not the only captured Frenchman that the Britishers copied.

How much or how little the *Constitution* was influenced by these later developments I do not know — there would have been by that time an American tradition. But when you next go to view *Old Ironsides,* raise your hat to the memory of old Mr. Peter Pett of Ratcliffe who gave her hitting power without impairing her speed. You will find gold dust and silver ships in her bilges and you will smell fish all over her. And maybe when you go racing to Santander you will find yourself shaking hands with the descendants of the man who gave her that essential quality of all good ships — seaworthiness.

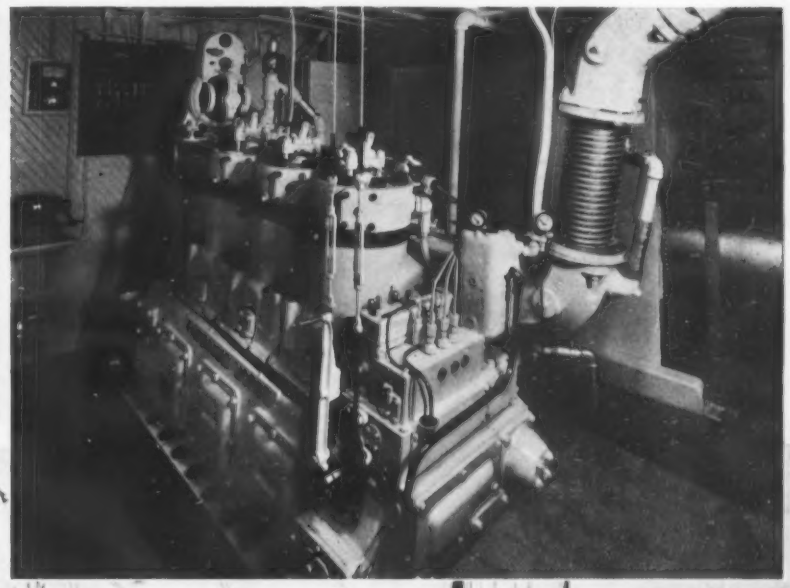


U.S.S. "Constitution." The solid lines in the half-breadth plan are diagonals; the water lines are shown dotted. At the ends, the timbers were set at an angle to the center line. The lines are to the inside of the planking. From Joshua Humphrey's original drawings. How much did he owe to the unknown designers of the early frigates?

"Kiboko"

This 60-foot motor sailer was designed by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., for Clarence S. Postley of New York and built by M. M. Davis & Son, Solomon's, Md. Her accommodations include a roomy deckhouse, a double stateroom aft and another amidships. Two men are berthed forward. At the right is the deckhouse with its comfortable cushioned transom and below is a view of the after cabin

"Kiboko" is driven by a Fairbanks Morse Diesel rated 75 hp. at 350 r.p.m., which is installed amidships in a spacious compartment



M. Rosenfeld

M. Rosenfeld

"Ranger"

This interesting ketch, owned by H. Martyn Baker of the Cruising Club of America and one of the "founders" of Frostbite dinghy racing, was designed by S. S. Crocker and built by Chute & Bixby of Huntington, L. I. She is 36' over all, 32' l.w.l., 10' 8" beam, and 4' 4" draft. A Gray 4-40 furnishes auxiliary power. The spacious main cabin is shown below

A handy type of fishing boat, with outriggers ready for use and revolving chairs in the cockpit

"Hot Spot"

Going After Tuna and Blue Marlin in the Gulf Stream off Bimini is Exciting Business

By S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR.

THE morning was typical of Bimini in late May — sunny with a light cooling breeze from the southwest — perfect weather for any sport. On board the fishing cruiser *Lady Grace* were Captain Gifford, his mate, "Doug" Osborne, and three keen anglers right off the Pan-American plane from Miami. We were on the start of a two weeks' trip in the gorgeous waters, two to five thousand feet deep, that border the east side of the Gulf Stream. Only five minutes before we had set out from the Dower House, where ex-commissioner and Mrs. Dunscombe, of beautiful little Alicetown, capital of Bimini, make one feel so much at home.

Our cruiser crossed the bar and entered the Stream, which was running like a mill race, and headed south. Captains Lance, Hatch, Cass and Fagin, with other fishing parties, had preceded us and were practically out of sight ahead. Our rods had been put out, the 45-foot outriggers were about to be dropped, and Gifford was baiting his 14-0 hooks with 5- and 6-pound mackerel. It was at this moment that John Gibb startled the party with a wild yell.

"Look at that water spout! No! It's a shell exploding! Who's shooting?"

"Just one of our tuna jumping for the bait." Captain Gifford laughed as he opened up the throttle.

Our third angler, Phil Holden, was now seized with excitement. "There it is again!" he shouted.

"Just a double header," was Captain Gifford's comment. He threw over his baits which were attached to 15-foot airplane wire leaders and 3,000 feet of 54-thread line on 16-0 Edward VomHofe reels and 29-ounce hickory rods. "Now watch the fun. They are both starting for West End and will probably get there in jig time. They've got no tackle larger than 12-0 reels and 39-thread line on Captain Cass's boat and in this depth of water these tuna take that the way a big wahoo takes 6-thread."

Captain Cass had speeded up his boat and was giving chase. But the line was fast running out, and after a few minutes' run the first tuna hooked cleared the reel. Five minutes later the second one had an open road for Cape Hatteras and points north.

Captain Tommy grinned. "The same old story. Last year every foot of line of 24-thread and larger in the State of Florida was lost over here. This year, with 54-thread, and some people using even 72, maybe we can do better, but I shall believe nothing until I see a tuna in the boat that has not been attacked by sharks."

The Captain gave orders to the mate. "Keep zig-zagging, Doug," he directed. "We don't want to run over them. They're all heading north and they'll keep right on going after they are hooked. In fact, I doubt if some of them so much as feel the hook. Their mouths are by far the hardest and toughest of anything that swims."

"Gosh, what a sight!" put in Gibb.

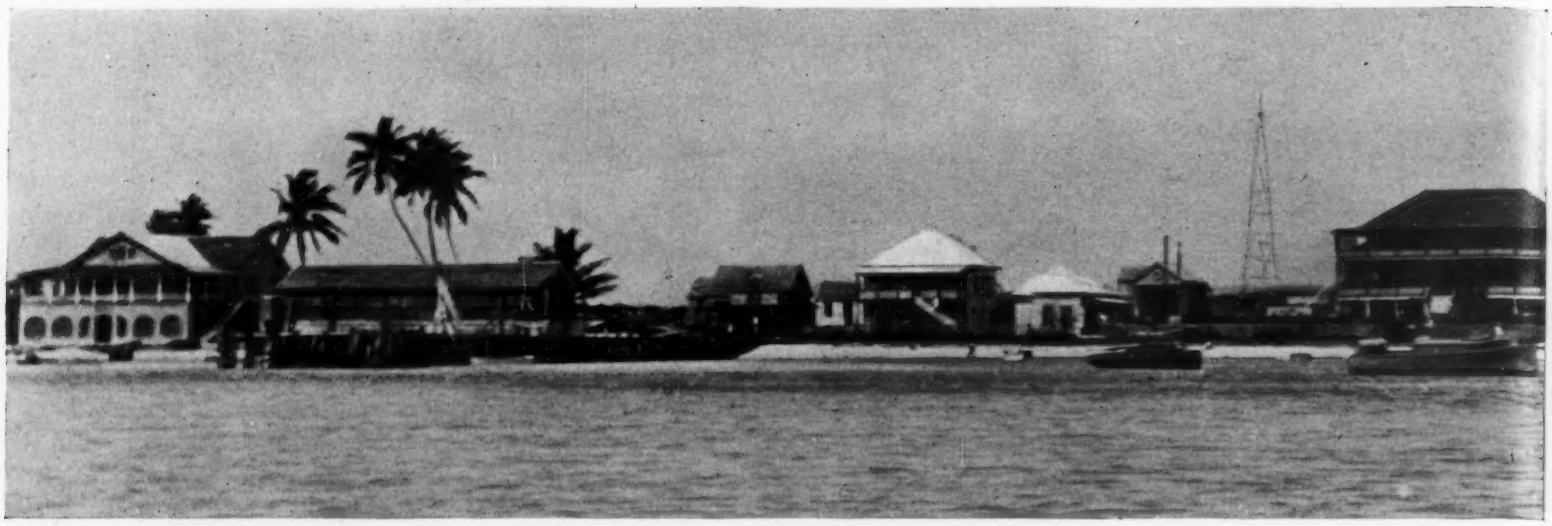
"Wait until you see these 500-pound blue marlin," the mate promised. "This late spring fishing is as different from February, March and April as day from night."

"Here comes a school!" shouted Captain Gifford. "Captain Lance and the *Cheerio* are in them now."

"Look at that splash!" Holden yelled as one of Captain Lance's party hooked one which wet all on board and went into high.

"And the best part of it," says Gifford, "is that 75 per cent of them will take any kind of a trolling bait in these waters, from the smallest feathered jig to a large blue runner or mackerel."

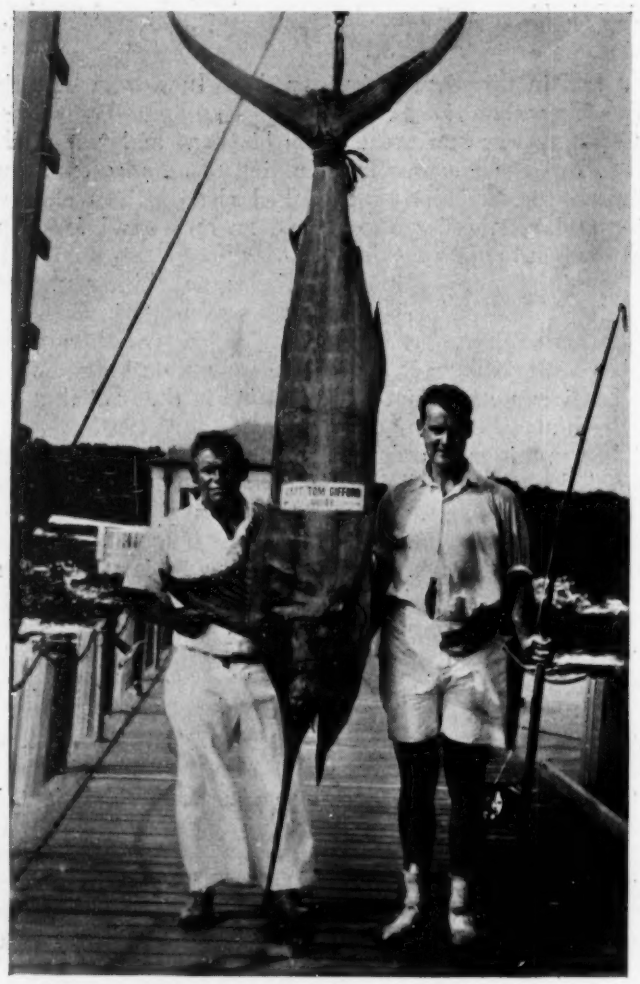
We were now in the school. What color! Blue, purple and



black all mixed together. What power and speed! They have a back like that of a bull and they're afraid of nothing as they ride the seas north, dreaming, no doubt, of Maine, Nova Scotia and the great schools of herring in that far-off country where they will feast the summer months through.

As far as is known these tuna go as far south of the Equator in the winter as they go north in summer. Cape Breton and southern Norway, on either side of the Atlantic, are the farthest north they have been reported. At Captain Gifford's request, Pan-American airplane pilots have watched for them as far south as they fly, and have seen tuna below Para, Brazil, and it is believed that they go many miles farther.

These fish are known to go outside of the Bahamas on their way south in late October, November and December, returning again in May and June, following the Gulf Stream on their way north. I believe that one of them passing Bimini on Monday could be attending church off the Jersey coast the following Sunday.



It took the author fifty minutes to land this 201-pound marlin

This is only the second year that tuna have been fished for at Bimini. In the spring of 1934 over forty were hooked and all were lost except the one Captain Gifford and Mrs. Chadbourne landed, almost entirely eaten by sharks. When they die, as almost all tuna do when licked, or if they are bleeding, it is practically impossible to keep the sharks away. But the greatest difficulty one has is in keeping the other fish in the school from cutting lines and leaders and striking at the swivels. The swivels are taped and in some cases have been eliminated by using soldered loops, but this does not help much since anything moving in the water is an invitation for the fish to strike. Most of the lines break from ten to fifty feet in back of the leader. Using double line, as is done in marlin and broadbill fishing, has been found to be of no help, and, besides, is not needed when fishing with 54-thread line.

But let's get back to our fishing. It appears that the particular school of tuna we are in is too busy keeping on its way for Great Isaac, fifteen miles to the north, to give us a tumble. But, suddenly, there is a shout from every man on board. No matter how many times you may witness the sight your reaction will be the same. For the ocean seems to open right up, as if cleaved by a tremendous object. The water shoots high into the air, and a blue fin tuna, weighing from 500 to 1,000 pounds, swallows the skipping cero mackerel at the end of the outrigger 45 feet from the boat.

"Strike!" yells the Captain. "Give it to 'im!" And he opens both motors up wide to aid in hooking the big boy.

Bang! The line comes up tight. Whip! echoes the fine hickory tip. I strike as hard as I can, swing the rod with the 13-pound reel and somehow manage to fall back into the chair, but not before the reel has turned on my wrist and the tuna's rush has begun, taking a good sized chunk of my arm with it. How that 54-thread can burn!

I put a good stout drag on the reel; the others snap the harness on me, and we were after him with both motors hooked up.

The rush of the tuna is different from the wild, fierce dash of the blue marlin — not as fast, but a steady, deliberate rush. The 500-foot mark is easily reached. A thousand, 1,200, 1,500 feet roll off. The fish has slowed up just a trifle. Or perhaps it is my imagination.

Tommy stands beside me, pouring water on the line, already well wet down before leaving the dock. The giant reel is behaving magnificently and is not even warm. Now 2,000 feet are off and only 1,000 feet are left.

"He can never take it all!" yells Tommy.

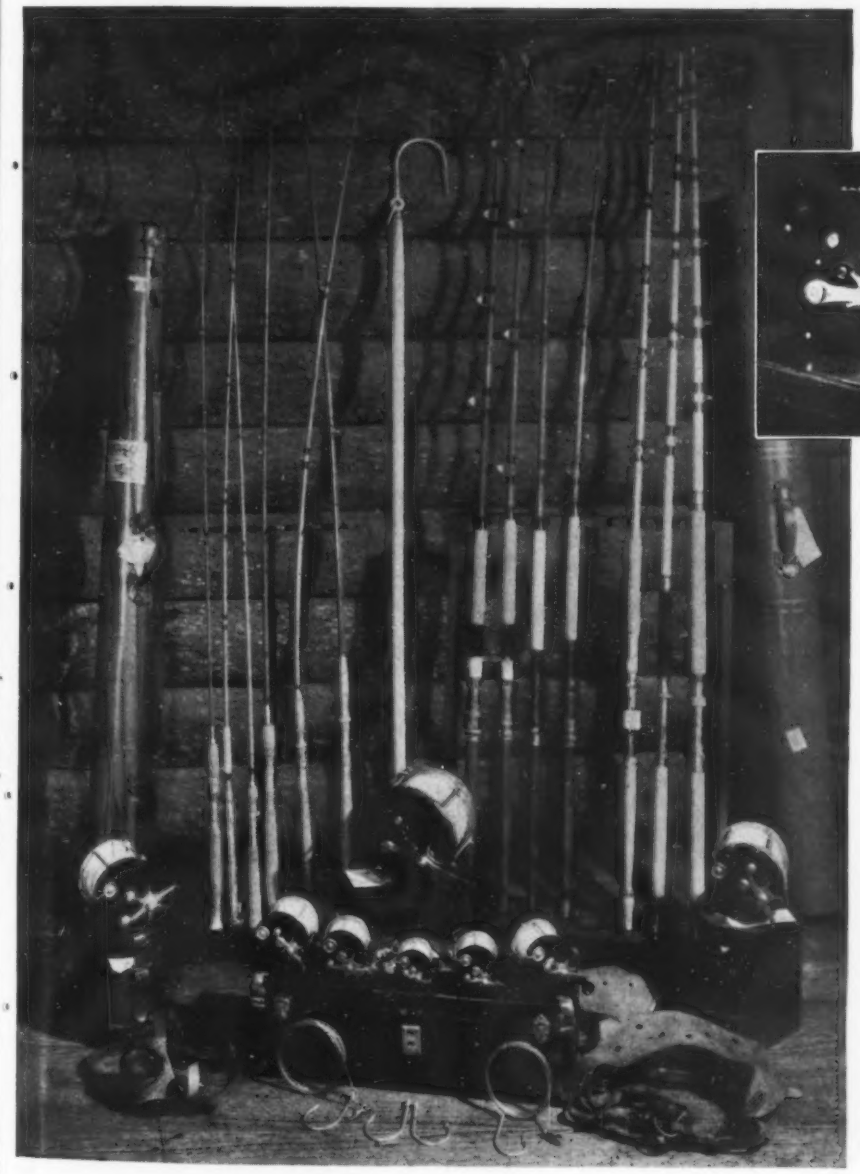
Above and page opposite, part of the water front of the inner harbor of Bimini

Right, almost within reach of the gaff, tired marlin near the close of the battle

My only thought is that I will have to let up on the drag, but Tommy will have none of that. If he goes, he goes. There will be others here today and every day for the next month, he reminds me. Even with that much line out and all that pressure, the Ash-away line still holds tight.

By now, 2,500 feet were off. The tuna was picking up more speed when, suddenly, the feeling I have experienced so many times — that slackness which tells you your fish is off — hit me cold. I reeled in, quickly, for that 16-0 gets line back fast, with or without a fish, to find he had thrown the hook. Hard luck, but just the breaks of the game. The whole wild run had taken place in just about two minutes.

On three successive days I have worked giant tuna, giant blue marlin and even a broadbill swordfish which would have gone 175

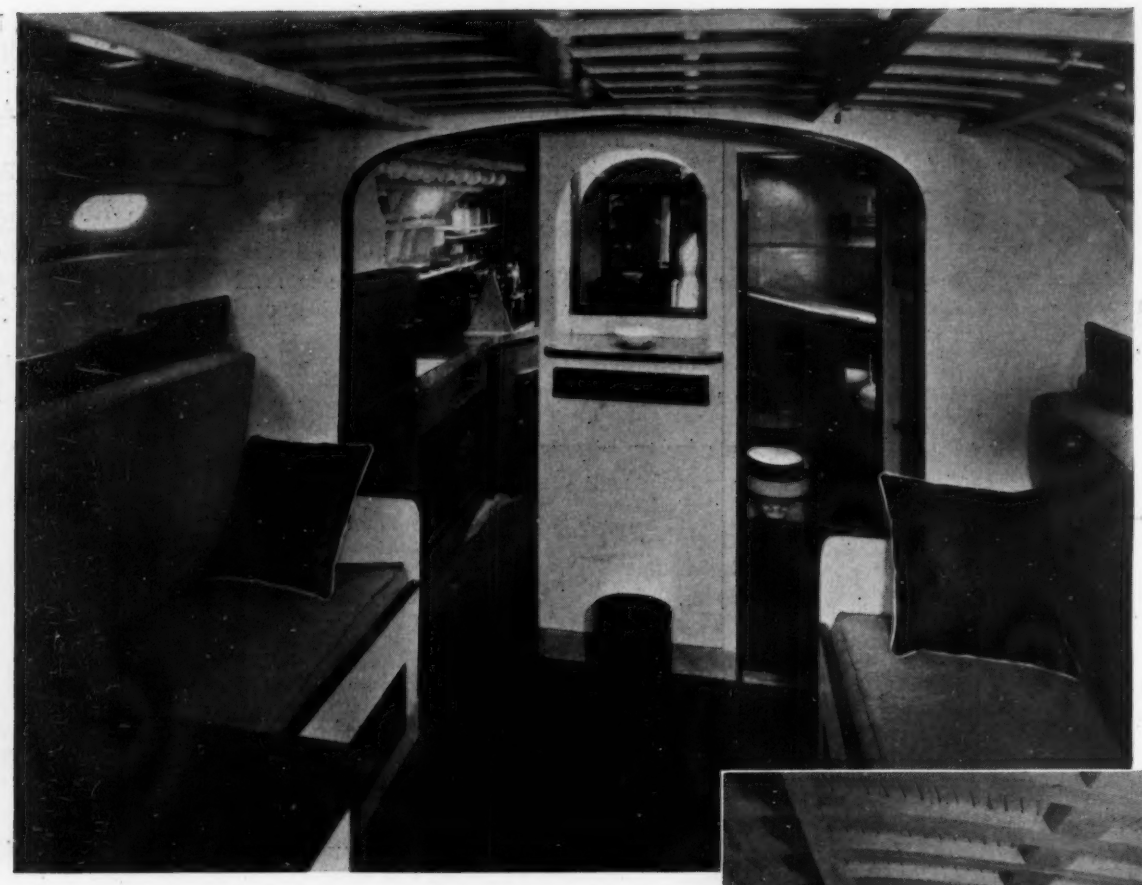


Below, VomHofe reels. The largest for use in taking giant tuna and marlin in deep water with 54-thread line, the smallest for use with 24-thread medium heavy tackle

pounds right on the "hot spot" off Bimini Harbor, five minutes from the Dower House. Where else could one see three of the four great game fish of the world on three consecutive days? Perhaps in New Zealand, 7,000 miles away, where you have the giant and unexcelled Mako shark to take the place of the tuna. But here we are just twelve hours by plane from New York City. A friend of mine, Francis Geer, left the Newark Airport at 7:40 p.m. daylight time and was at Bimini the next morning. At eleven o'clock he had caught and released five white marlin and hooked and lost two others. At this season of the year (June) the white, or common marlin are as plentiful here as are sailfish at Palm Beach in the winter, and if there were as many boats fishing for them as there are on the Florida side I dare say many more would be seen and caught. But at Bimini, in the late spring, one has no thought or time for this magnificent game fish, the greatest jumper that swims. Frequently I have taken the baits away from as many as eight in one day, so as not to waste time or to have our fine large baits ruined when

(*Continued on page 110*)

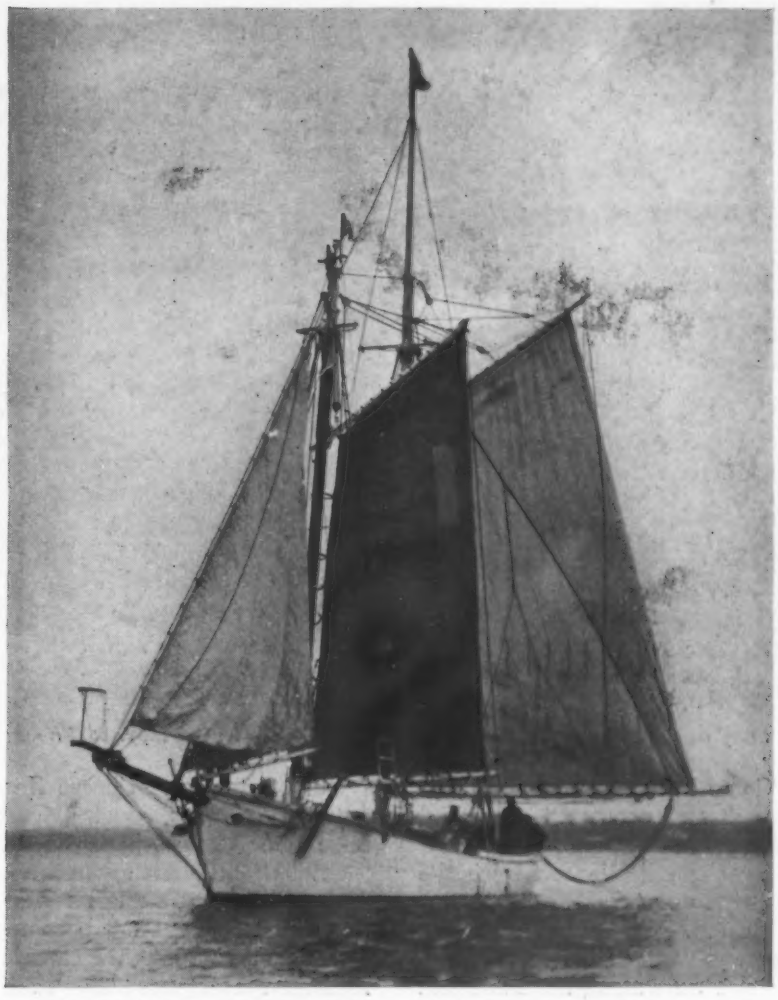
Left, the author's tackle, with VomHofe rods ranging from light, for weakfish and bonefish, to the heavy rods for use in fighting the giants. The outfit includes reels, gaff, harness, rod sockets and tackle boxes



"Kidneybean"

M. Rosenfeld

This auxiliary cruiser is 35' over all, 30' l.w.l., 10 feet beam, and 3'11" draft. For auxiliary power she carries a Chrysler Ace reduction gear engine, located amidships. At top of page is a view of the roomy cabin, looking forward into the galley and the toilet room. Next, is the forward stateroom, with companionway into the forward cockpit. At left, "Kidneybean" under sail, with her wishbone boom. The mainsail is stowed under the hatch abaft the mast, and the jib in the forward cockpit. She was designed by her owner, Jasper Morgan.



"Director" is a Down Easter, a husky craft that spent nearly thirty years off the Maine coast as a Portland pilot boat

"Director" Commences a Long Traverse

By

BRUCE and SHERIDAN FAHNESTOCK

AS SOON as we set eyes on the trim lines and sturdy hull of the little pilot boat *Director* we felt that any other ship would be a poor substitute. We were dreamers and planned a long voyage. She was experience. We were untried youth. She was tough, tried, tested age. She had battled winter seas off Portland for almost thirty years. We proposed to warm her joints in southern seas. But she was not yet ours.

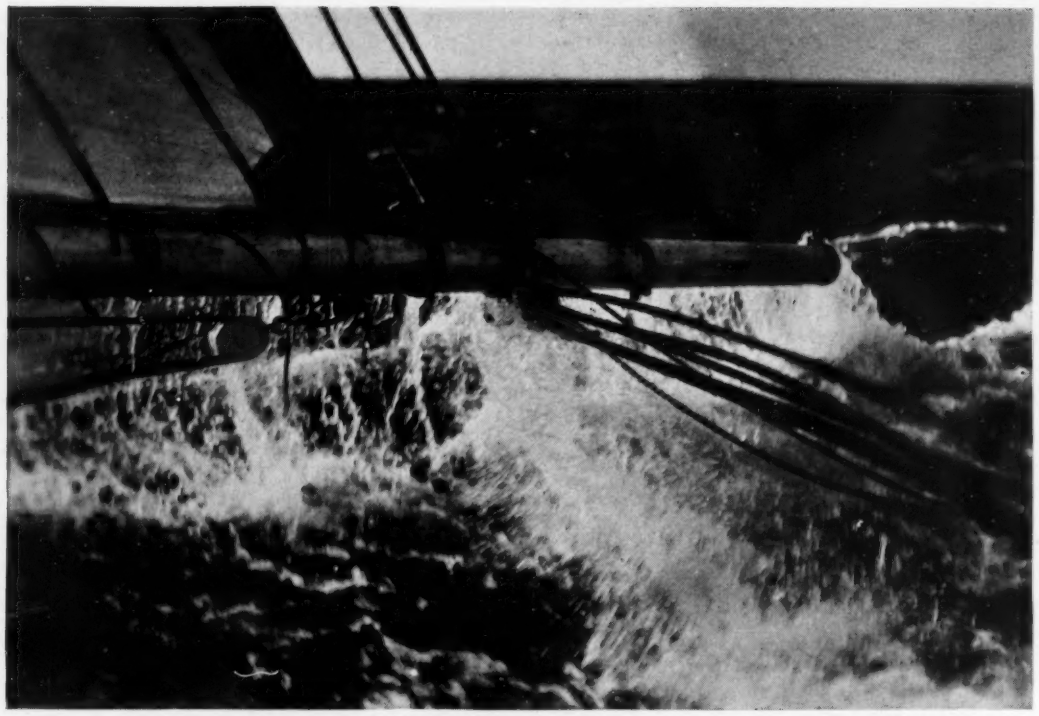
We agonized through three sales and finally got her at much too high a price . . . but we three had chummed up by that time and cost didn't count. She has made up in a hundred ways for being so difficult at first. She's never dragged an inch. She's never leaked too much — just enough to "keep her sweet" — and she likes to go to windward as much as we do.

We tossed away a lot of the ballast that had kept her sluggish and she rose and fell with a new motion. We brought new sails from Gloucester lofts, Stockholm tar, new ratlines, new halliards, blocks, jigs, shrouds, pins, and extra swifters on the foremast. Gleaming copper was put on her bottom, tacked over tarred felt — new bearings on her mast-like rudder post. We stowed four tons of food in her cavernous lazarette and fore peak. We filled her tanks, greased her masts, stocked her table with the charts of all the world, and painted her old name in proud letters across her transom.

We added four ruffians to the crew, and *Director* was ready for the sea again. We lay in Gravesend Bay in late December, awaiting a nor'wester that would blow us across the Stream into the warmth we all needed after the freezing weeks in the shipyard.

A black, gloomy night with the snow blotting out everything around us — the coal docks near by, the harbor traffic. The wind came lightly from the East and we huddled around the galley fire for our last night in New York. The ship seemed alive again, and strange whisperings came to us from every seam of all the glamorous times she'd had — of other winter nights when the pilots had to go out — of the day every spring when it was the custom of the Governor of Maine to go fishing aboard her — of her young days in Boothbay where she was built of good stuff left over from the tall four-masters — of Irving Adams, her builder, and how he had patted her bows tenderly before she went sliding down to the sea. We felt all this that night in Gravesend, and knew we had chosen wisely.

A noise brought us all on deck. A launch bringing a



Every now and then she would roll the end of the main boom into the crest of a sea

telegram from the pilots. "Come back again to Portland some day," it read, "Good luck and goodby!" They had heard of *Director's* going to sea again.

The snow stopped. The sky cleared. We could see the lights all around us again and the deep rumble of the city grew louder. Then the noise started.

Bombs roared. Whistles blew steadily for five minutes. The harbor was alive with sound. Cars along the shore had their horns held down. The little schooner from Down East was headed out again. The whole crew stood aft. No one spoke. Our hearts were too full. We shot off a Very pistol. The sharp report echoed and reëchoed over the glassy bay. It was midnight, December 31st, 1934!

Our nor'wester came. In the rising wind we brought her scaly chain up over the drum, foot by foot. Soon the hook was just below the pipe. A burton and a sway brought it to the deck. The Skipper had us put the foresail on her, then the staysail, then the trysail on the main. We worked out of the bay and picked up our first Ambrose Channel buoy. Scotland Lightship was abeam in a mess of spume and scud; we were at sea.

Four and a half hours later we had Barnegat over the quarter. The wind increased. At three in the morning we were forced to take the foresail off. Then we swept along in the night, past all manner of incoming ships. We rigged a spray shield for the helmsman when ice began to form.

By dawn the lee of the land protected us no longer for we were far out and the wind was about Force eight. The seas piled up and were quite confused so that, even with the most careful work at the wheel, we took several great ones aboard. Someone reported lots of water in the galley!

Oh, yes, it was there all right. About two feet of it. It was black, because it had been on a visit in the coal hole and it ruined everything it touched. A bucket brigade formed up the fo'c's'le companionway and we had her under control, if not exactly dry, in an hour. This bailing kept up for three days with varying quantities of water taken out every hour. The galley, conveniently enough, is concrete floored and forms a fine bathtub. Once we were in the Stream and the water was warm, this bailing was not an unpleasant task. After the first day the coal dust either settled or was all washed away.

Our "sister act," George Harris and Wilson Glass, made quite a joke of it, pouring every other bucket or so of the bilge over each other's heads. This with an apologetic "Oh! Oh!" after each pseudo accident. For five storm-tossed days we heard nothing but the screaming of the wind and their imitations. They became Russian, Chinese, Indian; few nations escaped their caustic comment. The ship, George remarked later, was bailed in five languages!

The mysterious leak, we discovered in several days, was caused by the kingpost of the fife rail becoming playful. As each sea came aboard, the post would be strained to one side, allowing quite a bit of water to flop into the engine room, whence it made its way to the galley.

Hugh Davis, with true herpetological cunning, deserted a half written thesis on sea serpents long enough to patch both the frozen pump and the leak. This he accomplished with aquarium cement. With all the tools we had, he clung to the pump, his hat, the tools, his camera, and his lunch, while he ducked the larger splashes. Soon the pump was sucking away and the Gulf Stream was being polluted at the rate of twenty gallons a minute.

Our meals, on the way to Panama, were sketchy at times. Dennis Puleston existed mainly on sea biscuits, beef extract and cheese. His love for cheese almost proved his undoing. A huge, 30-pound cartwheel of a thing, it hung in the main storeroom against all our protests. Night after night I tried to give it its last rites in a blanket over the taffrail, but Tiger, the turtle terrier, guarded the door of the storeroom. Then one day the thing happened. We had just about decided to move our mattresses onto the deck when Dennis opened the fatal door for his usual tiffin. The cheese, crouched in waiting for him, leaped out when the ship rolled and all its dripping thirty pounds hit him full in the chest. We heard no more of it.

When the galley became so damp that a coal fire meant steam in great quantity, we would dash below for a mean vegetable concoction which we would eat cold out of cans. We had made the great mistake, too, of bringing gin instead of rum or whiskey.

In four days we were clear of the worst weather and a new spirit made the galley function again. Bruce made some pies which were quite a success. Dennis dashed off a variety

In four days we were clear of the worst of the weather and soon began to see the regular Gulf Stream clouds, fleecy masses of cumulus that piled up every now and then and blew squalls at us

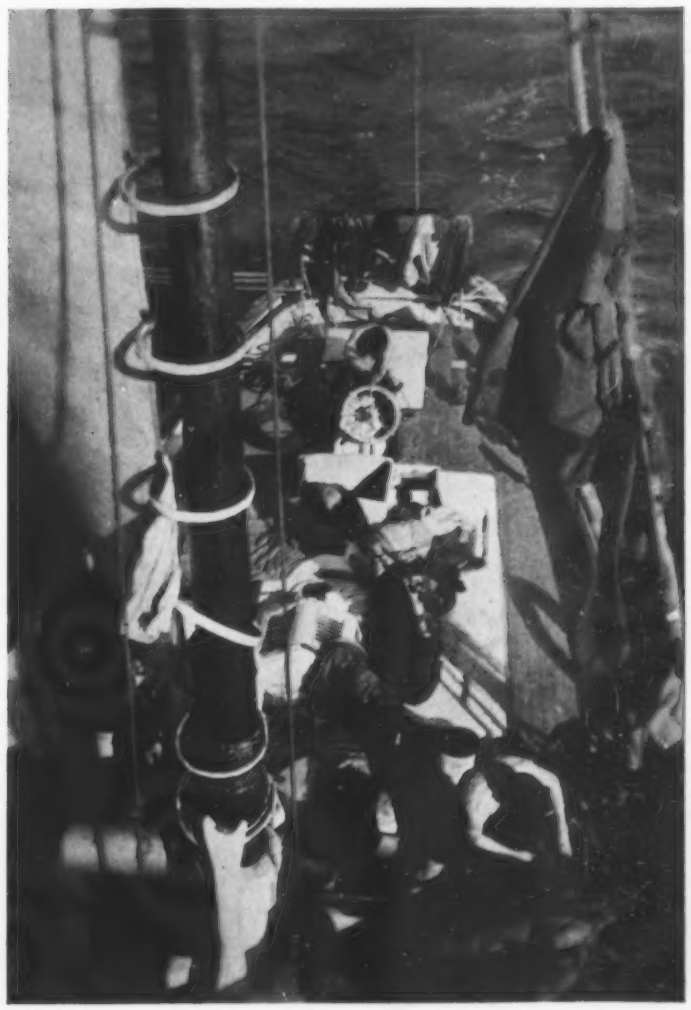
of baked dishes and Wilson Glass tossed biscuits at us, great browned ones with buttered tops. We ate twice as much as we had ever eaten ashore and began to wonder if our four tons of food would be enough.

Perhaps the wildest night we went through was while *Director* was on the eastern edge of the Gulf Stream in Lat. 37° 30′ N., Long. 72° 03′ W. The log read: "Jan. 3rd. '35: Wind WSW Force 7–8: Take in foresail: Heavy Squalls: Electrical Disturbances all around: Barometer at 8 read 30.15. At 23:00, read 30.10; St. Elmo's fire at masthead. One squall tossed Dennis off the box. Another pushed a sea into the skylight. Our swordfish pulpit is swinging back and forth in a great arc hanging by one bolt. We can't get out to cut it adrift."

It took a stoic to watch slop coming into the main cabin through the skylight, wetting books, bunks, clothes, instruments. We finally battened a tarpaulin over it and another over the smashed main hatch. Our most precious cargo — the cameras — were not even dampened on the trip down. These we had lockered up in the fo'c's'l and nary a drop got on them.

One day the sun came out and we draped our clothes from topmast to deck. Our hearts were high and our skins were warm and we sailed along, far off the lanes, with every sail we had up and pulling. Some dolphin, the only fish we saw from New York to Panama, with the exception of a sleepy

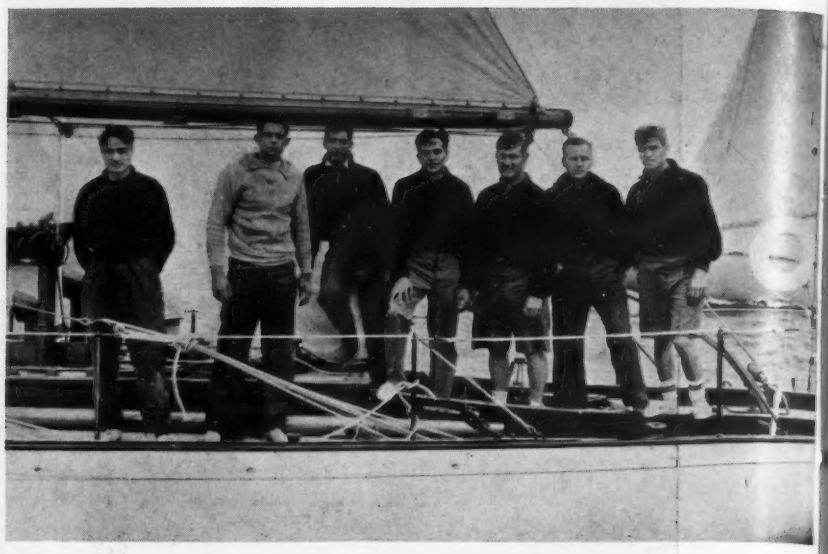
(*Continued on page 104*)



The first really fine weather came in the "Horse Latitudes," so we dragged out everything — bedding, blankets, clothes and all — and had a grand day of drying our sodden gear

Photos by Hugh S. Davis

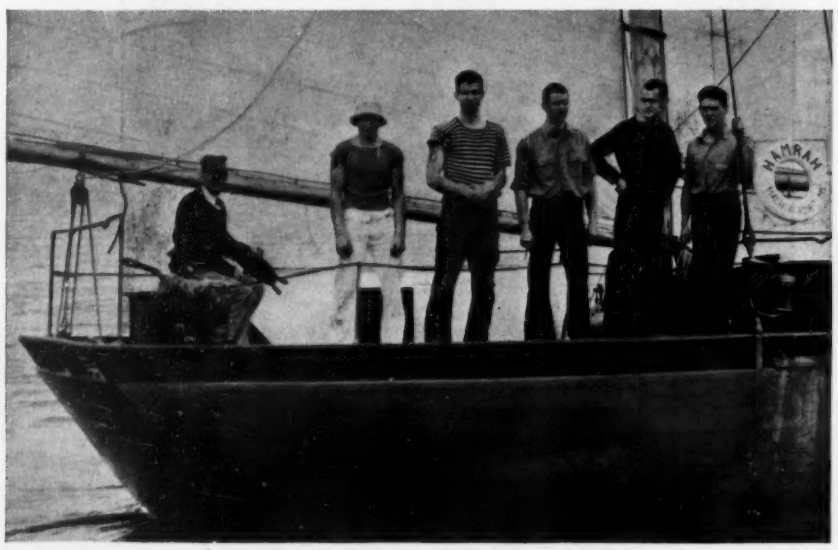
In the schooner "Mistress," with George Roosevelt (at the wheel) were Douglass Green, Sanford Kellogg, Townsend Weekes, Jack Work, Frank Robinson, and three professionals



Philip LeBoutillier's yawl "Stormy Weather." K. S. M. Davidson, Philip LeBoutillier, Jr., Joseph Blagden, Charles Larkin, Edward P. Foster, Everard C. Endt, and Rod Stephens, Jr., master — all amateurs

In the "Vagabond," New Haven schooner, were Kenneth Phillips, Roger Robinson, skipper, Stuart Hotchkiss, navigator, C. J. Blair, J. N. Trent, E. K. Trent, and William Boyd, amateurs

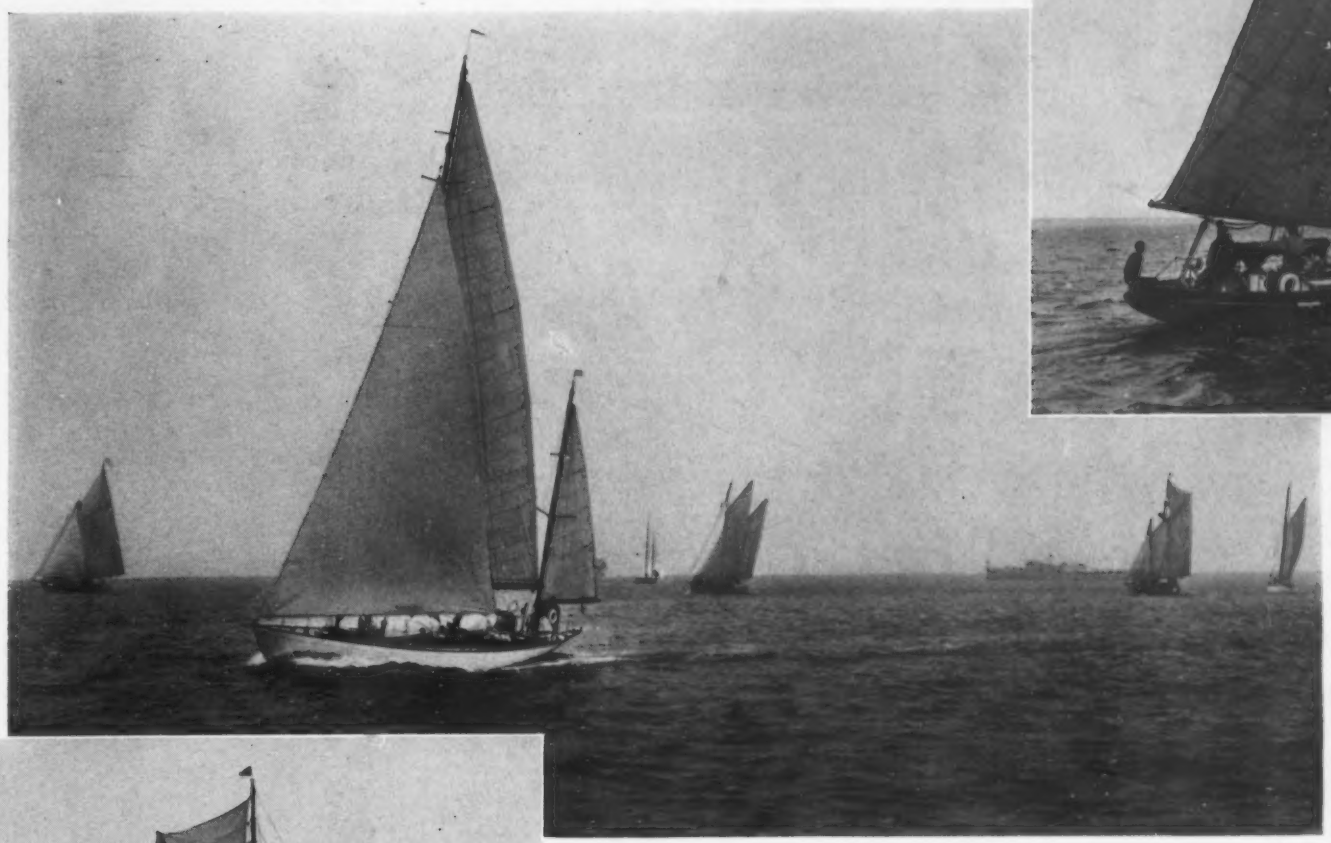
"Vamarie," largest of the fleet, carried Vadim S. Makaroff, owner and skipper, Sherman Hoyt (at wheel), Paul Abbott, John Archbold, Ambrose Chambers, Martin Scott, and four professionals



The amateur crew of the ketch "Hamrah." Robert R. Ames, skipper, at the wheel, Richard Ames, Harry Ames, Charles Tillinghast, Jr., Roger Weed, and Sheldon Ware

Captain Ludwig Schlimbach at the tiller of "Stoertebeker." The others are Dr. W. Frank, Otto Lange, Thomas R. Galanor and Christian Nissen, navigator

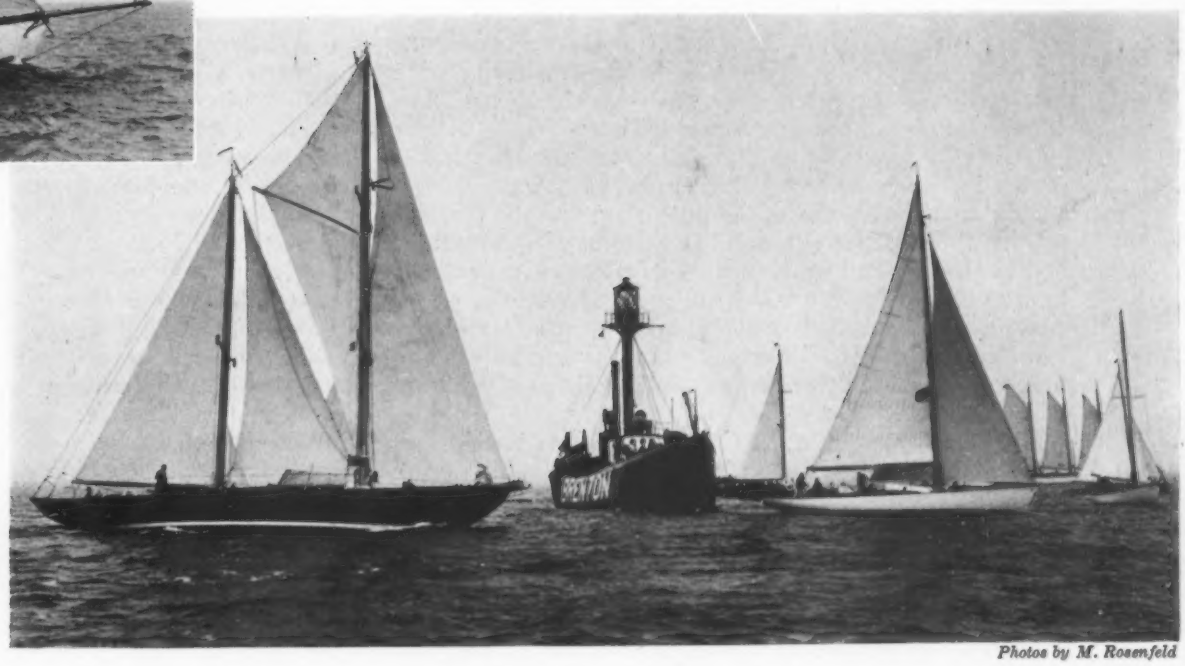
From Newport Towards Bergen, Norway



Ten minutes after the start, on June 8th, with the fleet spreading out. Left to right, "Mistress," "Stormy Weather," "Hamrah," "Vagabond," "Stoertebeker." The committee boat, the U. S. Coast Guard cutter "Argo" in background. Above, the schooner "Vagabond," entered by Roger Robinson of New Haven

The yawl "Stoertebeker," the first German owned and built yacht to sail in a Transatlantic race. She sailed the race as a cutter without using her mizzen

Below. In the smoke of the starting gun "Stormy Weather" shaved the bow of the lightship as if seconds counted in the race



Photos by M. Rosenfeld

© British Power Boat Co.

The Paris Salon Nautique

And an Annual British Exhibition Held at Southampton

By L. LUARD

UP TO DATE the Paris Salon Nautique has been held in the autumn — a time of the year when the thoughts of most yachtsmen turn to the comfort of the fireside rather than to considerations of new craft. Nevertheless, eight successive exhibitions — each, with an exception or two, better than the last — augured well for the first to be held in the spring.

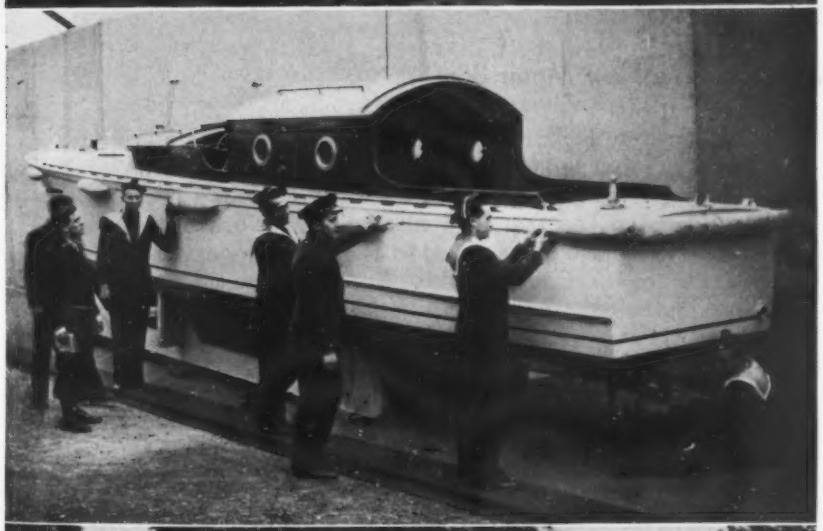
However, the Salon was disappointing, and the reason is not far to seek. Hove to amid the storms of international politics, France still watches the barometer at its nadir and knows quite well that a heavier blow may have to be weathered before the mercury settles at a fair weather level. That troubled doubt termed *manque de confiance* creates a profound apprehension that slows down the wheels of trade and stifles business.

Held this time not in the *Grand Palais*, but in the *Cours Albert*, hard by the banks of the Seine, the exhibition reflected, as in a mirror, the mind and attitude of the Republic. Smaller stands, a smaller number of exhibitors, an appeal, as it were, not so much to the cruising yachtsman as to the beginner, the poor man, and to those whose pleasure lies upon the complex network of the country's unrivaled inland waterways. At present yachting in France is in a state of suspended animation. The corinthian, the real enthusiast, and the beginner, still hold their own, but the large class that follows the sea mainly for social purposes and, incidentally, gives life and movement to the yacht yards, has temporarily disappeared "For the moment," a friend said, "*le snobisme* is dead. A pity, perhaps, because it all meant good business. But what will you? We are crushed by taxation and torn by doubt — living between Scylla and Charybdis."

From a sailing man's point of view the first impression I received was that the exhibition seemed dominated by canoes. They were shown in scores — folding canoes in all colors of the rainbow, Canadian canoes, Rob Roy canoes, sailing canoes, canoes with miniature outboard motors fitted to the gunwale. On the whole, these tiny craft were well built and finished, most of them being planked with mahogany on acacia or ash timbers, and one enterprising Frenchman displayed a catamaran sailing canoe, if it can be so termed, fitted with two outriggers or floats, laterally adjustable by a vertical tiller. This arrangement, he claimed, gave great stability, reduced leeway, and pretty well dispensed with the use of a rudder. Did I know of any friends who would like one? He would make it worth my while. Even a beginner could appreciate the advantages inherent

General view (left) of Power Boat Exhibition at Hythe, Southampton, England, showing "Miss Britain III" in center

A steel hydro glider (right) exhibited and demonstrated at the Salon Nautique, Paris, by Air Nautique



in his design. I passed on. There were plenty of other exhibits awaiting inspection.

From canoes I turned to small one-design sailing craft — the "Chats," "Plongeons," "Twelve-Square Metres," "Papillons," and several centerboard sailing dinghies. Here the construction and finish were not as good as usual, though some of the builders reached a fair standard. For instance, copper fastenings were often clinched instead of being riveted; in certain cases the frames seemed spaced too far apart and hardly of sufficient size and, as usual, many of the fittings were, in my opinion, too flimsy — a generic fault that seems to be repeated year by year. The "Chats" are extremely popular in France, numbering over 120. They cost about $500 and are eminently suited to the beginner, being handy, safe and cheap to run, though the best value in small one-design classes is found in the "Requins" which are built in Finland, and shipped over. About 32 feet over all on a beam of 6 feet 3 inches, and a draft of 3 feet 8 inches, they bear a distinct family resemblance to a Skerry cruiser and carry a modern Bermudian sail area of 25 square metres. Excellent value at $880.

In power craft, Despujols again took pride of place with his two express cruisers, of first class build and finish. The larger, 38 feet over all, had a semi-displacement type hull and was built with a triple mahogany skin. Powered with two 150 hp. Chryslers, she was capable of 40 m.p.h. The smaller, 33 feet over all, with an orthodox motor cruiser hull, had a double skin, laid diagonally. Two 50 hp. Chryslers gave her a speed of 23 m.p.h. Both boats were luxuriously fitted.

Jouet, of Sartrouville, showed a fast naval picket boat powered with a 100 hp. Hispano engine giving 22½ miles an hour. This craft had been built for the French Admiralty as a tender to seaplanes and flying boats, and was well finished. In addition, two small motor cruisers were exhibited, intended for use on inland waterways, one being fitted for use as a tug. Jouet and Despujols — the Fife and Camper &

(*Continued on page 102*)

At left, top to bottom, the new 40-foot twin screw "Sea Lord" designed by Hubert Scott-Paine, exhibited by Power Boat Co. Speed 26 m.p.h.(© British Power Boat Co.) A French Admiralty tender, or picket boat, by Jouet, of Sartrouville. A 100 hp. Hispano motor gives a speed of 22½ m.p.h. A small motor cruiser for inland waterways, by Jouet & Despujols

When we reached New York we had learned a lot about handling a boat

Learning by Doing

A Pair of Novices Tackle a 400-Mile Cruise in a New Motor Boat

CYNICS say that many a good boatman has been spoiled by marriage, but there are plenty of women afloat whose jobs are not confined to the galley. True, lots of them are just cooks, but there are others who have learned how to handle a boat and who enjoy cruising as much as do their men folks.

Ever since I have known my husband he has been a boat enthusiast, even though he had to do his cruising on other men's craft. He studies the magazines and reads everything he can lay his hands on that has anything to do with boats. But, until this year, we have never had a boat of our own. His enthusiasm finally infected me and I became almost as much of a boat bug as he was. We decided that we had to have a motor boat. Though at first I didn't know the bilge from the deck, an intensive course of reading and study made me more or less familiar with the strange language spoken by boatmen. Our friends, landlubbers all, thought this odd but their comments made no difference to us. We were going to get a boat.

We went through the usual course of boat hunting, spending our week-ends along the waterfront where boats are stored, poking into every boat yard, questioning workmen and waterfront loafers, looking over boats of every kind. We learned to distrust the "bargains" that were offered us, finding that the cheap ones were old or in sad need of repair, with power plants that were worn out. There would be no sense in getting a cheap boat and then spending more than we could afford putting in a new engine or making extensive repairs. We didn't think that we could afford a new boat and our hopes of getting afloat were rapidly fading.

Finally we discovered a little stock boat that seemed to be just what we were looking for; a brand new boat with lots of room in the cabin and cockpit, and plenty of space to stow our belongings. We learned, too, that we could join a fleet that would make the trip through the New York State barge canal from the builder's yard to Troy in company, and cruise down the Hudson together. We suspected that we would not be the only novices and that this trip offered us a fine chance to learn how to handle our new ship, with help at hand if needed.

So we bought our "Little Giant." The latter part of May, we arrived at the Richardson yard in North Tonawanda with all our traps. Our boat was ready, waiting for us to go aboard and settle down in our new summer home. We stowed our belongings in the lockers and then the manager came aboard and we confessed that we had never handled a boat. We were rank landlubbers. This information did not seem to worry him and he assured us that if we would follow instructions we would have no trouble. "I'll send the test mechanic down and he'll take you out for a little spin on the river and give you some pointers. Then you take your boat out by yourselves and do a little practicing. You'll soon get on to her."

So the man came aboard and told us what to do and when and how to do it. It looked simple enough when he rolled the wheel over or played with spark, throttle or clutch, but we had to do some thinking when he made us do it ourselves. He showed us how to start and stop and reverse the engine and how the wheel worked the rudder. Then he brought us up alongside the dock and told us to go ahead on our own. We did, but our knees shook and we nearly squeezed splinters out of the spokes of the steering wheel. But, after a few

(*Continued on page 108*)

The Gyro Boat

A Novel Application of Wind Power to Propulsion

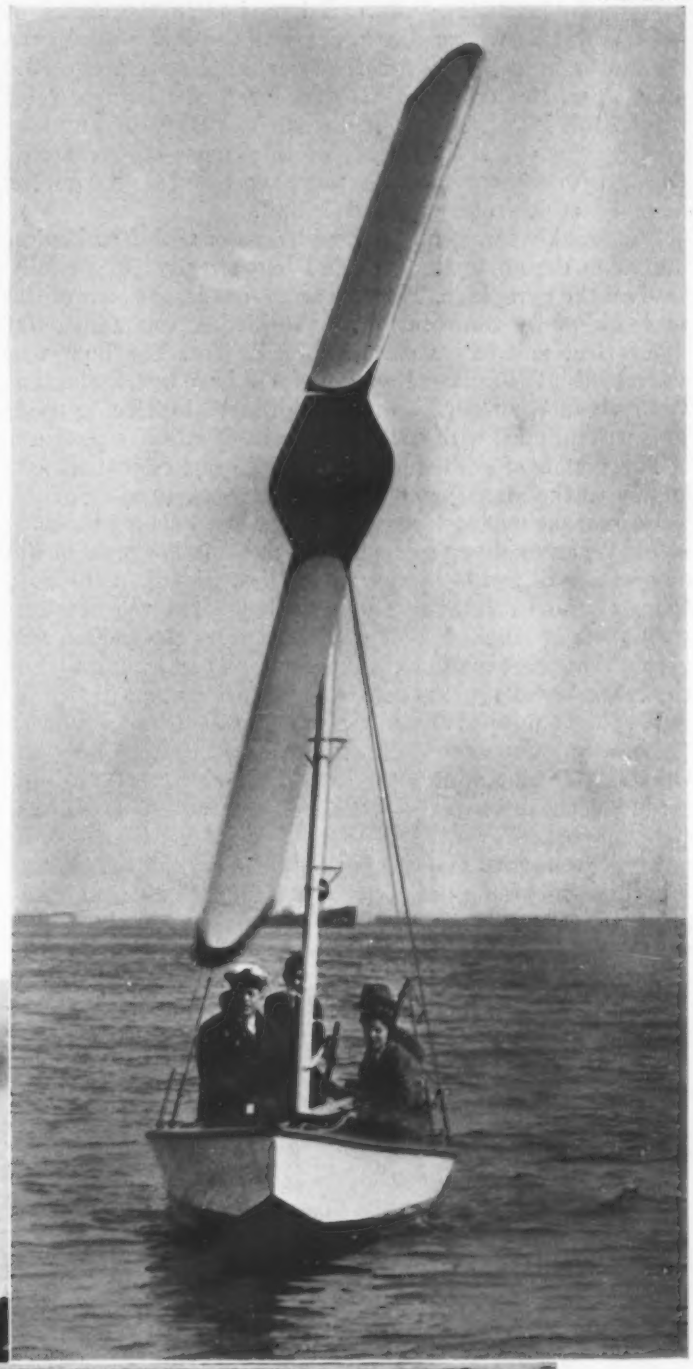
By E. BURKE WILFORD

TWO years ago, when Elliot Daland, Charles Miller and I first conceived the possibility of applying the principle of the gyro to sailing, we had little idea of the fun in store for us in reducing the theory to practice. This included being regarded as "nuts" by many of our fellow sailors, and as traitors to the cause of sailing by others. But it involved a series of fresh adventures with boats and has resulted in what may be a contribution to yachting as well as to practical sailing in the commercial class of boats.

Daland and I are still sailors at heart. He owns the *Choptank* and I the *Siren K* whose home port is Oxford, Maryland. Our gyro boat could never supplant these craft in our affections, nor do we feel that this form will ever replace the sail boat. The two are in different classes and serve somewhat different purposes. But even the most inveterate cruising sailor must at times feel that there is unnecessary labor in handling sail, and there is sometimes the inclination to leave the sails furled and cruise under motor when time is short and winds adverse. It was perhaps under such conditions that the conception of the gyro boat developed. This device will augment the use of wind power for sailing in precisely the same manner as the gyro has enlarged the field of usefulness of aircraft.

I was in a position to know something about the latter subject. For several years I had been experimenting with the gyroplane and had developed an unconventional gyro which has demonstrated its ability to fly. The step to the gyro boat

Wide World



The gyro rotor as applied to a Star hull. Right, coasting up to a pier with the brake on the rotor. Below, stepping along in a fresh breeze, one man at the tiller and the other at the lever which controls the mast position

John R. Hogan

was an easy and natural one. Since the war, there had been experiments in France by Constantin on a different principle. A windmill, rigidly mounted, had been geared to a water propeller which drove the boat; but it had proved quite complicated and was not sporting. The Flettner rotor, which consists of a vertical revolving cylinder, is also an entirely different principle.

Our first boat was built and launched in the spring of 1934; so far as we can learn, she was the first actual gyro boat to be built. A few months later, in the summer of the same year, the first English gyro boat was launched by Lieut. Col. Moore-Brabizon, President of the Royal Aeronautical Society and Member of the House of Commons. His first experiment was even more successful than ours, for he mounted his rotor on a better hull.

Our first boat was equipped with a rotor with four blades, similar in design to that which I had already successfully used on the gyroplane. The disc area, that is, the area of the circle swept by the rotation of the blades, was about 100 square feet and had a diameter of 12 feet. The boat was assembled at Frank Mills' seaplane base at Essington, Pennsylvania, an old Ludington outboard hull being used. This we equipped with leeboards to give it lateral resistance.

The first boat contributed greatly to our education and hugely to the amusement of the spectators. In spite of the leeboards, she made excessive leeway when working to windward. When finally she capsized — ducking her crew in the oily waters of the Delaware while their friends in the Star Class of the Corinthian Yacht Club greeted the outcome with gusts of laughter — it was decided by the sodden survivors that the experiment demanded a good sailing hull of the centerboard type, about 14 to 16 feet in length.

We then equipped the *Bad News*, a 16-foot hull with centerboard, at Crockett Brothers' yard in Oxford, Maryland. On this hull we mounted the same mast and rotor and proceeded with the experiment. To our great relief, we discovered that we could sail easily to windward with rotor power. We learned many things about handling the boat at this stage, including the important technique of turning the mast and the manner of handling our new craft in high winds. For the rotor is mounted rigidly on the forward side of the mast, and the entire mast may be revolved through an arc of 180° by turning the handle. It is thus possible to place the rotor disc in proper relation to the direction of the wind by a simple movement of the handle. This handle thus corresponds to the sheet on a sail boat, and with a little practice it is simple to understand and operate.

The next step was to race the *Bad News* against a sail boat of the same size, in order to study her behavior and compare the performance of the two. We chose as rival Ralph Wiley's Scrappy design *Felix*, which carries 150 square feet of sail against our 100 square feet of rotor disc area.

The *Bad News* performed creditably, but competition revealed two serious defects in our boat. The four-blade rotor gave too much weight aloft, and the disc area was not sufficient to afford a satisfactory comparison with the Scrappy Class. In a series of subsequent wind tunnel experiments, we discovered that the rotor could be reduced to two blades without diminishing its efficiency. We also determined that in order to give comparable results the disc area of such a rotor should be from 100 to 125 per cent of the normal sail area carried by the same hull.

After consulting George W. Elder and Sampson Smith of the Star Boat Association, we have worked on these principles and refined the design and construction of the rotor. The illustration shows the manner in which we have recently installed the rotor and rotor mast aboard the *Twinkle*, a Star hull which Donald Steele was kind enough to furnish us. The weight of the two blades and the hub of the rotor is only 70 pounds. The weight of the entire rotor, mast and the rigging of four stays, is 140 pounds, which approximates the weight of the gear of an ordinary Star. No change has been made in the standard hull, but the rotor mast has been moved aft to the forward end of the cockpit. Sheets, halliards and sailing gear are discarded, for we depend entirely upon the rotor, which thus far has never failed us.

When first seeing the boat in action, most people think that the rotor is driven by an engine, but this is not so; the wind turns the rotor and the rotor "blankets" the area through which its blades revolve. Most of the energy of the moving air is converted into thrust which pushes the boat ahead, only a small portion of this energy being used in rotating the blades. This is the phenomenon of "auto rotation." The rotor acts as does the rotor of the flying gyro and may be considered a revolving wing. Unlike the sails of a windmill, which produce mostly torque and only a little thrust, the rotor of the gyro boat delivers mostly thrust and only a small percentage of torque.

When compared with the ordinary sail boat, the gyro boat not only occupies a special field of its own but has certain advantages over the conventional sailing craft. In the first place, the process of getting under sail is extremely simple. All that is required is to cast off from the dock and to release the rotor brake. Thus freed, the rotor will start itself in any sailing wind of three knots or upward, and the boat is under way. It is possible, also, to carry a rotor giving a larger propulsive effort than would be practicable with canvas on the same hull.

When under way in conditions which, with an ordinary sail boat, would render it desirable to shorten sail, it is possible to achieve the same result by a simple luffing of the rotor by shifting of the handle, so that the angle of the rotor to the wind is reduced. The effect of reefing can also be secured simply by applying the rotor brake. It is the simplicity of handling under such conditions that appeals most strongly to all who have had experience with this boat. Nearly all observers have noted, also, that the stability of the rotor boat is greater than that of the sail boat, as a result of the gyroscopic action of the rotor. Compared with an ordinary motor or sailing craft, there is so much less motion that the general comfort of the passengers is augmented. Finally, when bringing the boat up to a landing or mooring, there is a great advantage in ease and safety over the ordi-

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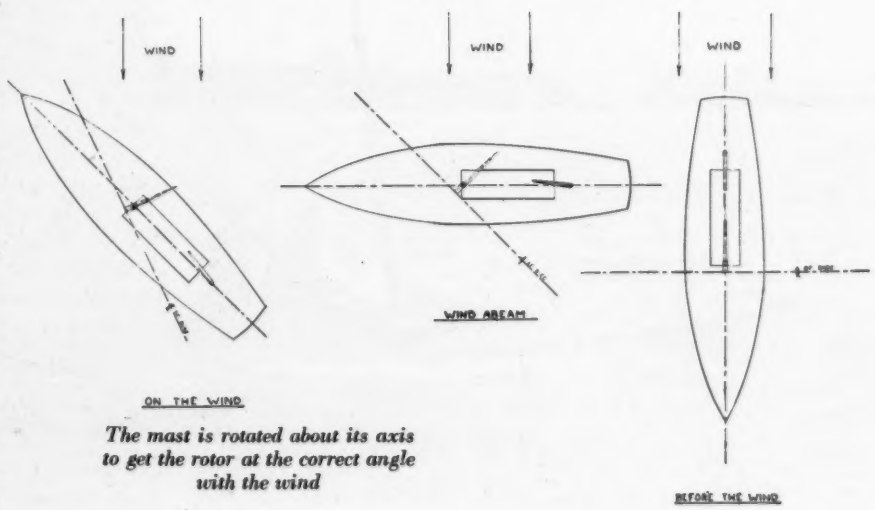
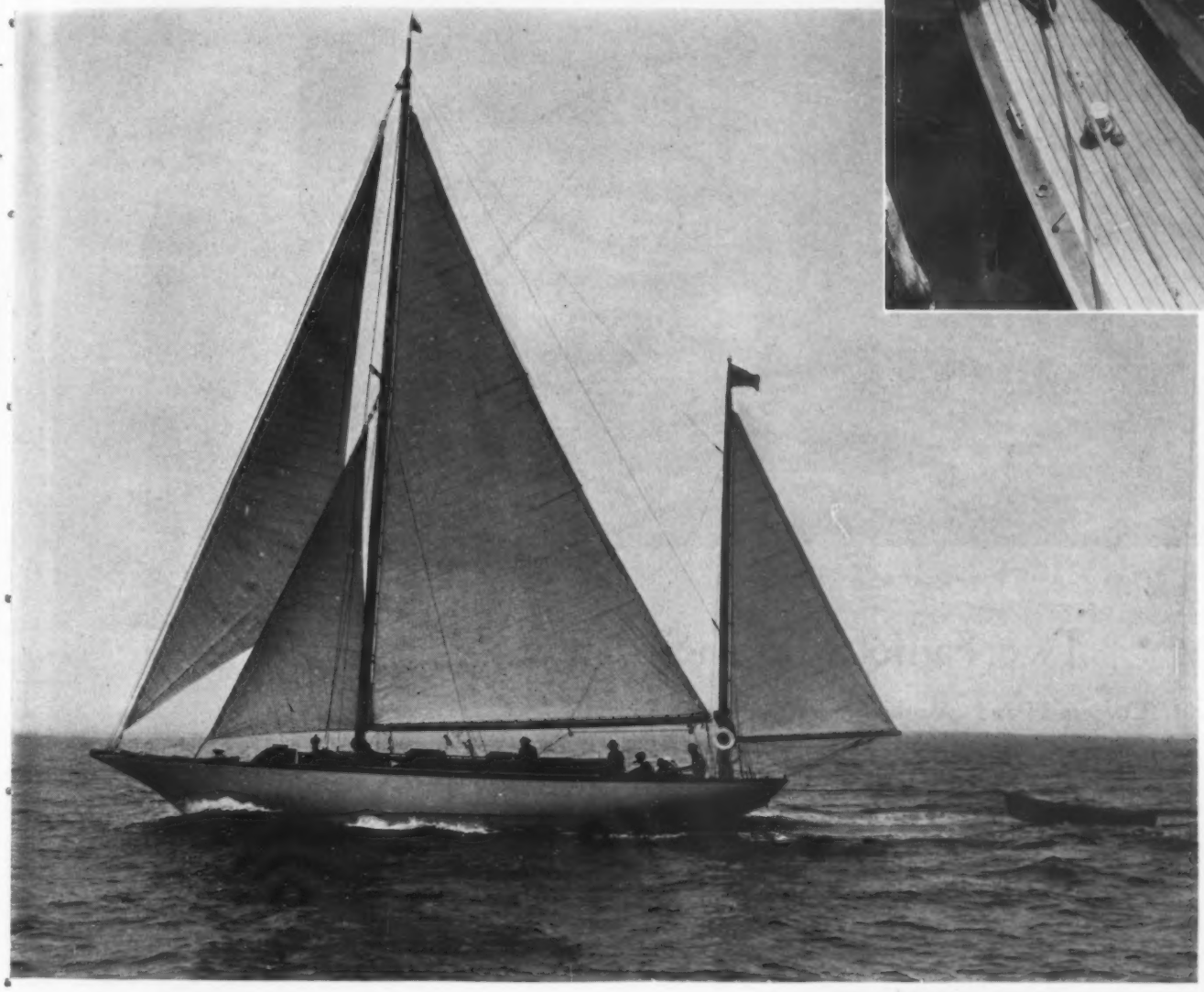


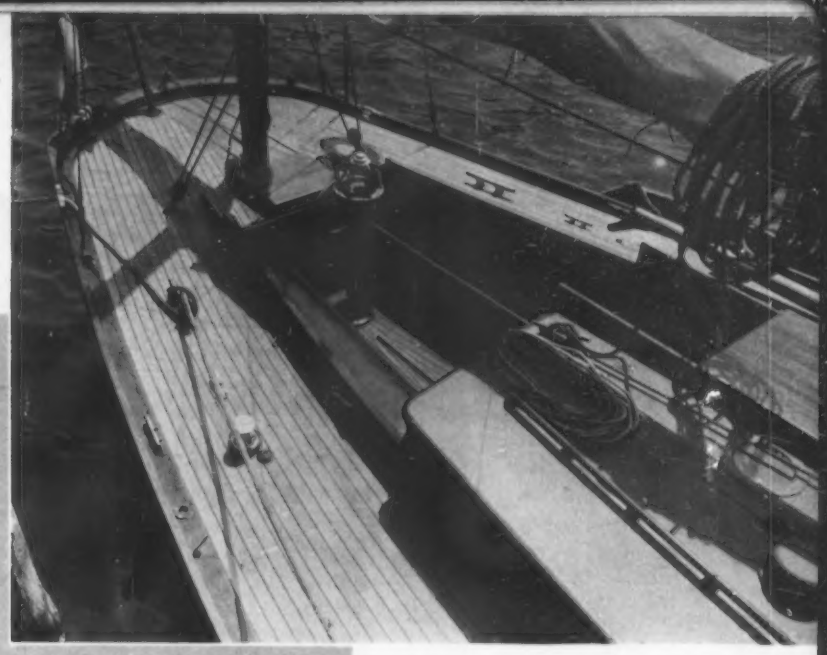
The mast is rotated about its axis to get the rotor at the correct angle with the wind

JULY, 1935

"Belisarius"

A New Auxiliary Yawl





A centerboard boat, the dimensions are: l.o.a., 56' 2"; w.l., 41'; beam 14', draft 5' 8". For power, "Belisarius" has a 6-cylinder, 65 hp. Chrysler motor which gives her a good turn of speed

Top, cockpit and after deck. The rig is simplicity itself

Bottom, left, passageway past starboard stateroom, showing spare berth and chart table. Right, main cabin, looking forward. Paneling below is pine, with wax finish

Designed last winter by Nathanael Herreshoff himself for Charles B. Rockwell, of Bristol, R. I., "Belisarius" was built at the Herreshoff yard and launched in January. Her owner recently completed a shakedown cruise in her to the Bahamas and return

M. Rosenfeld

Courtesy Mrs. C. M. Burchell

"Oweenee" was a handsome vessel and a smart sailer. She crossed three skysail yards

Two Famous Bluenose Ships

The Barks "Oweenee" and "Muskoka," Typical Examples of the Steel Sailing Ship Era

By R. J. DUSTAN
Master Mariner

THE modern cargo steamship can hardly be considered an object of beauty, no matter what her other qualities may be, but thirty or forty years ago there were still to be seen many cargo carriers, big square-rigged ships, designed on lines of grace and beauty and finished with the finest of materials and workmanship. These ships were the perfected product of a long evolution extending back over several centuries. They were true aristocrats.

Joseph Conrad, in writing of them in his "Mirror of the Sea," says of the array of clippers to be seen in his day in one of the London docks, that they were less like an exhibition of a great industry than of a great art. He also speaks of "The sailing ship — in her days of perfection. I mean perfection of build, gear, seaworthy qualities and ease of handling, not the perfection of speed. That quality had departed with the change in building materials." It is true that the later steel sailing ships did not have the speed of the great clippers of the middle years of the nineteenth century, notably the American built creations of Donald McKay, but these were highly specialized ships, expensive to run, and their period of sea supremacy was brief, after which economic conditions made short work of them.

The later steel sailing ships were far better jobs from a structural point of view, their steel hulls, given proper care and upkeep, being good for nearly half a century. They combined good carrying capacity and economical maintenance and working conditions with, in many cases, sailing qualities and speed not greatly inferior to those of their clipper predecessors.

Among the best examples of this class of sailing ship were the two four-masted barks *Oweenee* and *Muskoka*, built in 1891 by Richardson Duck & Company, at Stockton-on-Tees, for the Nova Scotia firm of Kenny and Mahon, and registered originally at Windsor, N. S. They were the finest of a small fleet of steel sailing ships built for Canadian owners after the decline of the big wooden ships.

They were built at the same time — the *Oweenee* for Captain C. M. Burchell and the *Muskoka* for Captain Albert Crowe — and were practically sister ships, the only difference being that the *Oweenee* had eight feet more length in her middle body, entrance and run being the same in both cases. So the plans and line drawings of the *Oweenee* will serve for both. This addition was supposed to make the *Oweenee* a little slower, but to offset this she had, of course, greater carrying capacity, with practically no difference in running costs.

The *Muskoka* was named after a Canadian Indian chief who has also left his name on the map of Canada, on the well-known Muskoka Lakes. *Oweenee* was his daughter. The figureheads of the ships, of course, represented these personages, and were very striking. The writer, when in his 'teens, served as an ordinary seaman in the *Oweenee* for two and a half years and sailed twice around the world in her, an unforgettable experience. The ships were of moderate size for four-masters, the *Oweenee* being 300 feet between perpendiculars, 42 feet extreme breadth, and 26 feet 6 inches molded depth. She measured 2,334 tons net and carried 3,700 tons of cargo. They were very fine lined for ships of their class, as can be seen from the sheer plan and half breadth plan — modified clippers, in fact — and both were famous for their many fast passages. While the entrance was a little blunter than in Donald McKay's crack clippers, the run was practically as fine, the main difference being in the parallel middle body. If this is taken out, and the two ends brought together, the result is strikingly clipper-like.

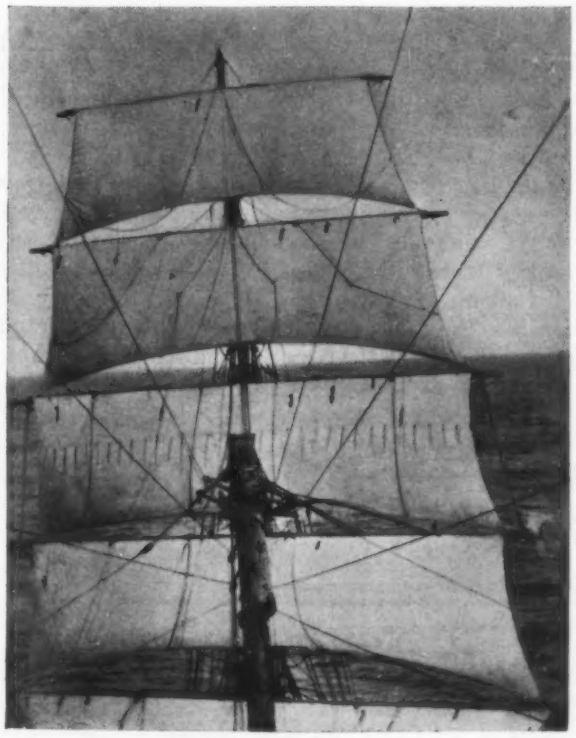
Courtesy Captain F. W. Wallace

This photograph was taken when all the running gear except the braces was unrove, but it shows the steep angle of the rigging, the length of the lower masts and the great height of the lower yards

The career of the *Muskoka* under Captain Crowe was an outstanding record of high achievement; Basil Lubbock says of it in his "Last of the Windjammers," "He himself (Captain Crowe) was undoubtedly one of the best passage makers ever known. Whilst he commanded the *Muskoka* she was considered the fastest sailing vessel afloat." This is high praise.

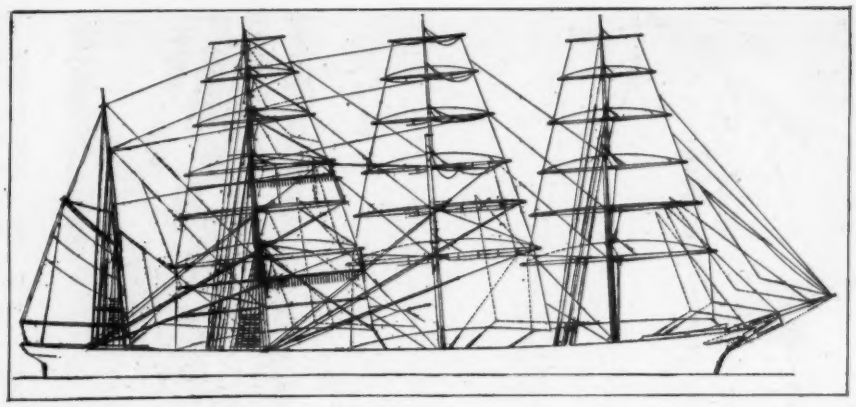
Perhaps the *Muskoka's* most extraordinary passage was her run from the Bristol Channel to Hong Kong in 85 days. She was one of several ships carrying coal to the American fleet in the Far East during the Spanish-American War. The *Muskoka* won this race, as she did every other ocean race in which she participated, beating her nearest rival by five days. She made another fine run out East from New York to Shanghai in 104 days.

The *Oweenee*, early in her career, ran from the entrance of the English Channel, Prawle Point, out to Port Pirie, South Australia, in 66 days. The clipper record from the Lizard to Melbourne, the nearest comparison I can find, is 62 days, made by the famous British clipper ship *Thermopylae* in exactly the same season of the year, November–December. The *Oweenee*, while I was in her, ran from the Columbia River to Queenstown in 104 days, a very smart passage. The *Muskoka* was in this same Pacific Coast grain trade for several years, from Portland and San Francisco, and her times were as follows: 99 days, 98 days, 111 days, 102 days and 96 days, the last from San Francisco to the Bishops, racing a fleet of seven other splendid



Above, damage aloft when "Oweenee" was partially dismasted in 1903. The mizzen skysailmast is gone and the maintopmast doubled over. Right. Captain C. M. Burchell and the mate shooting the sun

Courtesy Mrs. R. B. Miller



ships, whose times varied from 101 to 109 days. In one of these passages she was off the River Plate in the extraordinary time of 50 days and was then hung up for nearly two weeks by calm weather.

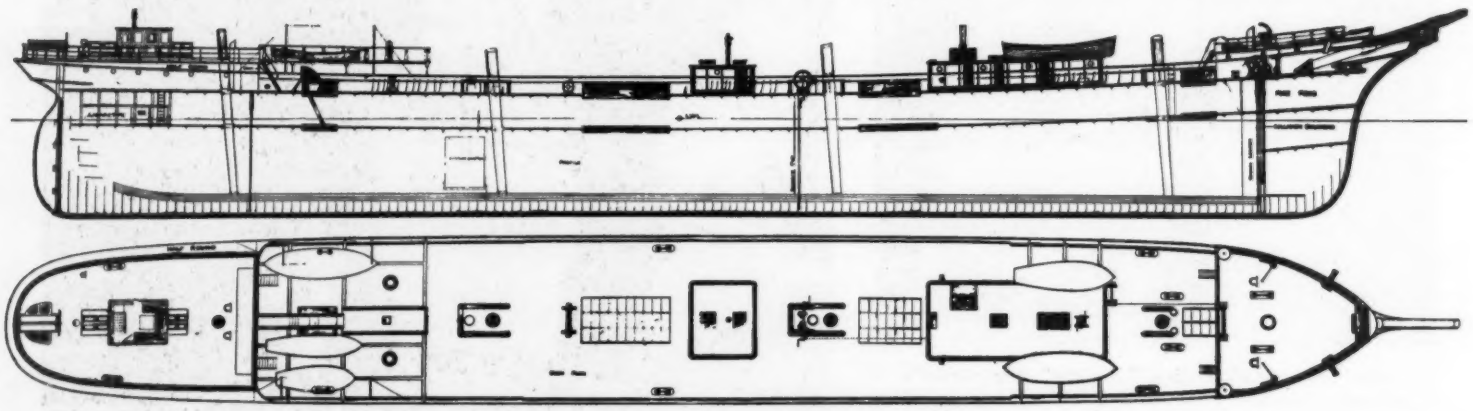
This record shows the remarkable consistency of her passages and is the best comparison I can make between her sailing powers and those of the *Oweenee*. I am indebted for the above facts to Mr. Lubbock in "The Last of the Windjammers." While on the subject of sailing records, I might say that two other Bluenose steel four-masted barks, similar in type to *Oweenee* and *Muskoka*, both hung up world records worthy of the clippers in their best days. The *Swanhilda*, Captain Colin Fraser, owned in New Glasgow, N. S., by J. W. Carmichael, made the record between South Australia and the United Kingdom, 66 days from Wallaroo to Queenstown, and the *Howard D. Troop*, of St. John, N. B., Captain Irving Durkee, the record from Japan to the United States, 20 days from Yokohama to Astoria. These were Homeric feats.

In "Mirror of the Sea," Joseph Conrad speaks of sailing as "a fine art, matured slowly in the course of years and doomed in a short time to pass away." And he says of deep water passages: "Every passage of a ship of yesterday, whose yards were braced around eagerly the very moment the pilot, with his pockets full of letters, had got over the side, was like a race — a race against time, against an ideal standard of achievement outstripping the expectations of common men." It was given to a few men to achieve the ideal. I don't know who designed the *Oweenee* and the *Muskoka*, but undoubtedly he was an artist. Observe the beautifully balanced profile of the ships, the perfect sheer running up into the high, buoyant bows.

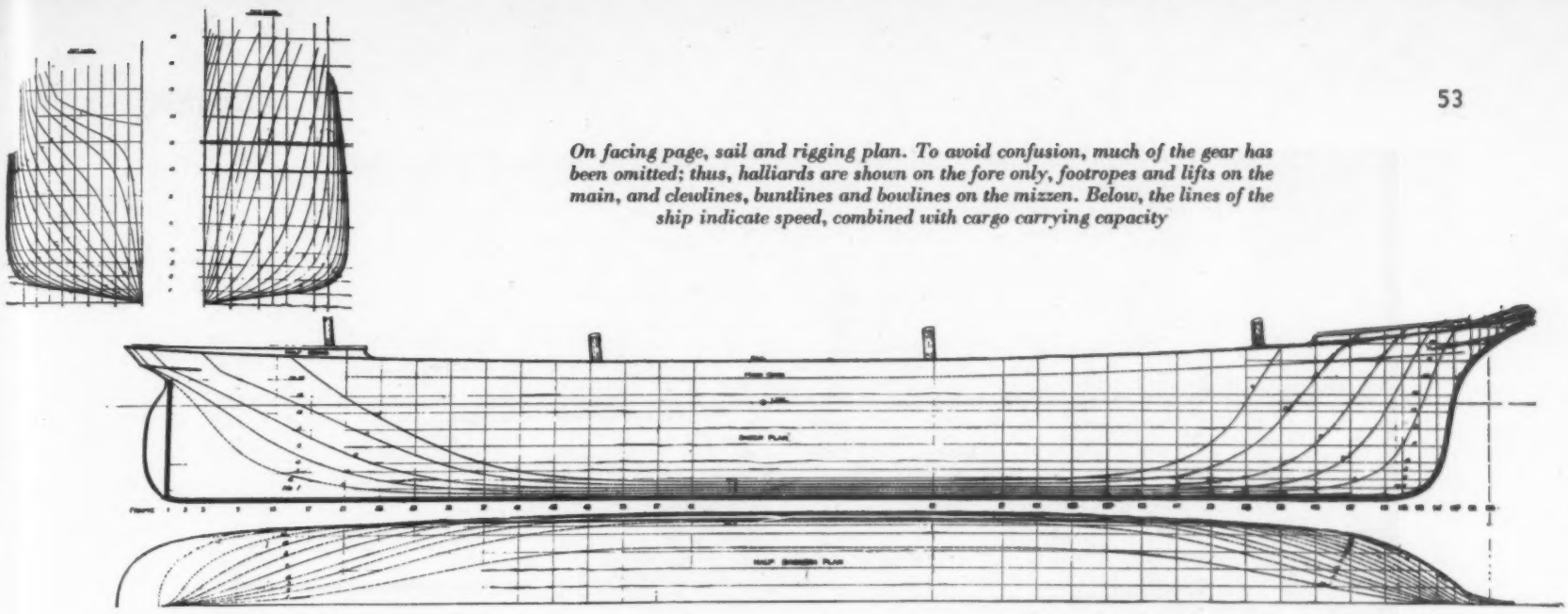
The *Oweenee* had the finest clipper bow I ever saw. This is a most difficult thing to design so that all the various curves flow naturally into each other, but the result in this case was perfect. It drew the eye like a magnet; I never went ashore without turning back to look at it. The bold forward reaching arch of the stem blended perfectly into the heroic figurehead of the Indian princess, with her great headdress of feathers, the right hand grasping a tomahawk. The great steel bowsprit carried the line out to a point far in advance of the hull, from which the delicate tracery of the headstays in turn led the eye to the towering symmetrical maze of spars and rigging, crowned by the three lofty trucks, 150 feet above the main deck, with the jigger truck far away aft and somewhat lower.

To say that the *Oweenee* was finished like a yacht is only a literal statement of fact; her fittings were, of course, tremendously strong, but no yacht could have had finer materials or have shown better workmanship. Her steel main deck was planked on top with pine, with teak waterway planks and a teak strip about a foot wide on each side of the hatches and carried around the deckhouses. All the trim about the decks — doors, cornices, and so forth — was of teak, and the charthouse on the poop, in fact all the woodwork there, except the pine deck, was solid teak. There was a profusion of brass work everywhere, even the cowl ventilators on the poop were solid brass. The fife rails around the masts, deckhouse skylights, and booby hatch cover with its companion slide, under the after boat skids, were also teak, as well as the sheerstreaks of the boats. A greenheart pin rail ran the full length of the bulwarks on each side of the main deck. Most of these features show on the plans.

Her living accommodation was all on the main deck level. The forward house contained the port and starboard forecastles. An inspection of the plan will show the really Spartan nature of this accommodation. There was nothing except the bunks, benches and small dish lockers, not even a table. There was no room for a table when ten men had to live in that space. The space along the partition opposite the door was always filled by a couple of big sea chests and another was generally placed in front of the lockers. At meal times the mess kids were placed on the deck and we ate off the benches, the top of the chests, or, if the weather was fine, we sat outside, on deck or on the big spare spars lashed along the bulwarks. In rough weather you just gripped your plate between your knees and did the best you could. A good many of the men used hook pots for tea and coffee. These were tin vessels shaped like truncated cones, the small end open and perhaps an inch less in diameter than the bottom. On the side was a hook, so that they could be hooked to the side of a bunk. In cold weather we sometimes had a bogey stove in the center of the floor. The rest of the house was taken up by the sailmaker's workroom, and in the after end was the donkey room. It contained a small vertical boiler and standard steam cargo winch. This all shows clearly on the plan, and also the chain drives which could be connected up when needed to operate the windlass and the main pumps.



Inboard profile and deck plan of "Oweenee" and "Muskoka"



On facing page, sail and rigging plan. To avoid confusion, much of the gear has been omitted; thus, halliards are shown on the fore only, footropes and lifts on the main, and clewlines, buntlines and bowlines on the mizzen. Below, the lines of the ship indicate speed, combined with cargo carrying capacity

Contrary to what might be expected, we never used this winch at sea; the funnel would be unshipped and a canvas cover fitted over the projection on top of the house to make room for the boiler. The reason for this is tied up with the statement made at the opening of this article, that the square-rigged ship is really the ultimate development of a form dating back several centuries. Ships had always been worked by hand, and mechanical power simply did not fit in with their arrangements, not to mention the fact that a winch could not go aloft and furl or bend sails, and enough men for these jobs (that is, the minimum possible crew) could tackle any ordinary job around the decks connected with working the ship.

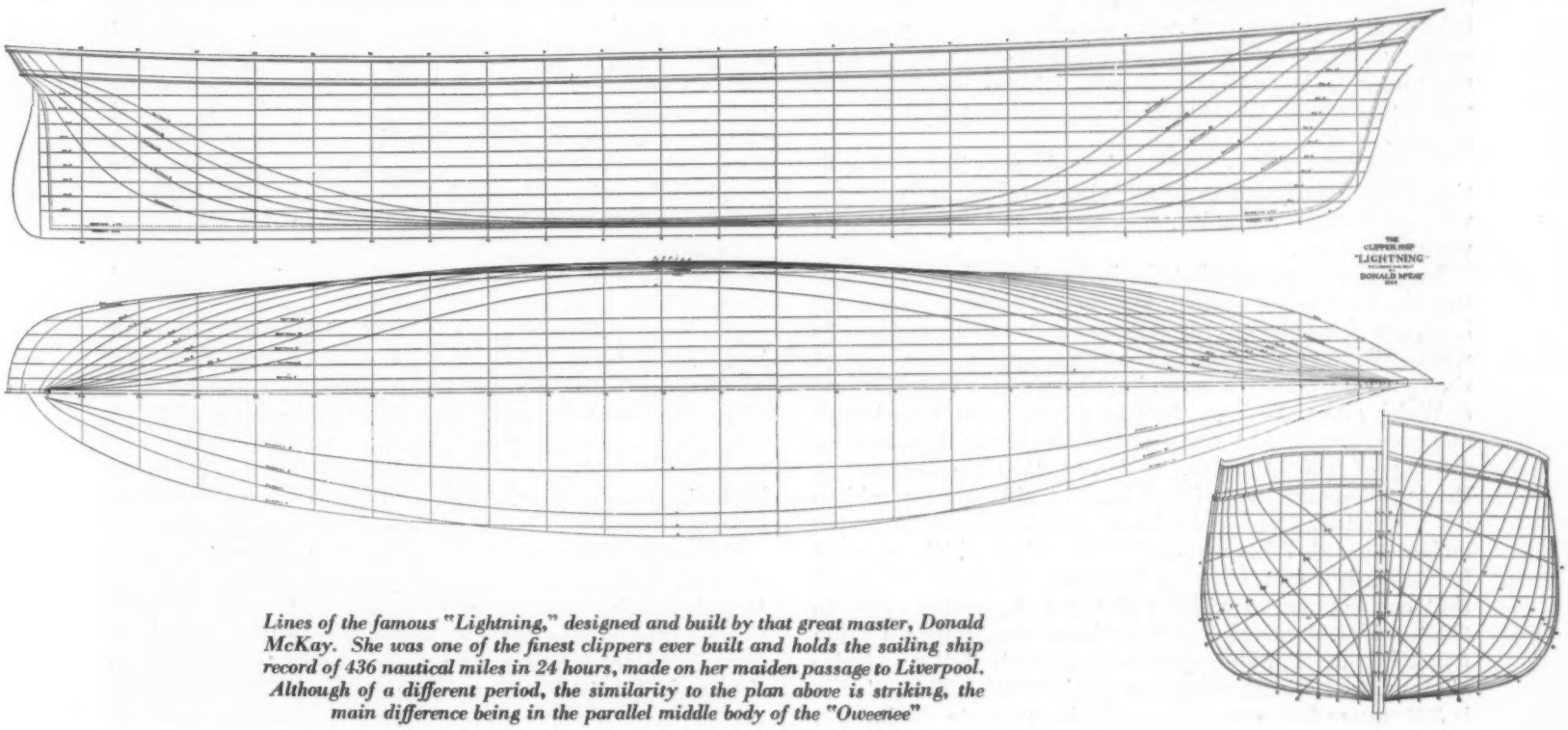
The principal use of the winch was in heaving up the anchors and mooring the ship; also in working ballast. As a general rule, stevedores wanted to supply their own winches for cargo work and generally brought them alongside on little scows, so that it was not often used for working cargo. If, on leaving port, we had steam available when we reached the sail setting stage, it would be used to masthead the yards.

The midship house contained the galley and two rooms for petty officers. Like all sailing ship galleys, this one extended right across the house and had a door on each end, so there was always a lee door. The doors were fitted as half doors, to enable the upper part to be opened in bad weather to pass out the mess kids when there was a lot of water washing around.

A reference to the plan will give a better idea of the ship's layout than a long description. The accommodation was fine. The cabin entrance from the main deck was in teak and the mess room and the captain's private cabin and bedroom were all beautifully paneled in bird's-eye maple and walnut. The after cabin was 13 feet by 20 feet, and was furnished as a living room with fireplace, center table, easy chairs, piano, and a great cushioned settee right across the stern. It had a big skylight overhead and a couple of ports in the stern. The rudder casing came through it and was paneled. The sideboard and mantel tops were marble. Heating, of course, was by stove and fireplace. I am afraid the mates found it rather chilly in cold weather. The chart room built on the poop was all paneled in teak, inside and out, and there was a companionway leading down between the mess room and after cabin.

The big sail room at the forward end of the cabin space was used for storing spare sails; it had a small square door with a roller on the sill to pass the sails in and out. The recessed space at the after end of the main deck under the

(*Continued on page 105*)



Lines of the famous "Lightning," designed and built by that great master, Donald McKay. She was one of the finest clippers ever built and holds the sailing ship record of 436 nautical miles in 24 hours, made on her maiden passage to Liverpool. Although of a different period, the similarity to the plan above is striking, the main difference being in the parallel middle body of the "Oweenee"

W. C. Sawyer

The Common Sense Class

A Small Cruising-Racing Sloop Developed for Use in Southern California Waters

By H. B. WARREN

OW that the cost of upkeep means so much, a good small boat is more in demand than ever. But, since yachtsmen are prone to build their craft around the cabin plan, we find more "arks" among the little fellows than is the case with their larger sisters. The desire for headroom, wide berths, locker space and a big galley often runs away with judgment. By the time this desire is satisfied we have more of a brute than a boat; her helm is about as responsive as that of a barge. When a procession of his friends passes him by for a couple of seasons, the owner finds small consolation in his oversize timbers and rugged rig, so the chunky lady is replaced with a faster stepper.

There is a real excuse for these brutal beasts in some localities, but not in Southern California. Here we rarely meet a wind of over thirty miles' velocity in summer, unless we venture offshore.

Now it is axiomatic that the lover of windjammers loves to race. Therefore, he remains contented longer with a lively boat, provided she affords reasonable accommodations. It was to fill the need for such a boat that Matt Walsh designed the Common Sense Class and built five boats at the Garbutt & Walsh plant. To keep the cost down, an over all length not exceeding 28 feet was selected, the final plans showing exactly 27 feet 10 inches. Obviously, long ends are out of the question on a boat of that length; cabin space would be too restricted. Hence, the water line length of 24 feet 8 inches. Beam is 7 feet and draft 5 feet 3 inches. The greatest freeboard is 3 feet, allowing headroom of about 5 feet, all that can be secured without giving a skyscraper effect to the topsides. A raised deck was chosen rather than a cabin trunk because it reduces the expense of building and also allows more sitting headroom over the berths. The sail area is 520 square feet, enough to make her move in the lightest zephyr, yet she carries her canvas well. Ballast is lead, 5500 pounds of it, all outside. Her sail locker is as well stocked as any racing yacht; in addition to working sails there is a large Genoa jib, a whale of a spinnaker, and a ringtail for light going that adds nearly a hundred square feet to the mainsail. And clever sailers these "Common Sense" boats are, not much slower than the "Sixes" on the wind and reaching, and more than their match on a run.

Below decks one receives something of a surprise when he discovers sleeping accommodations for five. No attempt is made to provide a "stateroom"; she is all open. On each side is a single berth, with the stove and dish lockers on the starboard side aft and the toilet and a pipe berth forward of the mast. Then, as the eye travels aft, comes the surprise, for under the bridge deck is a 'thwartships berth, a double one, four feet wide. Abaft this is space for a motor, although none of the boats built to date has yet installed one.

Construction is good. All fastenings are bronze, no iron or steel in the hull at all. Keel is Oregon pine; frames and deck beams, oak; planking, mahogany; decks, cedar. On each side are four spruce bilge stringers running the full length. Clamps are the same. Spars are all hollow, of spruce, with stainless steel rigging. The jib runs on a traveler with single sheet and there are no runners, only the permanent backstay from the masthead, so that handling is reduced to its simplest terms. No yawl or ketch of the same size could be easier on the crew. Reefing? Well, it's a roller reefing gear, the most practical arrangement for a small boat.

Of course, the Common Sense boats are not meant to go offshore. Still, one of them did take part in the Honolulu Race last July. However, she entered the long race only as the understudy of a little 24-foot schooner that some boys from Honolulu brought over on a steamer to sail back in the race. This little schooner was rammed while on a practice spin at Los Angeles Harbor a few days before the start.

Left. "Common Sense No. 2" just before the start of the 1934 race to Honolulu. She did well until her mast went over the side on the sixth day. She finished the passage under jury rig and turned in some surprisingly good runs

Right. The boats race together as a class and occasionally take part in longer contests and in mixed events. Racing over a 90-mile course in a fleet of seven boats, one of the class finished second to a 76-foot schooner. Here is "No. 5" winning at Santa Monica

W. C. Sawyer

As she could not be repaired in time, Matt Walsh lent her owners *Common Sense No. 3*, so that all the expense and hard work which had gone into the venture would not be in vain. There was no time to make any changes in her; she went just as she was.

Naturally, the crew had a hard time of it. So small a boat was bound to be wet, both on deck and below. Owing to the lack of lower backstays, she lost her mast on the sixth day. The crew jury-rigged her as best they could, using a couple of spinnaker poles, and continued to Honolulu. With so little sail, she took no prizes, but before the rig went overboard her days' runs were 72, 142, 143, 139, 161 and 156 miles, extremely good considering the water line length of 24 feet.

The five Common Sense sloops usually race as a one-design class. However, they have taken part in a few events for mixed classes. In a 90-mile race, one of them led a fleet of seven around Santa Barbara Island after 45 miles of windward work and finished second to a 76-foot schooner. *Common Sense No. 3* is now owned in Honolulu. In the troubled waters there she took second place in a 110-mile race around the Island of Oahu. Her present owner intends to enter her in the Honolulu Race of 1936. Of course, that is just a stunt, as she was admittedly not designed for offshore work. However, in their home waters the Common Sense boats are fine little cruisers and much faster than anything of their inches.

Left. Down wind with all her muslin spread. The ringtail, a piece of canvas revived from the days of studdingsails, can be carried on the wind in light weather

M. Rosenfeld

Both boats have curves in the mast due to careless setting up of shrouds and stays. In addition, the tack of No. 3's jib is too low, No. 19's sail is new and not yet hoisted or hauled out to set properly

Hints on Tuning Up

By

GORDON RAYMOND

THE mechanics of tuning up a yacht to the finest degree of balance, thus securing the utmost in speed and efficiency, is the most fascinating part of racing. "Finding" a racing craft and getting her "hung up" on the point, between the center of wind pressure on the sails and the resistance of hull in the water, which produces maximum speed when closest to the wind, is and always will be the problem.

Many things affect performance, but none as much as the mast, which should be as nearly straight as it is possible to get it. Unless otherwise specified, sailmakers cut the luff of a sail to conform to a straight line, but many a sail has been condemned by the user when the real trouble was a bend in the mast. There are yachtsmen who have fancy ideas on the subject; some prefer a slight curve in the top of the mast, either aft or to leeward, while others think that the secret lies in a hook to windward. Based on results, I will take mine in a straight line and be glad to get it that way, for then, at least, when I lay my head upon the pillow at night I can rest secure in the knowledge that the sailmaker's blessing bides with me.

Let us start with the more easily observed troubles and those most readily rectified. As you step aboard, the leads of the sheets are the first thing to notice since they have the greatest influence on the effectiveness of the sails. Trim must be right! Assuming the mast to be straight, the main boom should also be straight. Sometimes, however, the boom is so lightly built that it has a tendency to hog or sag, depending on the position of the main sheet lead, or, sometimes, as a result either of a tight or slack leech in the mainsail. A limber boom will tend to sag with a "tight" or "hard" leech and hog with a flat sail and a "slack" leech. A slight shift of the leads or boom bridles forward or aft will help this trouble; stoppering the sheet blocks in a fixed position on the bridle will also help.

The main sheet is usually led to a traveler; if this is too wide, thus permitting too much lead athwartships, it should be blocked in so that the main boom trims well inboard when strapped down for close windward work. The angle of the lead should be from 2° to 4°, measured from the mast, beamy boats requiring more lead than narrow ones. In Six-Metres and other narrow boats carrying Genoa jibs, it is good practice to have the main booms trimmed from the center line — with no traveler at all or a very narrow one — otherwise the mainsail will be badly backwinded by the Genoa.

Jib leads are equally important. The lead fore and aft affects the foot and leech and the general shape of the jib, and the lead athwartships affects the angle the sail makes with the wind. The latter should be at just the right angle to permit a perfect flow of wind between jib leech and mainsail luff; again, the angle should be greater in beamy boats with sails having a good deal of draft than in narrow boats with flatter sails. The average is from 8° to 11°. The bigger and faster the boat, the less lead is necessary athwartships.

The sheet of a loose-footed jib generally follows the line of the miter in the sail, but it should be adjusted until leech and foot take the proper curve. In jibs fitted with a club, the pennant is generally shorter and the angle quite different from that with a loose-footed jib as the pull is down rather than aft; it is generally from 45° to 70° from the deck.

With the deck position of fairleads decided, it is advisable to make the final adjustment on the club. It is surprising how much difference moving the pennant or block on the club even as little as one inch will make in the set of the sail. Moving the pennant forward flattens the sail on the foot and eases the leech, the right position being where the sail looks best. This point may be found by sliding the pennant back and forth while sailing until the best results become apparent. In small boats, the jib should be "tacked" about 8 to 10 inches above the deck; otherwise it will be affected by the wind eddies caused by the weather rail when there is a sharp angle of heel. Should there be a tendency to backwind the mainsail because of insufficient space between the sails, another inch between jib leech and mast may be secured by tacking the jib down three or four inches more. It may be better, however, first to try moving the jib sheet fairleads an inch outboard.

The general appearance of sails must be watched carefully. Hard or curled leeches are the first thing that strike the eye. Nothing kills a boat more. There are two immediate remedies. Grip the leech tabling firmly and stretch it over one knee, bearing down hard with both hands, which should be held about two feet apart. Do this several times throughout the bad part of the sail, but be careful not to put strain on the stitches immediately inside the tabling. This treatment should correct much of the trouble. Be sure that some of it is not caused by the leech cord which is apt to be pulled tight while the sail is being handled in or out of its bag. It may be better still to dispense with the leech cord entirely (I can hear George Ratsey chortle) and be done with it. If all this doesn't help matters, the next thing to do is to raise the clew, on club or boom, about an inch by lashing a small wooden block under the earing and lengthening the hank seizings of the next two or three grommets proportionately. If tracks are used, have a clew outhaul fitting made with one or two extra holes for the pin so that the clew may be raised to the desired point. If all this does not prove effective, have the sail recut, letting out the seams in the troubled area, from half an inch to an inch, but Lord! how I hate to suggest this.

Do not sway away on outhauls like the watch on the lee fore brace; remember that you are dealing with rope and canvas, and sailing will stretch the leech gradually and perfectly if you give it a chance. I shudder every time I see a crew tail on to the outhaul and take the clew out to the stop pin with a "yo ho ho." The same treatment should be given to the jib set on a club; do not haul the foot out too taut and lash it down so hard that the strain is on the edge of the sail grommets. Let the sail work slightly in its lashings and locate the sheet lead on the club so that the forward end of the club falls away from the stay on about the same line as the main boom and the draft comes right down the sail to the tack.

A sail should be hoisted to suit the weather conditions, and not swayed up and winched unnecessarily taut. Do not try to get it all home at the mooring; take halliards and outhaul up and out only hand taut, and try sailing her a while. There is always time for drying and stretching the sails out before the start, and they will last much longer if treated in this fashion. Many crews put the same strain on halliard and outhaul in light or heavy weather. This not only shortens the life of the roping but injures the effectiveness of the sail for the whole season and invariably causes it to need recutting. This operation often destroys the original set of the sail with consequent loss of driving power. It is almost impossible to express in words the appearance of a properly setting sail; the perfect sail can be recognized but not described. However, if you are convinced that your sail has blown out and that the draft is all back in the belly of the sail, the only thing to do is to have a sailmaker look at it.

To go back to setting a sail for light weather conditions, it is necessary to have luff and foot only hand taut. The best way to determine this is to be able to move the roping freely back and forth with the fingers. Under drifting conditions, you should be able to feel plenty of slack between slides, so that the lightest air will belly the sail out to its most efficient shape. As the breeze increases, the halliard can be winched up and the clew hauled out. Always give the boat a luff for this operation or most of the strain will come on head and clew, to the detriment of that part of the sail. Let me mention here that slides and track should be oiled frequently, preferably before each race, if you want your gear to work smoothly.

Use common sense when setting everything up hard for a stiff breeze since all that is desired is a flat sail. Its flatness is not always indicated by the tension on the roping, as the roping frequently dries out, or stretches unusually fast, so that more and more strain comes on the canvas, thus rendering the sail too flat and no good for anything except very hard winds. In such a case judgment should be used. Close observation of the way the wrinkles have smoothed out in the tabling, both in luff and foot, will indicate when the sail has worked out to its best shape.

(To be Continued)

W. B. Jackson

The mainsail sets well and the jib is properly tacked, but the head of the jib is "blown" and the battens are hooking out

For Greater Safety Afloat

Proper Installation of the Gasoline Tank Is an Essential Factor

By WILLIAM ATKIN

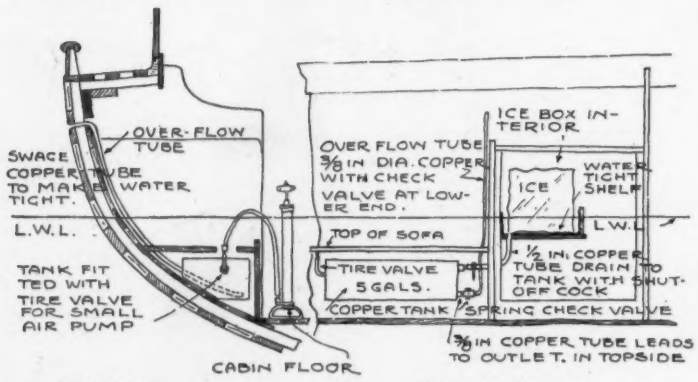
IF YOU go aboard *Ranger*, H. Martyn Baker's Crocker-designed ketch built last winter by Chute and Bixby at Huntington, L. I., you will find some interesting gadgets. If you continue your explorations, you will discover many clever arrangements designed variously as precautions against danger, as aids to single-handed cruising men, as contributing to comfort, and as savers of time and effort.

So look below, if opportunity smiles, in wholesome cruising yachts like Martin Kattenhorn's fisherman schooner *Suprise;* Thornton Mills' excellent little Mower-designed cutter *Crusoe;* Elliott Service's husky schooner *Chantey;* Elihu Root, Jr's., turtle-back decked knockabout *Jingle Shell* designed by Rhodes; the blue-hulled cutter *Tally Ho!* owned by Newton Wigton; Henry Houghton's tabloid cruiser *Spray;* Joseph String's schooner *Aspirant;* and in many another of the grand fleet of small cruising yachts which forms the backbone of yachting.

These gadgets and gilhickies, however, stay in their accustomed nooks unknown and unsung; except to a handful of cruising men, they remain lights under especially opaque bushels.

As an instance of the value of unseen equipment, consider the arrangement of the gasoline tanks on *Tally Ho!* Gasoline tanks and gasoline are serious items on a boat. While one may be casual with dinghies, careless concerning the condi-

SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF THE ICE BOX DRAIN.



tion of standing rigging, and flirt with poor ground tackle, it is suicidal to put to sea with badly made, faultily installed and carelessly designed fuel tanks and fuel lines.

The gasoline tanks aboard *Tally Ho!* are in the safety division because of several proven details. As a matter of fact, the yacht was designed to solve the gasoline storage problem, just as the tanks were designed to fit the yacht. By this I mean that the cockpit floor is well above the load water line; and this floor extends from the inside of the transom to a considerable distance forward of the cockpit well. It extends also from the ceiling on one side of the hull to the ceiling on the opposite side. The floor is caulked and made watertight, not only in the cockpit well but over its whole area, including the seam along the ceiling and the transom.

After the cockpit floor was laid, the sides and ends of the cockpit well were erected and made watertight against both the floor and the under side of the deck. The whole assembly is securely bolted, and is tight, snug, and thoroughly seafixed. (If you would have the thing satisfactory from every standpoint, then build it of teak. There is no other lumber equal to teak for the purpose we have in view.) Any liquid spilling into the cockpit well will have to leak through *two* seams before it can get below. The scupper pipes are fitted in the two after corners of the well, as close to the stern and sides as possible. These pipes should be large; 2 inches diameter is ample for a craft the size of *Tally Ho!*

The spaces between the sides of the well and the sides of the hull must have ventilation. A high coaminged hatch in the after deck and the openings in the cabin above the cockpit floor induce a strong draft in these spaces. In addition to providing a means of ventilation, they serve as excellent and dry lockers.

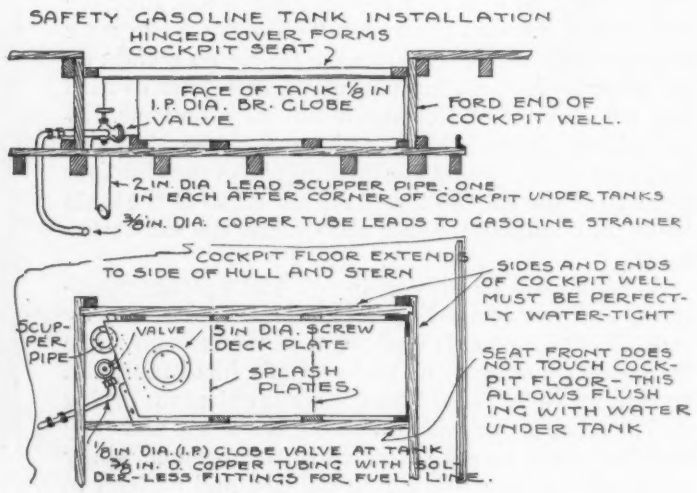
The tanks must be made from copper, riveted and soldered. A tank having a capacity of 30 gallons should be made from 18-ounce copper. It should have at least two swash plates, riveted and thoroughly soldered in place. The tanks in *Tally Ho!* are rectangular in section; thus every inch of available space is given to capacity. After all, it makes little difference in what shape the tanks are built; it is thorough workmanship that keeps tanks fuel-tight.

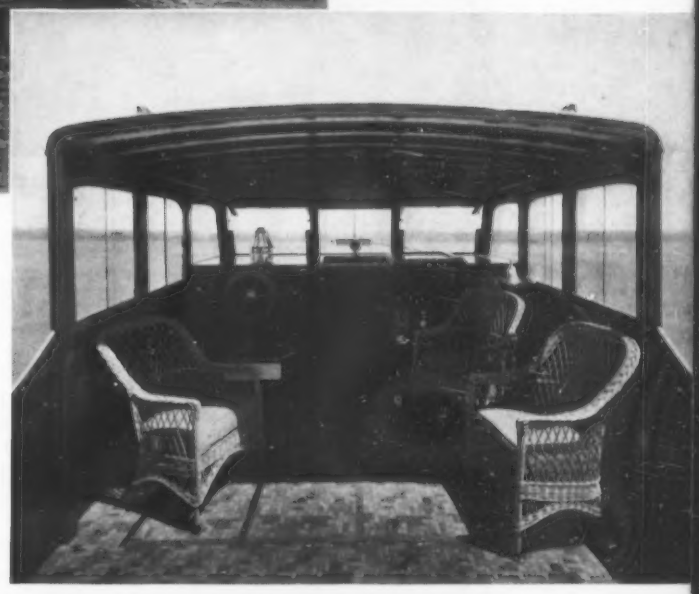
The filling plates are 5 inches diameter, and are placed directly over the outlets. The advantage of this arrangement is that one can reach inside at any time and clean out sediment or water. These large plates serve also as automatic air vents, and this is an important feature. Sufficient air leaks into the tanks through the long threads on the screw covers but, because there is no pressure inside, neither gasoline nor vapor will leak out. This holds true in rough water or under the hottest sun. It is perfectly safe to light matches or smoke in the cockpit as long as the screw covers are turned down hand tight.

The tanks are installed on cleats about an inch above the cockpit floor. The cleats on the floor, as well as those which prevent the tanks from shifting, are padded with canvas to prevent chafe. The tank ends are cut at an angle, as indicated in the sketch. Globe-valves are fitted to the tanks and copper tubing, fitted throughout with solderless fittings, carries the gasoline, first to a large strainer placed below the

(*Continued on page 102*)

SAFETY GASOLINE TANK INSTALLATION


HINGED COVER FORMS COCKPIT SEAT
FACE OF TANK 1/8 IN I.P. DIA. BR. GLOBE VALVE
FORD END OF COCKPIT WELL.
2 IN. DIA LEAD SCUPPER PIPE. ONE IN EACH AFTER CORNER OF COCKPIT UNDER TANKS
3/8 IN. DIA. COPPER TUBE LEADS TO GASOLINE STRAINER
COCKPIT FLOOR EXTENDS TO SIDE OF HULL AND STERN
SIDES AND ENDS OF COCKPIT WELL MUST BE PERFECTLY WATER-TIGHT
SCUPPER PIPE
VALVE
5 IN DIA. SCREW DECK PLATE
SPLASH PLATES
SEAT FRONT DOES NOT TOUCH COCKPIT FLOOR - THIS ALLOWS FLUSHING WITH WATER UNDER TANK
1/8 IN DIA. (I.P.) GLOBE VALVE AT TANK
3/8 IN. O. COPPER TUBING WITH SOLDER-LESS FITTINGS FOR FUEL LINE.

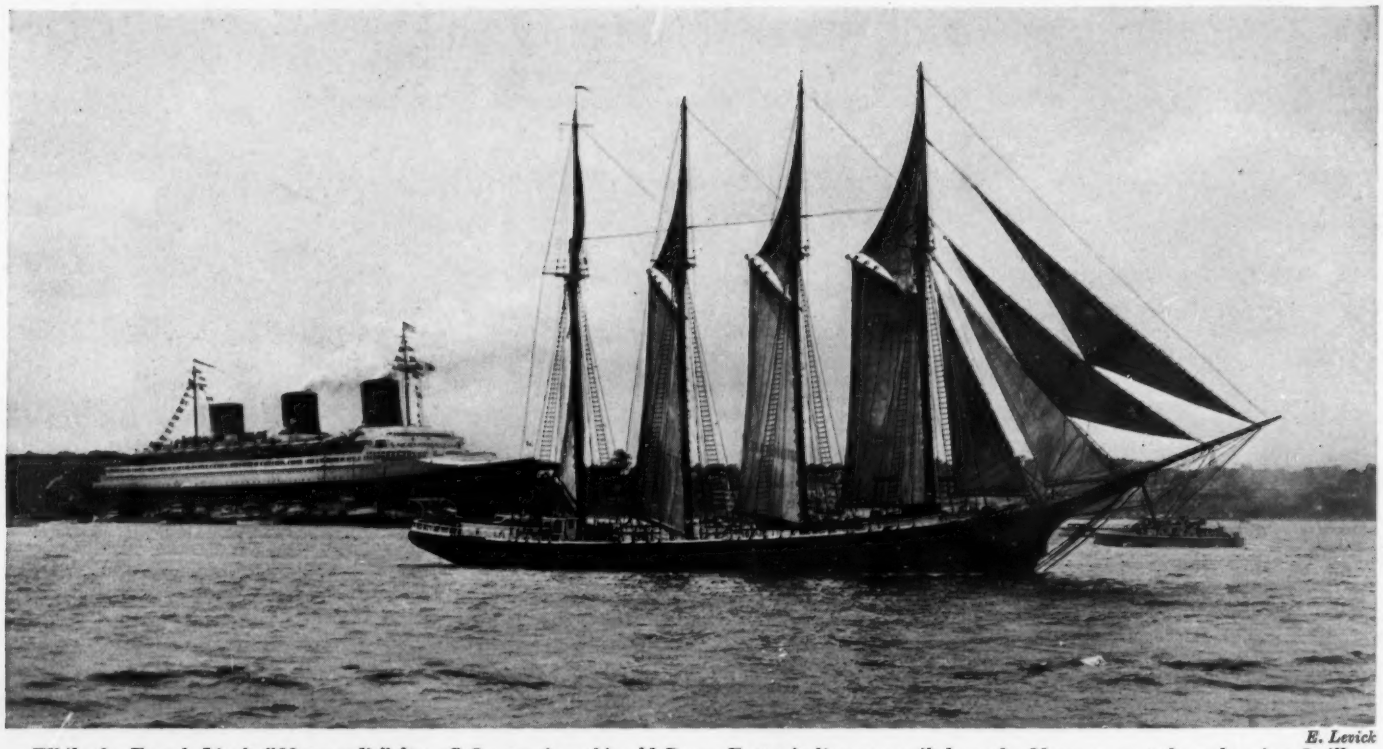


"Consort, Jr.," a Fast Stepper

This trim motor craft, owned by T. Munroe Dobbins of Philadelphia, will be used for fishing off the Florida coast and among the Bahamas. She was built by Julius Petersen of Nyack, N. Y., from plans by Chris B. Nelson, Inc., and is the third boat designed by Mr. Nelson for Mr. Dobbins. Her liberal beam gives lots of elbow room on deck and below. At the right is the deck shelter, while at the bottom is seen the port side of the cabin, given over to the galley. Below is the main cabin, with the "dinette" (the seats of which make up into a wide berth), and a glimpse of the double stateroom forward

M. Rosenfeld

"Consort Jr." is 38' 6" over all, 11' 10" beam and 2' 10" draft. Two Chrysler reduction gear engines developing 106 hp. each drive her 19½ m.p.h. Her plans appeared in the April issue of "Yachting"



E. Levick

While the French Line's "Normandie" lay off Quarantine, this old Down East windjammer sailed up the Narrows past the welcoming flotilla

The Month in Yachting

Crooks Wins on the Delaware

THE Delaware River outboard marathon, inaugurated last year to acquaint speedboat addicts with the beauties of that historic stream between Trenton and Philadelphia, is unfortunate in its place on the season's schedule. Coming as it does just after the now almost classic Albany-to-New York endurance test, it suffers by the inevitable comparison and takes on the aspect of an anti-climax.

In the first place, it is only half as long as the Hudson River voyage, 64 miles on a round trip from the New Jersey capital to the first city of Pennsylvania and return. Consequently, it is by no means as searching a trial of mechanical and human stamina.

In the drivers' verbiage, it boils down to this — the Delaware marathon is just a breeze, as different from the Albany grind as the Bear Mountain cruiser race is from the New York Athletic Club's Block Island handicap. It is interesting to the outboard experts chiefly because of the possibility it holds for high speeds.

On May 25th Samuel Crooks, the gasoline and pliers athlete from Rutgers University, topped a field of 37 starters and 21 finishers. Crooks, driving a Class B outfit that conceded an 11-minute handicap to the smaller Class A units and received a 9-minute start on the more powerful Class C jobs, beat the runner-up, Clayton Bishop, of Onset, Mass., by four minutes. Bishop also drove a Class B combination. Crooks covered the course without incident in 1:32:45 at an average speed of 41.397 miles an hour. That superseded the Class B record set up a year ago by Paul B. Sawyer, Jr., Yale collegian, in finishing second to Jacoby.

The Class A mark for the event, 34.5 m.p.h. made by Ted Roberts in finishing ninth in 1934, went by the board, too. J. Leslie Barton, of Newark, N. J., brought his little 100-pound boat and 12-horse power motor home third, eleven seconds behind Bishop. He averaged 35.599 miles an hour.

Those speed performances are just about "tops" for any real long distance racing. The Class C record and the peak for the event is the 46.8 miles an hour hung up in 1934 by Jacoby. He was out to beat it this year and attempt to add the Delaware marathon to his Albany victory of two weeks previous. He failed, largely because he could not pick the Philadelphia stake boat out of the surrounding scenery.

Consequently, Jacoby, the first "C" driver home, averaged only 43.215 miles an hour and lost whatever chance he had of overhauling Crooks and Bishop. "Chart" Johnson, making his first start as a professional, was only five seconds astern of Jacoby and took second money in Class C. Sixth place went to Lewis G. Carlisle, of East Islip, L. I., who finished with his fuel tank wobbling on its moorings and a record of six stops to replace spark plugs fouled by a burned piston.

The Delaware victory more or less confirmed Crooks' third place in the Albany event and gave him a record of three finishes in four marathon starts. He has a long way to go, though, to catch old Mr. Marathon himself, otherwise Fred Jacoby. The little North Bergen, N. J., scenic artist has competed in sixteen long distance outboard races and finished fourteen of them in the prize brackets.

There was a separate class for the heavy, two-men-in-a-boat outboard runabouts that did so well in the Albany grind. They found the going altogether too smooth, and made only fair time. The two leaders had a good race of it, George Fink beating the Albany champion, Arthur Baldwin, by less than a minute.

EVERETT B. MORRIS

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Rough Going at Baltimore

A STIFF nor'easter made it hard for the outboards in the Maryland Yacht Club's regatta on June 1st, and several contestants came to grief in the rough waters of the Patapsco. Fred Jacoby, Jr., had a successful day, winning five out of eight heats in which he competed and getting also a second, a third and a fourth place. He cleaned up in Classes B and F, with straight wins, and won in Class C. C. M. Scull took the honors in Class A, with Sam Crooks second and Jacoby third. In Class C, Crooks took second and Scull third.

Only three 225 Class racers started, first place going to Dr. Cecil H. Bagley's *Wilmer III*, a local boat, with Charles Richter's *Miss Audrey* second.

Off for Norway!

SIX of the seven yachts entered in the Transatlantic Race to Norway, for a cup presented by King Haakon VII, and other trophies, got away from Brenton Lightship, off Newport, at noon, June 8th, in a light southerly breeze, and soon disappeared in a light fog that hung persistently off the coast as they headed E.S.E. on the first leg of their long 3050-mile voyage.

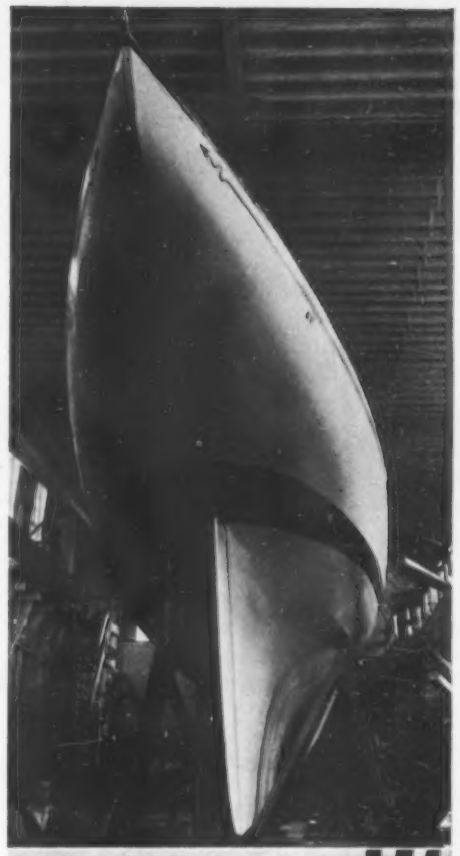
The six yachts, with their ratings and time allowances, are listed in the tabulation below.

The Norwegian entry, the yawl *Sandefjord*, Captain Erling Tambs, did not arrive in time to start. She left the Canary Islands on her voyage over on April 21st, and on May 27th was spoken by the steamer *Beacon* about 850 miles south of Newport. Her captain reported the loss of her mizzenmast and of several sails, including the mainsail, in a gale on May 17th, in which the yacht was knocked on her beam ends, four men being washed overboard and one lost. In spite of this, Captain Tambs refused assistance and kept on for his destination, arriving at Newport on June 12th, four days after the fleet had started on the race. At this writing the *Sandefjord* is being refitted at Newport. The failure of the Norwegian to arrive in time, and the loss of life, were greatly regretted by everyone connected with the race.

The Narragansett Bay Regatta Association gave a dinner to the captains and crews the evening before the start, at which final instructions and the latest meteorological information were given out. These showed ice prevalent in unusual quantity off Newfoundland. On the day following the start the wind backed to northeast and blew fresh, with rain. This probably had the effect of forcing the yachts to take the southerly, or Gulf Stream course, so it is doubtful if any of the contestants will cut very close to Cape Race, as *Dorade* did in the race four years ago.

As this is written (four days after the start) no report has been received from any of the yachts. As their normal course will keep them pretty well out of the usual steamer lanes, it is doubtful if much news of their progress will be had. It should take the fleet from three to four weeks to arrive at its destination, Bergen, Norway. The race is under the auspices of the Royal Norwegian Yacht Club and the Cruising Club of America.

Yacht	*Owner*	*Rig*	*L.O.A.*	*Rating*	*Time Allowance*
Vamarie	Vadim S. Makaroff	Ketch	71′ 9″	58.74	Scratch
Mistress	Geo. E. Roosevelt	Sch.	60′ 4″	52.06	14–52–08
Hamrah	Robert R. Ames	Ketch	54′	52.57	13–37–24
Stormy Weather	P. LeBoutillier	Yawl	53′ 6″	40.90	47–23–06
Vagabond	Roger Robinson	Sch.	49′ 1″	41.83	44–10–58
Stoertebeker (Ger.)	L. Schlimbach	Cutter	49′ 6″	40.04	50–27–08



At top, "Mitena," the new Twelve-Metre designed by Francis Herreshoff and built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co. at Bristol, R. I., where she was launched June 7th, and W. J. Strawbridge, the owner, and the sponsor

"Florolina," a 38-foot Elco Cruisette just delivered to A. T. Heath of Sumter, S. C. This summer he will use her off the Carolina coast, taking her to Fort Myers, Florida, in the fall. Two Buda type 415 65–85 hp. Diesels drive her close to 17 m.p.h.

They start 'em young at Norfolk, where the annual regatta of the Maury High School brings out a fleet of Moths

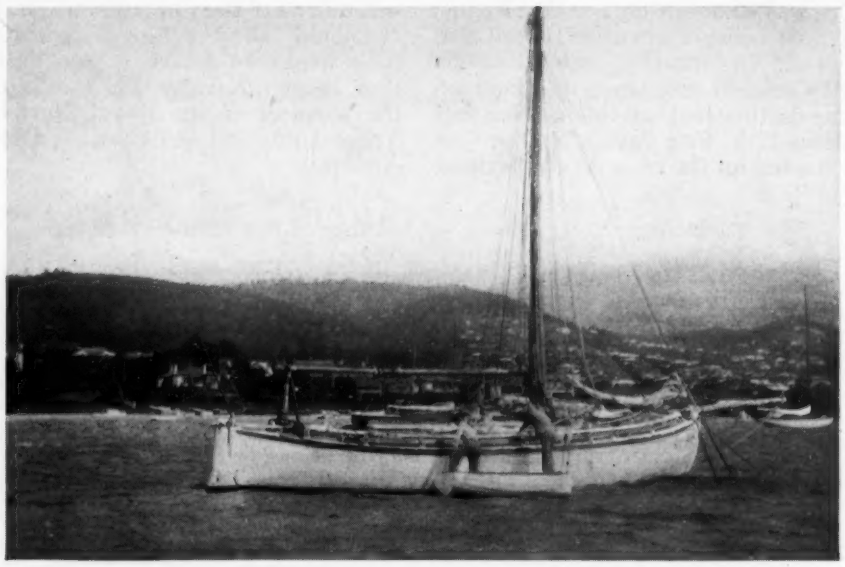
Aeolians Take Challenge Cup

JUST as San Francisco Bay yachtsmen were beginning to regard the Perpetual Challenge Cup as a permanent fixture in the Corinthian clubhouse, along came "Babe" Stevens to pry it adrift and take it across the bay where it is now gracing the trophy room of the Aeolian Yacht Club, of Alameda.

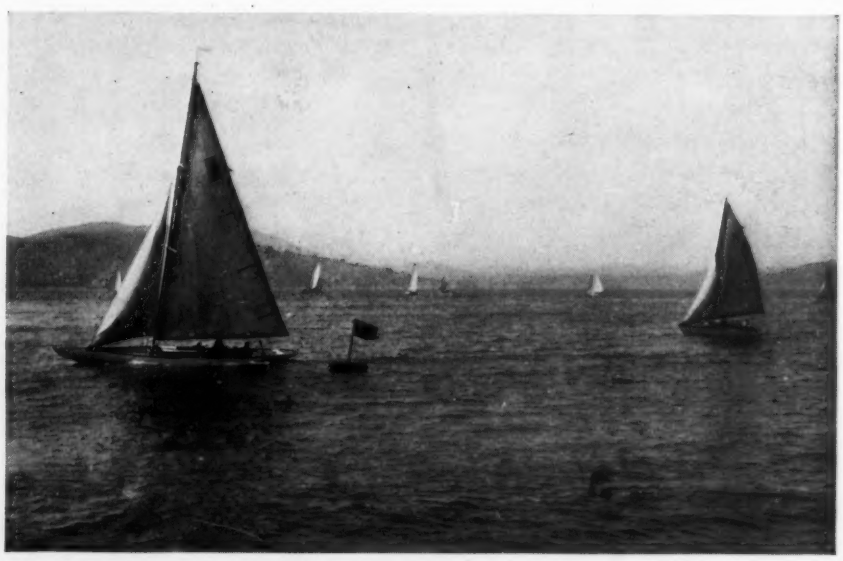
It was Sunday afternoon, May 19th, with ideal racing weather, a fine 15- to 18-knot breeze fanning in through the Gate, and a bulging gallery lining the Marina seawall, when the challenging "R" *Machree*, and the defender *Mavis*, of the Bird Class, with Myron Spaulding at the tiller, jockeyed about and got away to a smart start on the first leg of the 14-mile channel course — a beat to Presidio Shoals. On this leg, *Machree* picked up 2 minutes, 6 seconds; on the run to Goat Island she was 4 minutes, 32 seconds ahead; at the Southampton Shoals marker she was out in front by nearly six minutes; and when she rounded Presidio Shoals buoy the second time she was 9 minutes, 3 seconds to the good, with only one more lap to the finish. But the challenging "R" boat had to overcome a time differential of 9 minutes, 53 seconds.

Breaking out her spinnaker handily for the run down to the finish, and still with 50 seconds favoring the defending *Mavis*, *Machree* proceeded to wipe out the remaining handicap. This she did, with time to spare, winning by one minute, 52 seconds. *Machree's* sailing time was 2:21:02, while *Mavis* covered the course in 2:32:47.

The Perpetual Challenge Cup race is the big time event on San Francisco Bay, and is just as popular now as it was 41 years ago when *El Sueno* barged over the line to nose out the *Queen* of the S. F. Y. C. Incidentally, *El Sueno* carried the Aeolian colors then as did *Machree* in last month's classic. Although the cup has traveled pretty well up and down the West Coast, the Corinthian Yacht Club has claimed no less than 22 wins. TOM WHITE



"Ho-Ho," a 38-foot Norwegian cutter, anchored off Hobart, Tasmania, on March 17th, 103 days from Buenos Aires. She left Oslo November 19th, 1933, to search for traces of the ill fated "Kobenhavn"



San Francisco Bay provided ideal weather for the race for the Perpetual Challenge Trophy. "Machree," the challenger, is leading "Mavis," the defender, across the starting line

© Keystone

"Yankee" and "Endeavour" jockeying for the start in the race off Southend on June 6th. Both boats are evidently traveling fast

"Yankee's" Campaign

BAD weather delayed *Yankee's* commissioning and tuning up and in her first informal brush she was defeated by King George's *Britannia*, though she beat *Velsheda*.

The first formal race in which she took part was sailed off Southend, at the mouth of the Thames, in a hard breeze and a rough sea. The four starters tied down single reefs before the start. *Astra* was over too soon, *Endeavour* got the best of the start, followed by *Yankee* and *Velsheda* ten seconds later. The first two legs were reaches and *Endeavour* led *Yankee* by 1:05 at the second mark with *Velsheda* a close third.

Here the British yachts eased sheets and set spinnakers to starboard for the run to the Mouse Lightship, but the American jibed and set her spinnaker to port. She led at the Mouse and trimmed down for the close reach home. Jibing round the lightship, *Endeavour's* mast went by the board, *Velsheda* cracked her boom, and *Astra* lost a man overboard. *Yankee* kept on under easy sail, finishing with *Velsheda* well astern.

Yankee raced again off Dover on June 10th in light weather with spotty winds. She led across the starting line and at the first mark, but from there on the fluky wind put first one and then another in the lead. *Velsheda* was ahead at the second mark and led *Shamrock V* across the finish line by 2:05 and *Yankee* by 7:14, corrected time.

The race for the Lord Warden Silver Challenge Cup, scheduled for June 11th, was called off on account of a heavy gale.

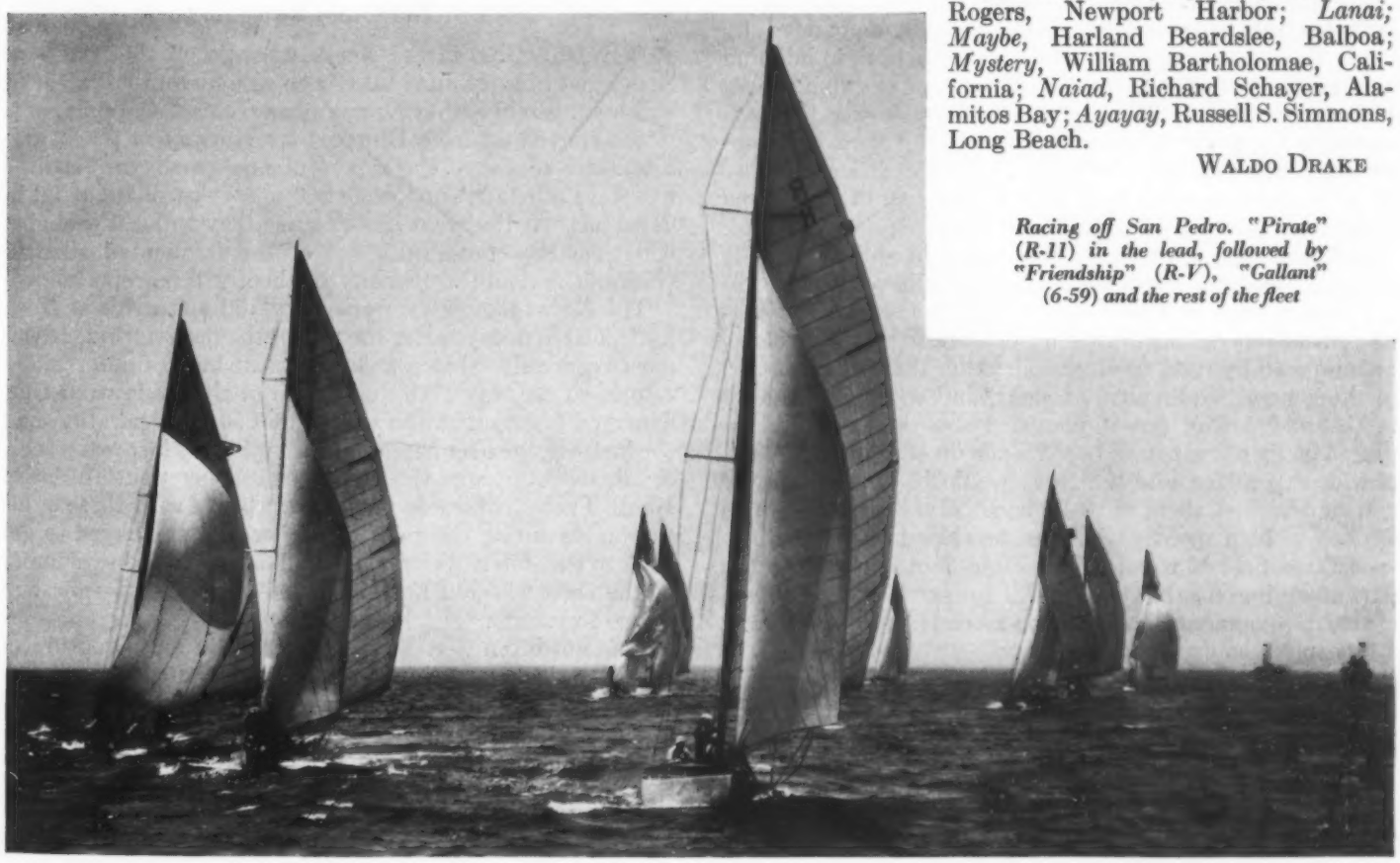
"Pirate" Wins San Diego Lipton Trophy

THE baffling coves of Santa Catalina Island will be the scene of next year's race for the venerable San Diego Bay Lipton Trophy, as a result of the successful challenge on June 2nd of Mrs. M. H. Adamson's Class R sloop *Pirate*. Under the colors of the Santa Catalina Island Yacht Club and the skilful handling of L. E. Geary, *Pirate* won by a 40-second margin at San Pedro over Ashley Bowen's 20-Rater *Friendship*, of the San Diego Yacht Club, and the seven best Six-Metre yachts on the South Coast. *Pirate* turned the 12-mile course in 2 hours, 2 minutes, 48 seconds, and displayed superior ability and handling on every leg of the triangle. The race was sailed in a medium westerly.

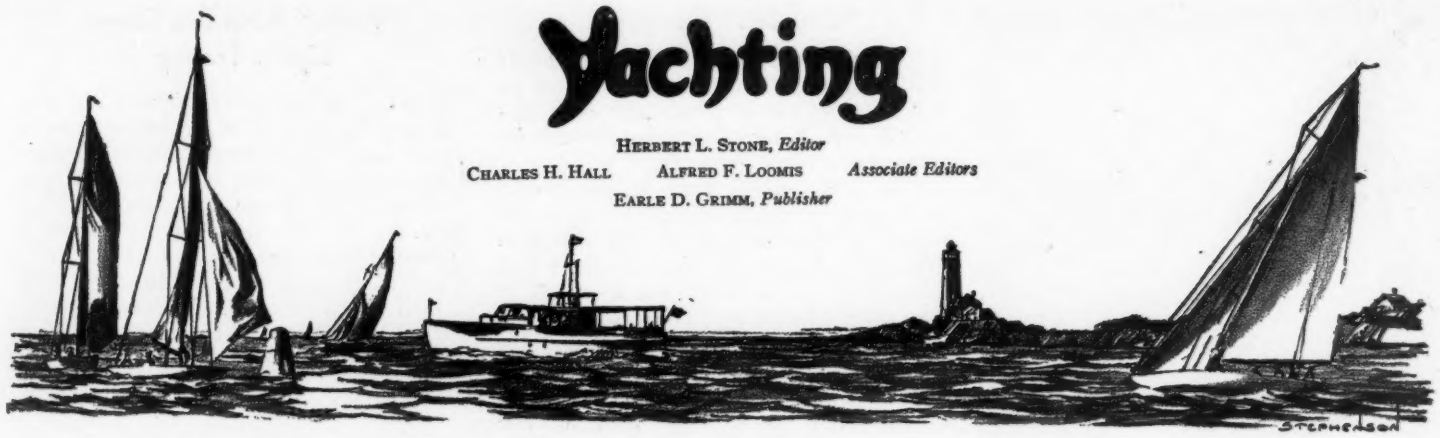
This was *Friendship's* second, and closest, attempt to regain for San Diego the 31-year-old cup taken North two years ago by Tommy Lee's *Caprice*. The youthful Bowen exerted every stratagem to gain the lead and when he finally succeeded, just as the two "R's" turned into the second windward leg to Point Fermin, he let Geary outguess him on matching tacks along the breakwater.

William Slater's *Lanai*, defending for the Los Angeles Yacht Club, fell by the wayside when her Genoa blew out just after the start. The seven "Sixes" entered, of which none except *Gallant* threatened the two "R's," were, in order of finish, with clubs and skippers, as follows: *Gallant*, Ted Conant, South Coast Corinthian; *Synnove*, Albert E. Rogers, Newport Harbor; *Lanai; Maybe*, Harland Beardslee, Balboa; *Mystery*, William Bartholomae, California; *Naiad*, Richard Schayer, Alamitos Bay; *Ayayay*, Russell S. Simmons, Long Beach.

WALDO DRAKE



Racing off San Pedro. "Pirate" (R-11) in the lead, followed by "Friendship" (R-V), "Gallant" (6-59) and the rest of the fleet



EDITORIAL

The Navy Again Goes in for Subchasers

IT SEEMS that the Navy Department is again turning to high speed craft with which to chase submarines if and when we should get into another war — which God forbid. Many yachtsmen still recall vividly their service on the famed 110-foot subchasers in the Great War, for the personnel of these little craft contained a goodly proportion of men who got their seafaring experience in yachts. They recall also the pleasing fact that these little boats, after being loaded down with all the equipment the Navy considered requisite, were capable of a speed of about 13½ knots, while the surface speeds of the "subs" was 16 to 17 knots. It was a comforting knowledge.

It is no criticism of the Navy Department to say that it has had little or no experience in building small craft of the character under discussion. Its main effort has been along other lines. All the Government "chasers," whether submarine or rum, have been notoriously lacking in speed for the service for which they were designed, due largely to the rigid specifications and the great weights demanded by them. To obtain very high speed, lightness, both in hull and in engines, is required. One cannot expect extreme speeds with engines twice the weights per horse power that are available for yacht or commercial use, and with hull construction more suitable for barges than speed boats. Many of our naval architects have gone a long way in developing high speed power-driven yachts, a highly specialized field. This knowledge, and the data thus collected, should be made use of if anything worth while is to be achieved.

It would seem as if best results might be attained by getting several specialists in this line of work to submit designs, unhampered by rigid specifications other than those related to the general requirements sought, and with some leeway in the selection of power plants. These designs could be passed on by a competent board made up of naval architects of wide experience, and the Navy would be in a fair way of getting the best there is to be had. Naval architecture as applied to high speed yachts has developed far beyond the specialized field of naval construction, and it would be the part of wisdom for the Government to take every advantage of this development. Let's have no more examples of sending a boy to sea to do a man's work.

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The British Racing Season

MR. SHERMAN HOYT told in the last issue of YACHTING something about the vagaries of English weather during the yachting season, and the hazards of the courses on the racing circuit. Apparently, from the reports of the races so far sailed there, he did not overstate the case as regards the weather. And a recent letter from "Alf" Loomis, who sailed on *Yankee* in some of her early races, states that it had been blowing hard from the eastward in England since March. Up to June 20th, *Yankee* had sailed in only two races, one in a heavy wind, which she won but which played havoc with several of the other contestants, and the other, which she lost, in light and fluky conditions. So badly were some of the yachts battered in the early season that many were forced to refit in mid-June. British yachtsmen say conditions have been most unusual this year. A change will come, of course, and then we hope to see racing under what we consider more normal conditions. Only then will it be possible to get a true line on the various large cutters. So far, however, it would still appear that *Endeavour* is the fastest Class J yacht. *Yankee*, in her two races, seems to have been handled with judgment and skill.

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This Ocean Racing

CONDITIONS in the North Atlantic off the American coast in early June have been so unfavorable, with fog and low visibility, that no news has come of the six yachts which shoved off from Newport for Norway in the Transatlantic Race, save the report of one small yawl sighted five days after the start some 260 miles east of the point of departure. As the great circle course they will sail probably will take the contestants out of the frequented steamer tracks, it is doubtful if many of them will be reported.

The Norwegian entry, *Sandefjord*, did not arrive at Newport until four days after the rest of the fleet started. It was most regrettable that a gale of almost hurricane force, encountered on May 17th, just north of the trade wind belt, damaged her so that the three months of preparation and the long voyage over here went for nothing. Most regrettable of all, however, was the loss of one of her youthful crew, Kaare Tveter, who was washed overboard with three of his shipmates during the gale. The other three managed to get back to the ship and were hauled aboard by the one member of the crew who did not go overboard. Kaare Tveter was not so fortunate.

It is not often that a fatality occurs in an adventure of this kind. With a well-found and ably handled little vessel, the danger is not great — no greater, in fact, than in many sports restricted to the land. But the sea is still the same as it has been since time immemorial. It exacts its toll now and then, as no one knows better than those who have followed it for long. This is, perhaps, part of the appeal it makes to youth, to the venturesome. If it were shorn of all danger it would lose some of its appeal to stout hearts and bodies.

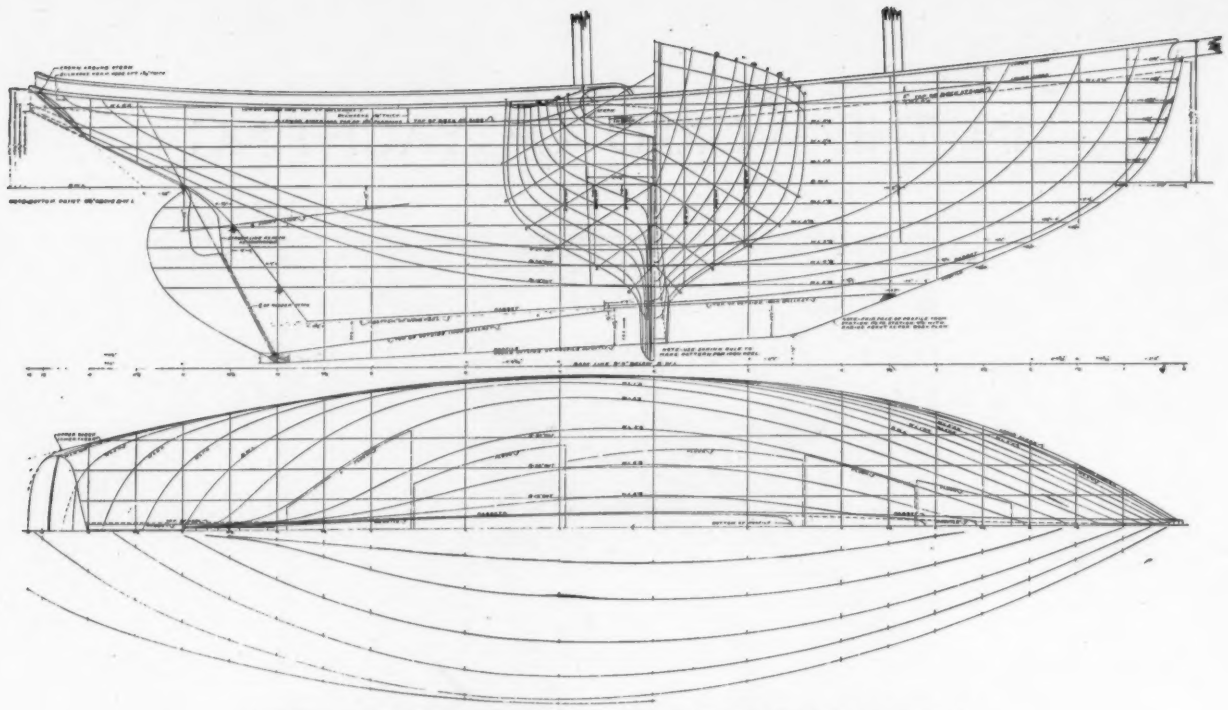
IN THE WORLD OF YACHTING

ESMOND AVERY

THE commodore of the Bayview Yacht Club, of Detroit, which has probably a larger percentage of boat-owning members than any club on the Great Lakes, is Esmond Avery. In addition to his activity in increasing the membership and prestige of this organization of real sailormen, he has seen service in most of the movements to benefit the sport of yachting on fresh water.

Commodore Avery has been in the game for fifteen years or more, having owned and sailed all manner of craft, from a sailing canoe and an "outboard," to the 43-foot schooner "Silhouette," with an ice boat or so thrown in. He disclaims any "high lights" in his yachting career, but the fact that he has sailed in the last five Port Huron-Mackinac races, as well as in most of the other races on Lakes Huron, Erie and St. Clair, would seem to indicate a bit of sporting blood in his make-up. Yet he finds time, also, to cruise extensively each summer on Lake Superior and on Georgian Bay. Celestial navigation is his hobby, and he practices it assiduously on those large bodies of water, even if he sometimes neglects to carry a chart of his home waters.

Esmond Avery has served the Bayview Yacht Club in the past in the capacity of both rear commodore and vice commodore. Now, as head of the organization, and with his energy and his devotion to the sport, yachting in the Detroit region seems to be in for a big season.



The lines show a husky craft with powerful sections and moderately short ends

Designed for Long Voyages Offshore

THIS schooner was designed by Ralph E. Winslow, of Quincy, Mass., for a West Coast client who plans extended cruises in the Pacific. She is 57′ 9″ over all, 47′ l.w.l., 15′ beam and 8′ 9″ draft. The owner wished a small vessel that could safely be driven to the limit in bad weather, be handled by a small crew, and heave to readily when the going gets too bad.

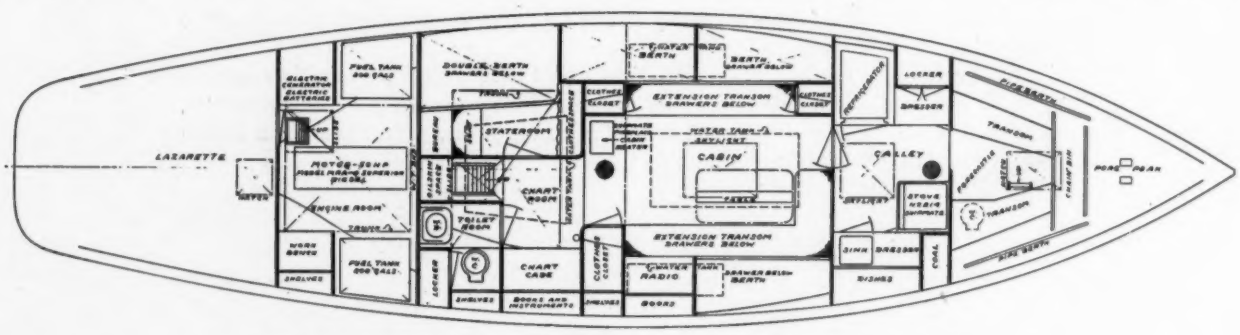
Construction is rugged, planking being 1¾″ and deck 1⅞″, frames 3½″ by 3½″, 13½″ centers, and other members in proportion. There is about 21,000 pounds of iron on the keel and 23,000 pounds of lead inside.

The yacht is flush decked, with bulwarks 18″ high and a break in the deck just forward of the mainmast. This will break the force of a boarding sea and the raised quarter deck gives additional room below. The two trunks aft are strongly built. Headroom in all cabins is 6′ 2″.

The four lowers give a fairly snug rig, while topsail and fisherman add plenty of area. The squaresail is good sized

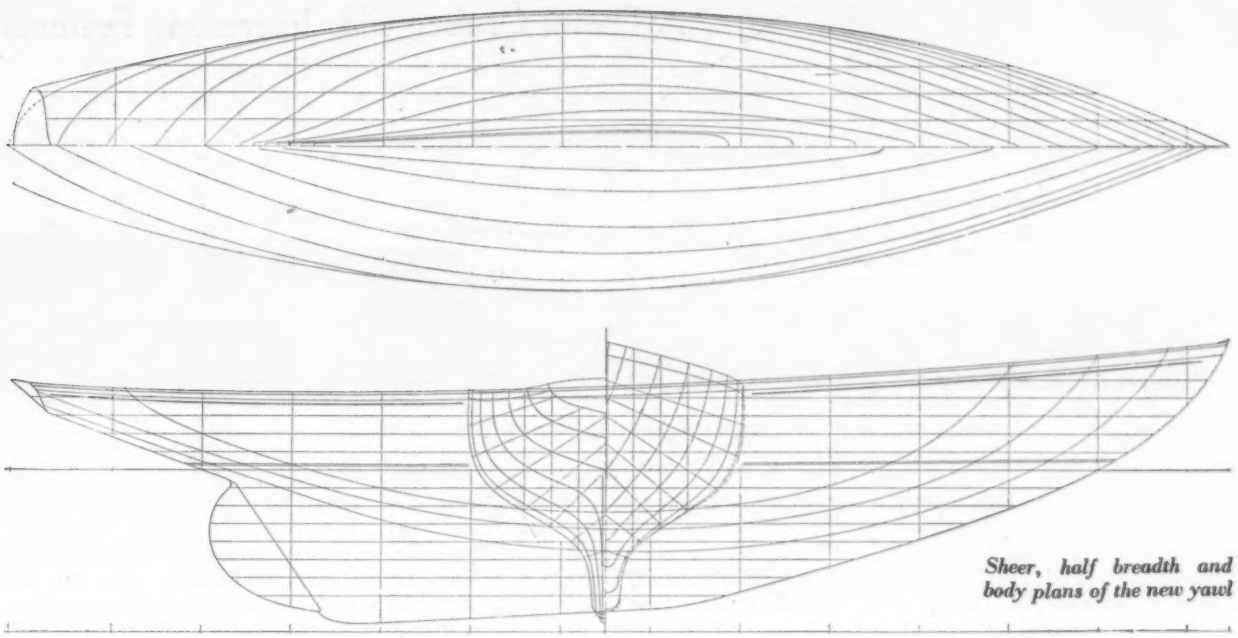
The area of the four lowers is 1613 square feet, to which the topsail adds 184 and the fisherman 161 feet. This gives a snug sail plan for moderate weather, generous sail in light going, while in heavy weather the forestaysail, foresail and main trysail practically convert her into a ketch. She will heave to under the reefed foresail.

For auxiliary power she carries a 50 hp. 4-cylinder Diesel, with 2:1 reduction gear. The engine is located in a compartment of its own, separated from the living quarters by a water and gastight bulkhead. Here also are the Diesel electric plant, batteries, work bench and 400-gallon fuel tanks.



The accommodation plan is simple and practical, with lots of stowage space

The plans reproduced in this section are the property of the designers under whose names they appear. For further information concerning any design address the naval architect in question.



Sheer, half breadth and body plans of the new yawl

A Handsome Yawl for Lake Michigan

THIS attractive auxiliary was designed by Cox & Stevens, Inc., P. L. Rhodes, Associate, for Henry B. Babson of Chicago and is nearing completion at the yard of F. F. Pendleton, Wiscasset, Maine. She is 67′ 5″ over all, 49′ 7″ l.w.l., 15′ 3″ beam and 8′ 6″ draft.

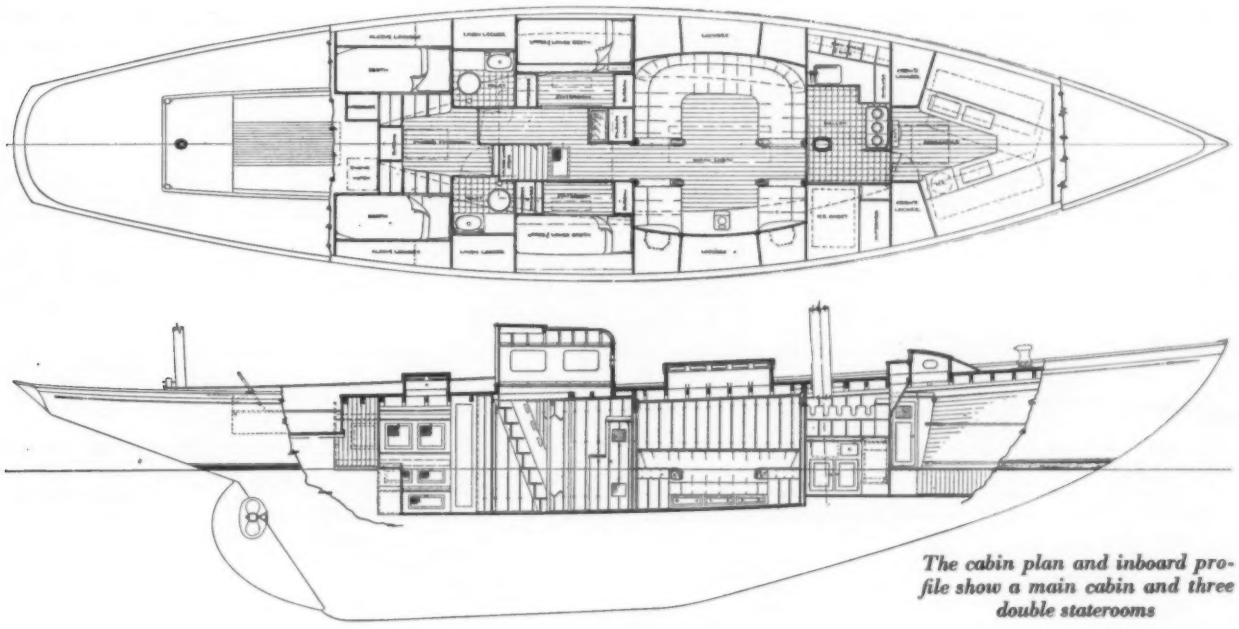
Construction is of the best, with white oak frames (steam bent amidships and natural crook in the ends), Philippine mahogany planking, teak decks, deckhouse and trim, bronze hull and deck straps and Everdur fastenings. The keel is of lead.

She carries the modern double head rig with plenty of room to handle the Genoa sheet. Spars are hollow and there is 2075 square feet of canvas in the four lowers. Sails are by Wilson, spars from Pidgeon, and blocks from Merriman. Korodless rigging is fitted.

She will carry a full suit of light canvas

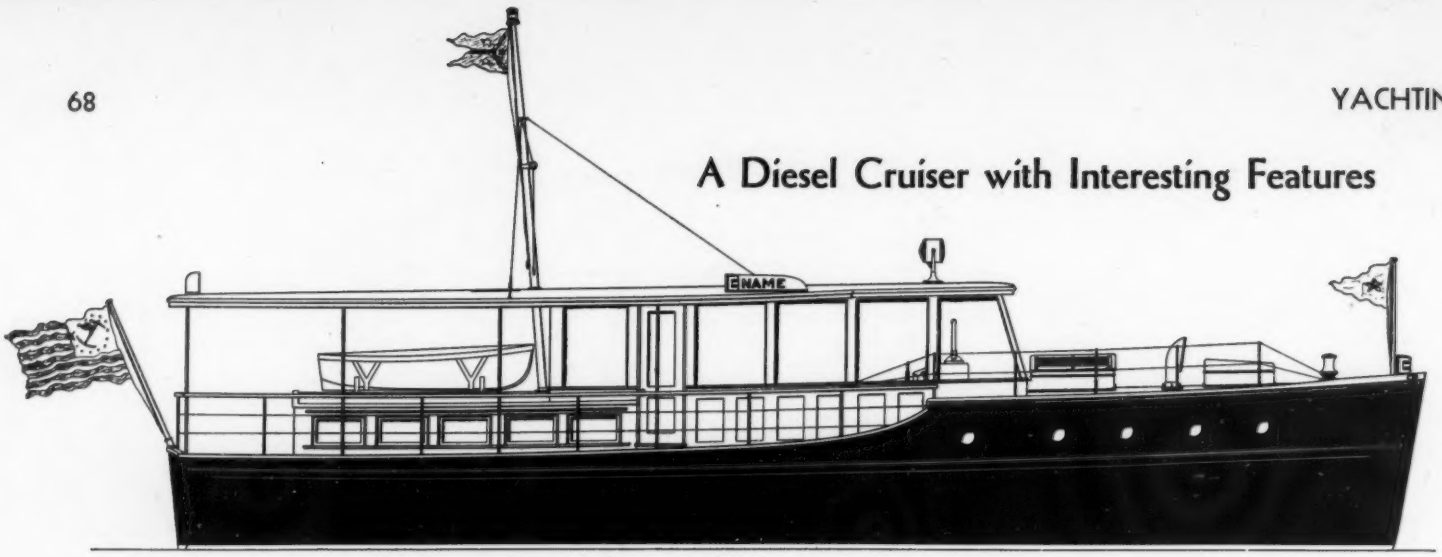
The engine is a Buda Diesel turning a Hyde wheel through a Monel shaft and "V" belt reduction drive.

The layout is unusual for a boat of her size as all the sleeping quarters aft may be reached from the vestibule. The main cabin is finished in figured teak. The galley extends full width and forward of it is a forecastle for three men. The deckhouse has full length transoms, a corner seat to starboard and chart table.



The cabin plan and inboard profile show a main cabin and three double staterooms

A Diesel Cruiser with Interesting Features



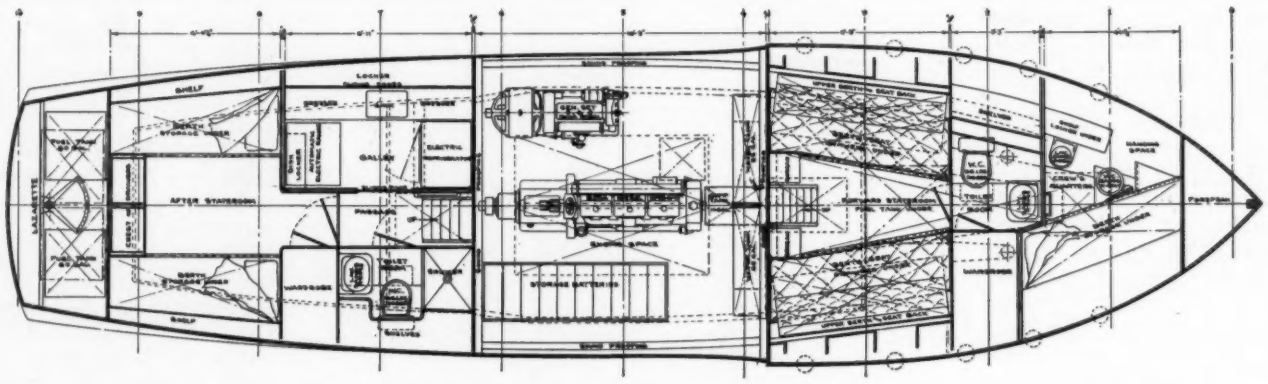
Outboard profile of the new cruiser designed by L. M. Richards

HERE are the plans of a Diesel cruiser from the board of Leonard M. Richards of Philadelphia. She is 46′ 6″ over all, 45′ 0″ l.w.l., 11′ 2″ beam and 4′ 2″ draft. To obviate carrying anything more inflammable than Diesel fuel, electricity is used for cooking, heating and power aside from the main engine.

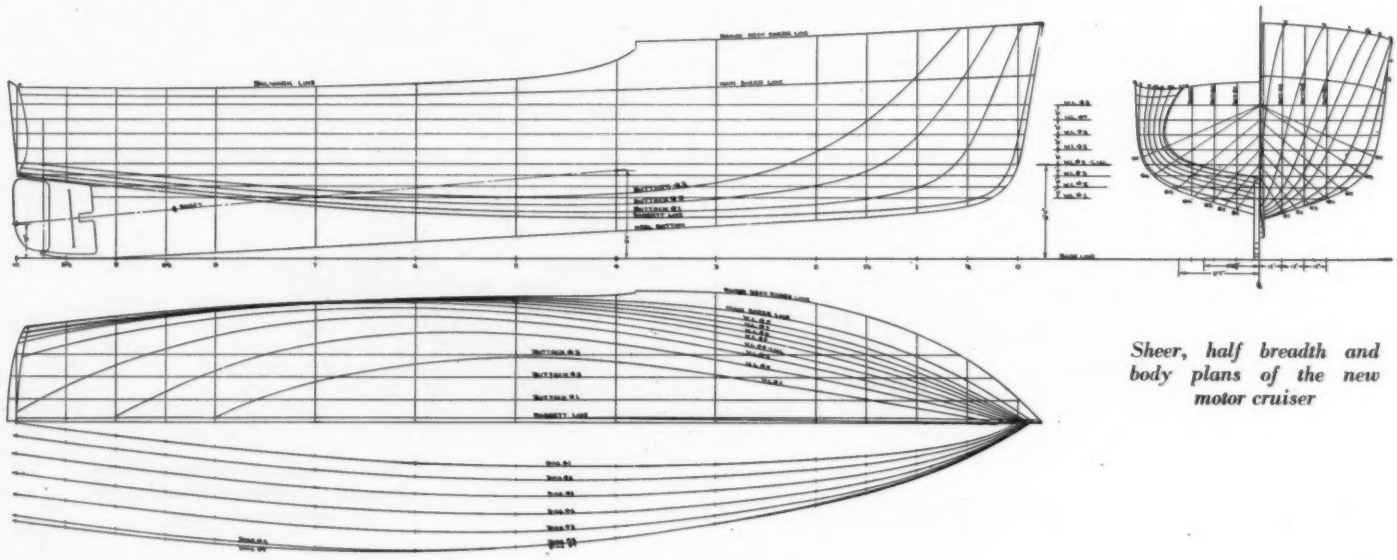
Construction is conventional except that the stringers are set on edge, and keelsons, also on edge, follow the line of the floor timber ends. Keel and framing are of white oak; planking, stringers, cabin floor, trunk top, and interior joinerwork are of Port Orford cedar; cabin trunk, deckhouse, outside paneling, and deck trim are of Honduras mahogany; main deck, shaft log, sternpost, and garboards are of teak. Fastenings throughout the boat are of Everdur.

The main engine is a Model DMR6-17 Buda Diesel developing 125 hp. at 1500 r.p.m., with a 2:1 Morse reduction gear, driving a 31″ by 27″ propeller through a Monel shaft. The cruising speed is 12 m.p.h. and the maximum speed about 14. Three closely spaced Goodrich Cutless bearings are used and main engine and auxiliaries are rubber-mounted. The generating set is a 4-cylinder Buda Diesel direct connected to a 15 kw. 135 volt d.c. generator operating at 1500 r.p.m. Floated in the line is a 60 cell 120 volt 143 ampere hour marine storage battery. A special switch divides it into an arrangement of 15 cells in parallel for the 32 volt starting motor. A 1 kw. 135 volt d.c. generator is mounted on the main engine as an auxiliary. A separate 12 volt starting system is provided for the generator set. A rotary converter supplies a.c. current for refrigerator and radio. Ordinarily, the set will be run when the electric stove is in operation, but the batteries will carry it for several meals or will heat the yacht for several hours. Electric heaters are built into the joinerwork. Fuel and utility water tanks are of Everdur and the drinking water tank is of Monel. A four-unit automatic fire extinguishing system is to be installed. An electric capstan and gypsy are installed forward.

Great care has been taken to insure adequate heat and sound insulation, and particular attention has been given to proper ventilation.



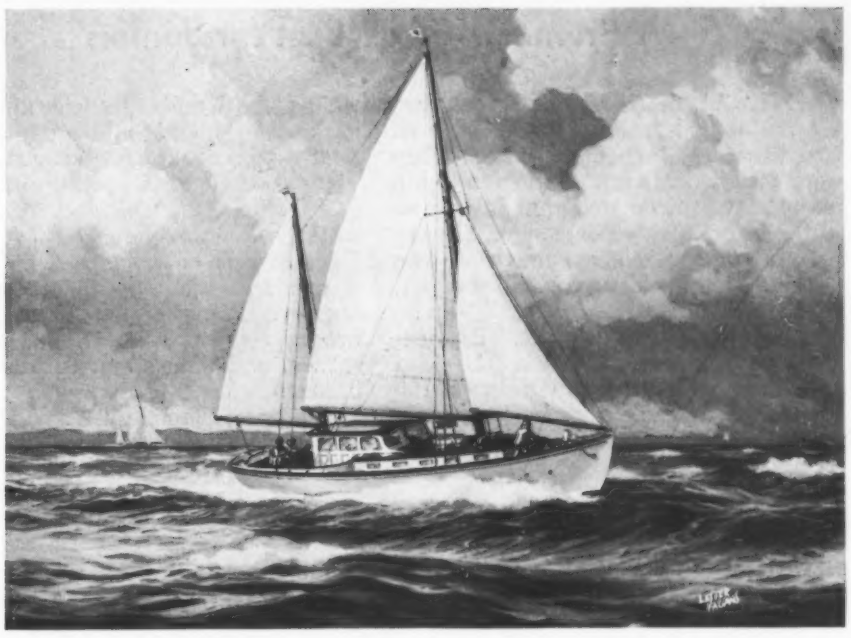
The cabin plan shows a livable arrangement of the quarters



Sheer, half breadth and body plans of the new motor cruiser

A Trim Motor Ketch

by John H. Wells



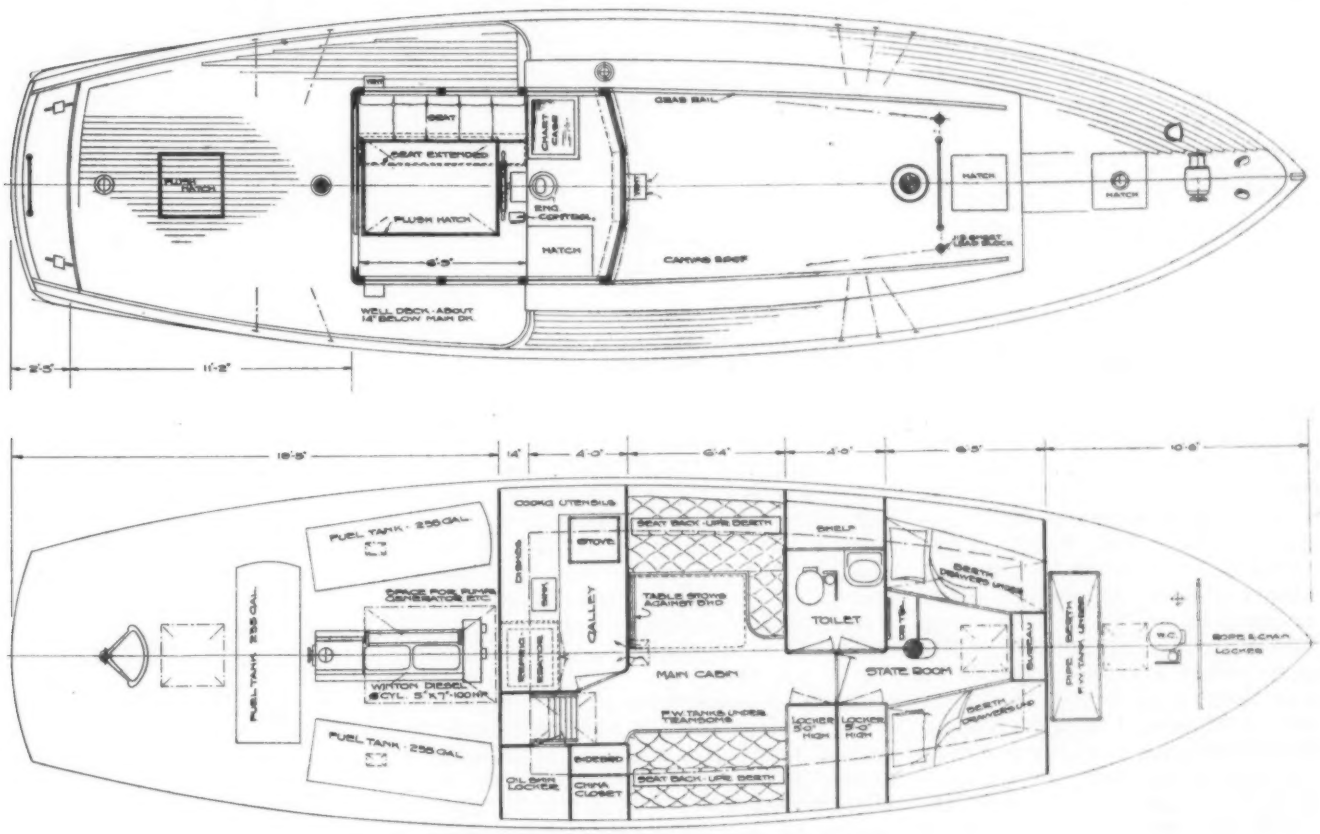
This new motor sailer has good freeboard and a powerful model. All sheets lead aft

PRIMARILY designed for offshore cruising, this yacht is still of light enough draft to make use of most harbors and anchorages. She is from the board of John H. Wells, Inc., and is 52′ over all, 46′ 3″ l.w.l., 14′ beam and 5′ 6″ draft. The hull is short ended, sharp forward and aft, yet has ample freeboard and powerful lines. The ballast will be half on the keel and half inside. Construction is husky, planking being 1½″, frames 2½″ square and 10″ centers, and keel sided 12″. Deck is 1¾″ and the other scantlings in proportion, with ample knees and strapping.

The power plant is a 6-cylinder 5″ by 7″ 100 hp. Winton-Diesel and the fuel tank capacity is 700 gallons, giving a cruising radius of about 1,000 miles at 10 knots. The generator will be run off the main engine and ample storage battery capacity provided for lighting the yacht and also for operating a motor-driven bilge pump. About 200 gallons of fresh water will be carried.

The ketch rig was chosen on account of its ease of handling as the sails are not too large to be readily set or stowed by one man. For fishing, the mizzen may be stopped to the boom and stowed out of the way, leaving the after cockpit entirely clear. The boat will balance under mainsail alone as well as under all three lowers. The main sheet leads through a block on a pennant and belays on the mizzenmast. The mizzen sheet leads forward under the boom and also belays on the mizzenmast, while the jib sheet is double-ended, both ends being led aft. The mainmast is hollow and the standing rigging is of stainless steel wire rope.

The yacht has plenty of deck space and a comfortable house abaft the after end of the trunk. Below, the galley is aft, with oilskin locker and sideboard opposite, while the main cabin provides sleeping quarters for four, on upper and lower berths. There is a double stateroom forward.



The accommodation plan shows sleeping quarters for eight

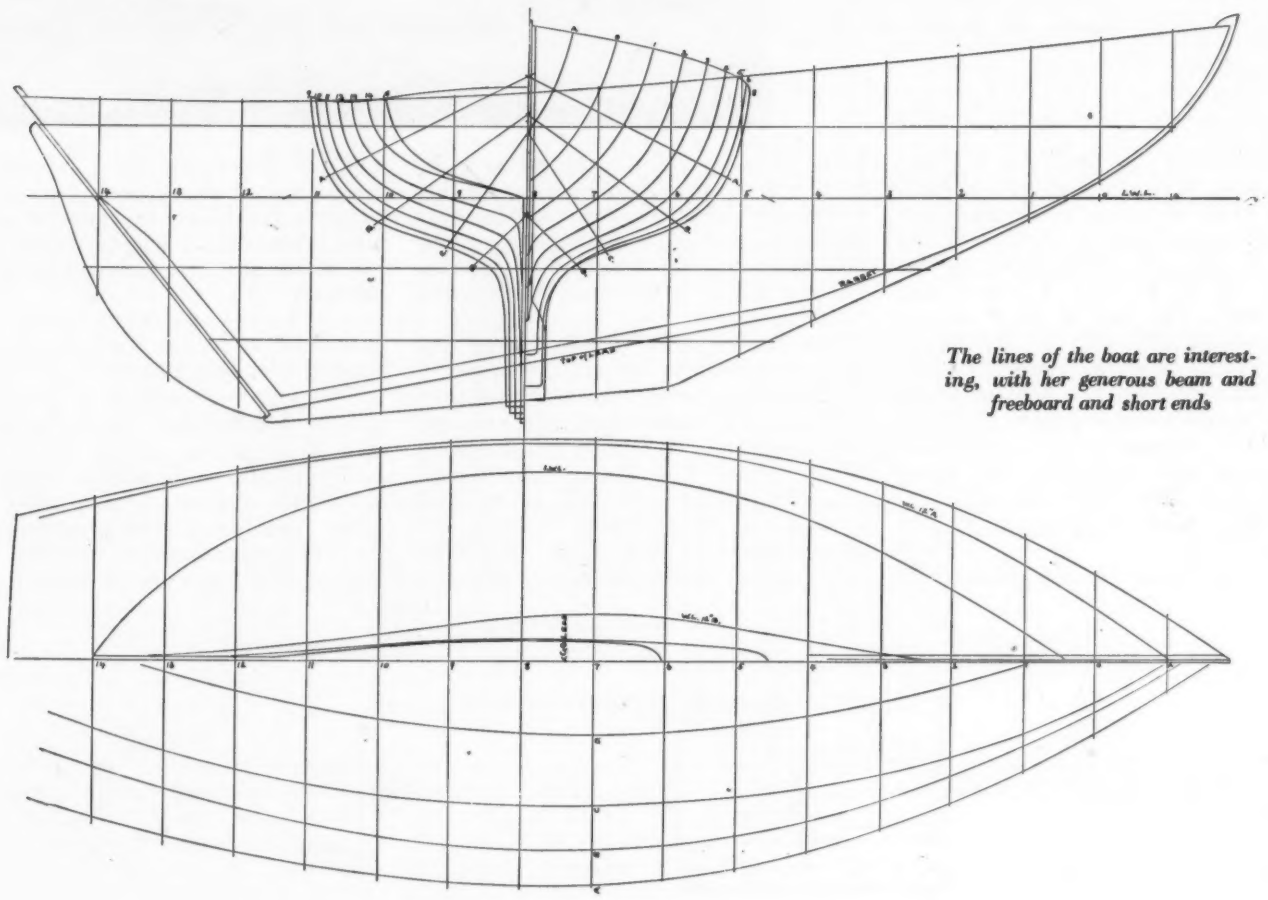
A Promising Small Boat for Juniors

SEVERAL of these small boats are building at the yard of James E. Graves, Inc., Marblehead, Mass. They were designed to meet the demand for a reasonably priced, comfortable boat suitable for a one-design class for the juniors and yet roomy enough for two or three of their elders to sail in comfort. They are 17′ 1″ over all, 12′ 3″ l.w.l., 6′ 3″ beam and 3′ 2″ draft. Displacement is 2260 pounds, and the lead keel 980, while the sail area is 155 square feet. Beam and freeboard are generous, to give a large cockpit, while the moderate overhangs with "V" sections at both ends, deadrise and hollow garboards, should make a dry and easy boat, especially in rough weather.

Construction is substantial, with 5/8″ mahogany plank and 3/4″ by 5/8″ white oak frames spaced 7″ centers. Deck is 5/8″, canvas covered. Coaming is oak and seats and bulkheads mahogany. Planking is fastened with bronze screws, plugged. Spars are of spruce, and blocks and turnbuckles of bronze.

She was designed by W. W. Crowninshield under the supervision of his father, B. B. Crowninshield.

The sail area is 155 square feet



The lines of the boat are interesting, with her generous beam and freeboard and short ends

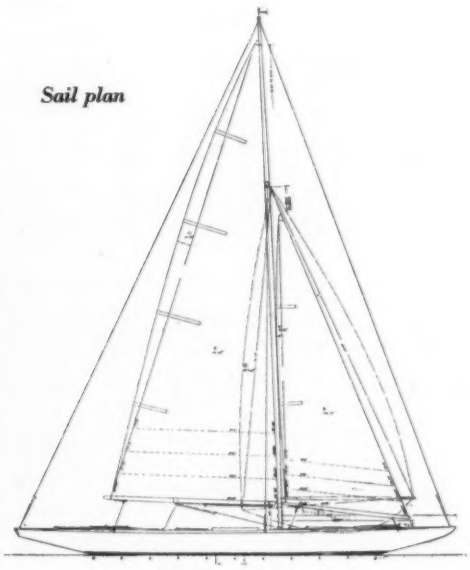
"Windward," a New Class A Model

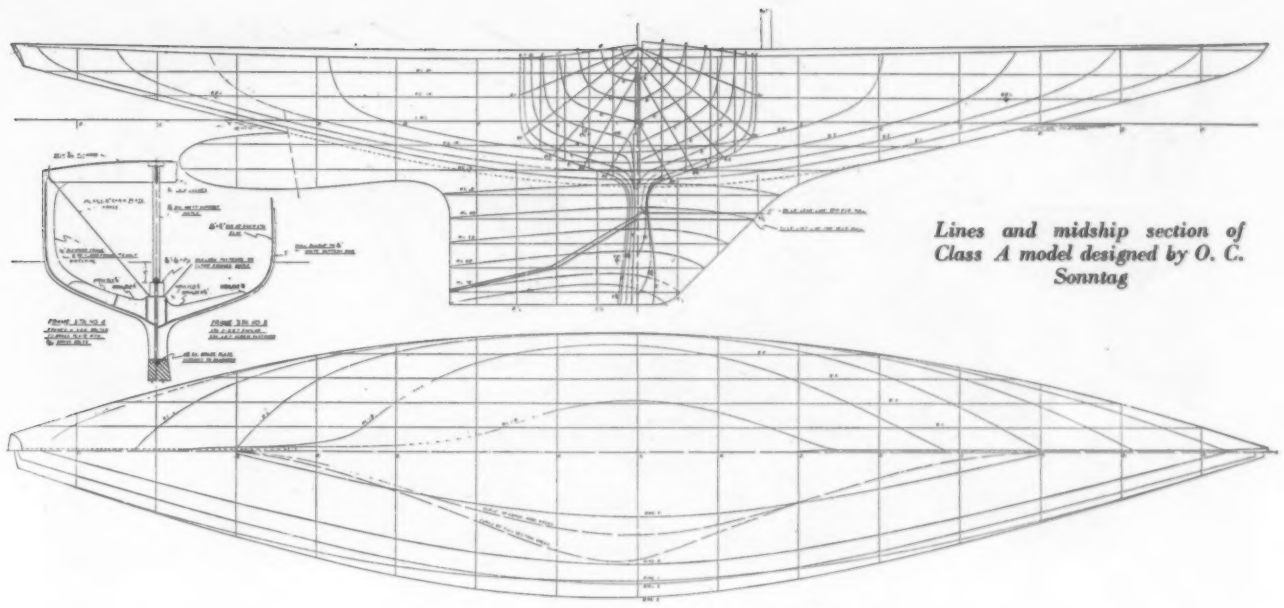
HERE ARE the plans of *Windward*, an International Class A sailing model designed by O. C. Sonntag of Chicago, who has done a great deal of model designing and sailing with considerable success. Mr. Sonntag has twice been the winner of the coveted Gold Bowl contest, an annual event held in open water, the models being handled from skiffs. It is sailed around a triangular course one nautical mile in length and is said to be about the sportiest race held near Chicago. Besides handling models, the designer is apt to be a member of the crew of some contestant in the Mackinac Race and has lately been a fixture on one of the Lake Michigan Twelve-Metres.

Windward is 77 5/8″ long over all, 49 1/2″ on the water line, 14 1/2″ water line beam and 11.42″ draft. Her displacement is just over 44 pounds and her measured sail area is 1746.32 square inches. Her rating is 39.370. Two lines for the top of the lead keel are shown on the plans, one giving 36 pounds of lead for an 8-pound hull, the other 34 pounds of lead for a hull weighing 10 pounds.

Sail area measurements are taken to the apex of the triangle, above the headboard. The actual sail area is 1877.68 square inches, 1294.11 of this being in the mainsail and 583.67 in the jib. She carries an enormous double spinnaker of about 2000 square inches area.

Sail plan





Lines and midship section of Class A model designed by O. C. Sonntag

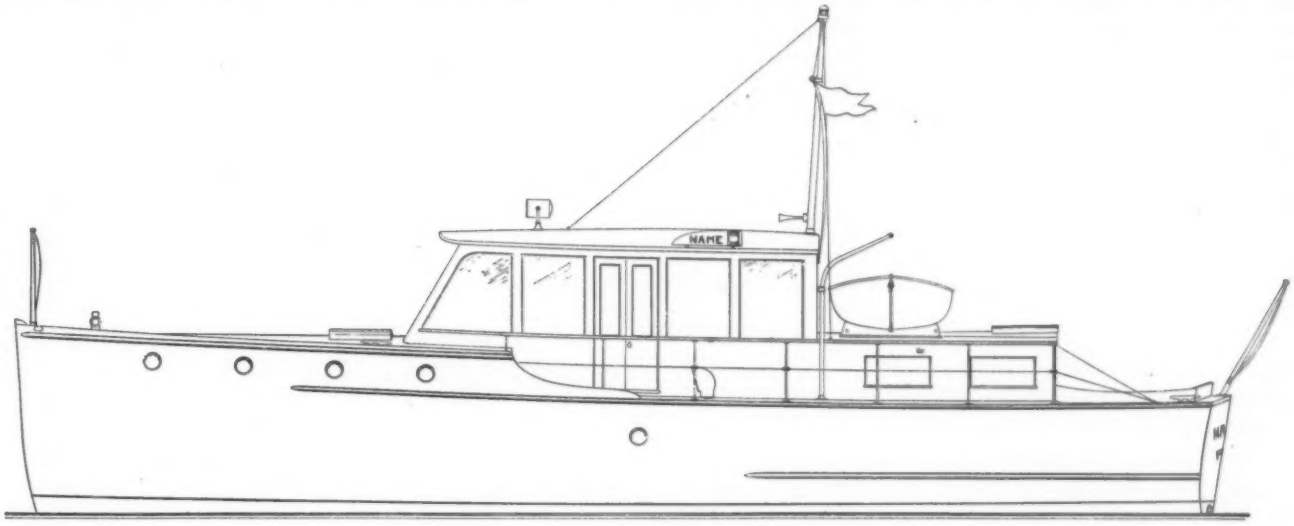
A Twin-Screw Cruiser from Delaware

THIS interesting cruiser was designed and built by the Vinyard Ship Building Company of Milford, Delaware. She is 40′ over all, 11′ 6″ beam and 3′ 0″ draft. Her displacement is 23,500 pounds. She is framed with oak, planked with cedar, and her deck is Douglas fir. Deckhouse, cabin trunk and deck trim are of mahogany.

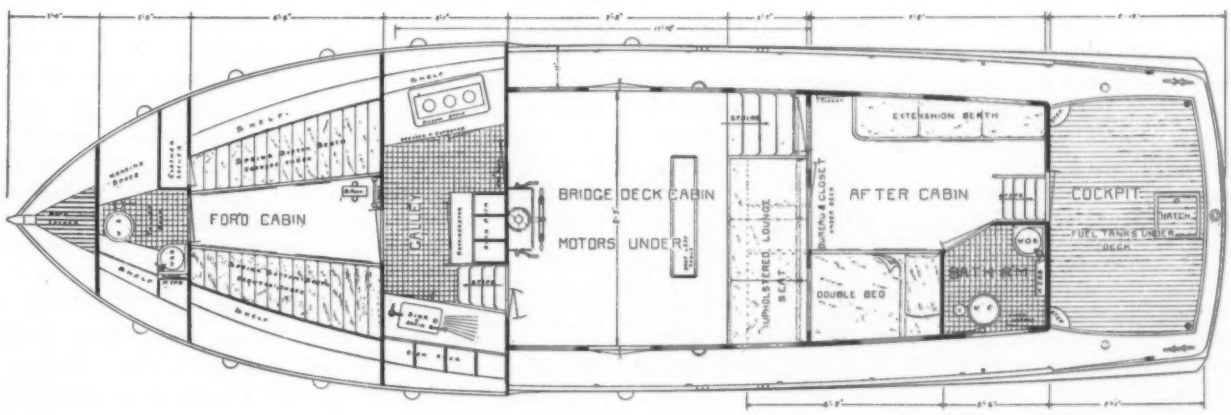
The power plant is a pair of 6-cylinder Buda KM 393 gasoline engines which give her a speed of 16 m.p.h. Fuel tanks are under the after deck and water tanks in the engine room. If desired, one or two 75 hp. Buda Diesels or one 125 hp. Sterling may be installed.

The deckhouse is 12′ 6″ long and forward and after quarters may be reached from it. Forward is a two-berth stateroom, toilet room and a full width galley, while aft are a double stateroom and a toilet room.

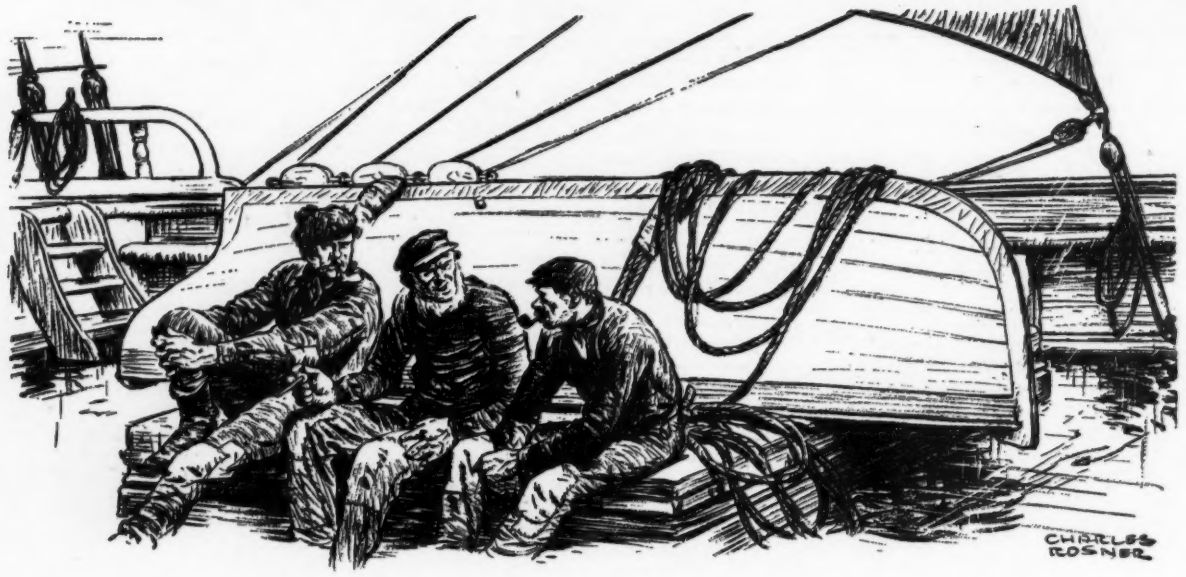
Outboard of the house and trunk the decks are wide enough to allow easy passage fore and aft and there is a mahogany rail from the break of the raised deck to the after end of the cabin trunk.



Outboard profile of the "Vinyard 40," a new cruising motor boat



Accommodation plan of the twin-screw cruiser



Under the Lee of the Longboat

By "SPUN YARN"

FRANK PAINE, designer of *Yankee* and her skipper for the Transatlantic passage, came to a very sensible conclusion before she had been many days at sea, namely, that *Yankee* would have made the trip more comfortably under her new rig — steel mast, whole mainsail, and all. The idea will come as a shock to those of the old school who still believe that it is unsafe to take a Marconi mast to sea, but it is sound as a nut. With the big stick she would have rolled less and slipped along faster in the light going, shortening the crossing by many hours. In heavy weather and with the mainsail on the boom, we'd have carried on under the trysail exactly as we did with the sawed-off wooden mast. The mizzen, provided for use in heaving to, was not called upon for that purpose and was not much more useful than it was ornamental.

Yankee's amateur afterguard, taking their duties with great seriousness, relieved watches, reported chronometers wound, and transmitted steering orders with military precision. On his first night ashore one of them dashed out of his hotel bedroom, seized a hall porter by the arm and asked, "How's she heading?" "Down Piccadilly, sir, as usual," said the porter. That woke him up.

Thanks to head winds on our approach to England, *Yankee's* showing did not compare favorably with that of *Vigilant*, the previous American yacht of the Cup class to make the crossing. However, our best five days' run of 1145 miles was better by 28 miles than *Vigilant's*. *Atlantic's* best run of five days amounted to 1231 miles. A funny thing about *Atlantic;* she sailed farther and faster than *Yankee*, but arrived at the Lizard 15 hours and 37 minutes behind the cutter. Her miles weren't all sailed in the choicest direction.

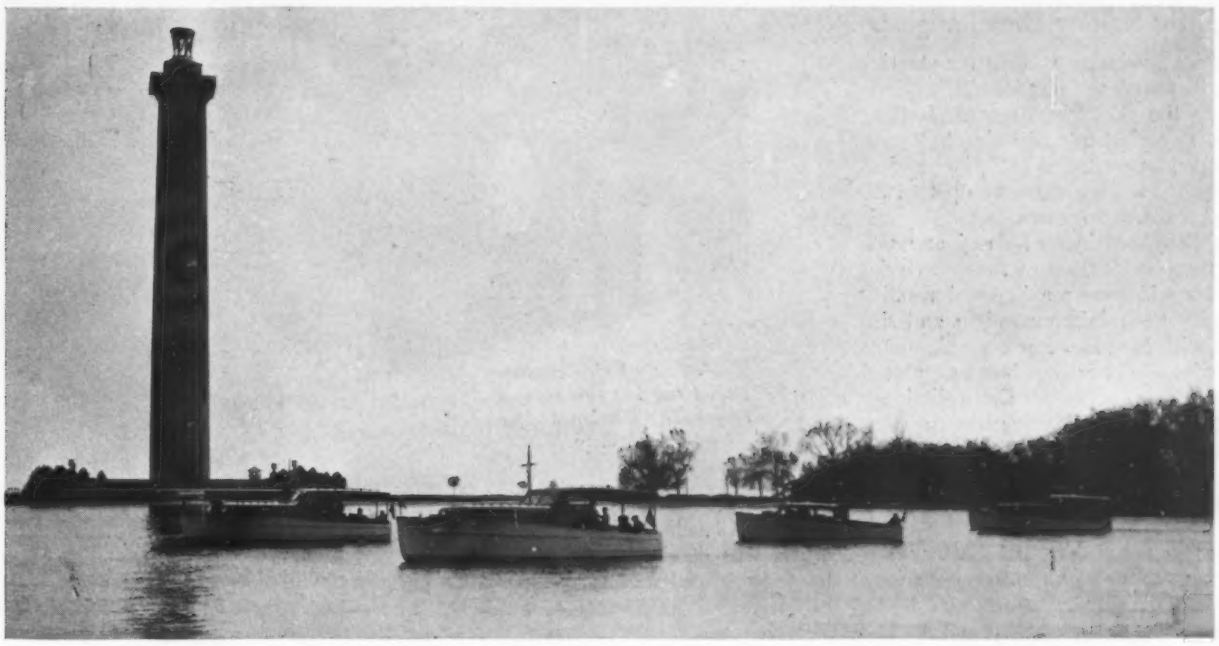
Which prompts me to quote from an article by Frederick Rand Rogers in the May issue of YACHTING: "No, squaresails are relatively inefficient if speed is the only end, even for seagoing. Get yourself a rig like that of *Niña* or *Dorade*, with wire stays and patent winches. Then worry day and night lest a jibe carry everything away; watch your main boom, broad off, trip over every other wave; struggle with a gaff topsail; handle spinnaker booms in a seaway, praying they won't be broken, or lost, or sweep someone overboard; or wonder how you and your short-handed crew are going to get that fisherman staysail in, now that the wind is really beginning to blow. Then spend a week on *Wander Bird* or *Saoirse*. . . ." Yup, spend a week going where you could go in *Niña* or *Dorade* in three days.

I don't deny Mr. Rogers' eloquence. But if it's *Dorade* he particularly has in mind he forgets the diagonal reef that lifts her boom so that it doesn't trip. And I've never heard that the Doraddies had any trouble getting in her gaff topsail and fisherman staysail even when it was really and truly blowing.

Also, it's only the first day and night that you devote to worrying about jibing all standing. I recall a week of beating in the *Pinta* when we jibed in preference to running the risk of missing stays — and two weeks before that when we ran with everything set but the laundry bag and didn't worry about jibing.

That's a lovely cutter that Charles E. Nicholson has designed for Isaac Bell, the only American member, I am informed, of the Royal Yacht Squadron. She's called *Foxhound* because of previous predilections of Mr. Bell, and she's 49 feet on the water and designed with the R.O.R.C. measurement rule in mind. If she is entered in the Fastnet, as the plan is, she'll give *Stormy Weather*, *Vamarie*, and all the rest of them something to think about. To see *Foxhound* on the building stocks at Gosport is to fall in love with her and to wonder how an introduction to her owner could be effected.

Personal note: It's been slick falling in with Weston Martyr, Malden Heckstall-Smith, John Scott Hughes, the editors of *Yachting World*, and many other British yachtsmen who share my peculiar notion that Anglo-American yachting can be fun. Martyr doesn t have to smile when he calls me a "Goddamned Yank."



The Chris-Craft "Driveaway Fleet" passing the Perry Monument at Put-in-Bay, bound for Cleveland

Of Interest to the Skipper

Two New Scripps Motors

THE Scripps Motor Company of Detroit announces the addition of two new marine engines to its well known 200 Series. The new models are high speed 6-cylinder engines of 5″ bore, 5¾″ stroke and 677.4 cubic inches piston displacement. The power rating is 180 hp. at 2,300 r.p.m. They are designed to meet the demand of owners and builders of commuters, cruisers, fishing boats, etc., in which a motor of low height is desired.

Except for the low height, up-draft carburetor and manifold design, the new Models 206 and 207 have practically the same specifications as Models 202 and 203. Model 206 is a left hand engine and 207 a right hand one. Operating parts are ruggedly built to give a reserve margin of safety in excess of usual emergency demands.

The carburetor is a Schebler 1½″ duplex marine type with approved flame arrester and breather tube from crankcase to carburetor intake. Dual ignition insures power and smoothness and full automatic distributor eliminates manual spark control. A full high pressure force feed lubricating system is fitted, the oil pump being of the dual gear type. The pressure relief valve is externally mounted and is adjustable. There is a special oil cooler and a large oil filter, with metallic element which may be easily removed for cleaning. A built-in sump pump provides for the removal of old oil. A detachable glass bowl type of filter, with Monel metal filtering element, provides for clean fuel. Fuel is fed by a metal rotary type pump, self-regulating and self-priming.

Cylinder blocks and heads, like those of the rest of the 200 Series, are cast in pairs so that they may be handled readily for inspection or repair. The Scripps construction is said to assure correct alignment, prevent distortion and reduce wear of pistons and rings. Models 206 and 207 are declared to be flexible and economical in operation. They may be throttled down to low speeds for long periods.

+ + +

Chris-Craft Cruise in Company

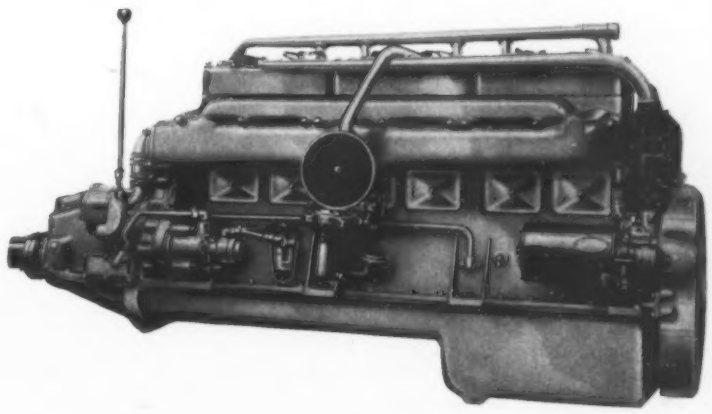
The second annual "Driveaway Cruise" of the Cleveland Yacht and Supply Co., Chris-Craft distributors, began at Algonac on the morning of May 18th, when eight new owners of Chris-Craft cruisers shoved off for their home port in Rocky River. The fleet was led by one of the new 38-foot Individualized Cruisers, next came three 30-footers and four streamlined 25-footers.

Lake St. Clair was reached in an hour and the run across the lake was quickly made. Then down the Detroit River and out into Lake Erie, where the course was shaped for Put-in-Bay which was reached about six o'clock. Next morning the fleet passed out into the lake and, after four hours of running in quiet water, Rocky River was sighted. A number of local yachts came out and escorted the new cruisers to the Cleveland Yacht Club, where the cruise ended.

+ + +

Clifford Joins Gar Wood, Inc.

Gar Wood, Inc., of Marysville, Michigan, announces the appointment of John E. Clifford as general sales manager. Mr. Clifford, who is well known to the motor boat trade, joins the organization to take charge of sales, advertising and service. His past experience, both in the automotive and the marine industries, and his knowledge of the dealer's problems, will doubtless be of great value to the company.



The new Scripps Model 206 and 207 engines are low in over all height. They develop 180 hp. at 2,300 r.p.m.

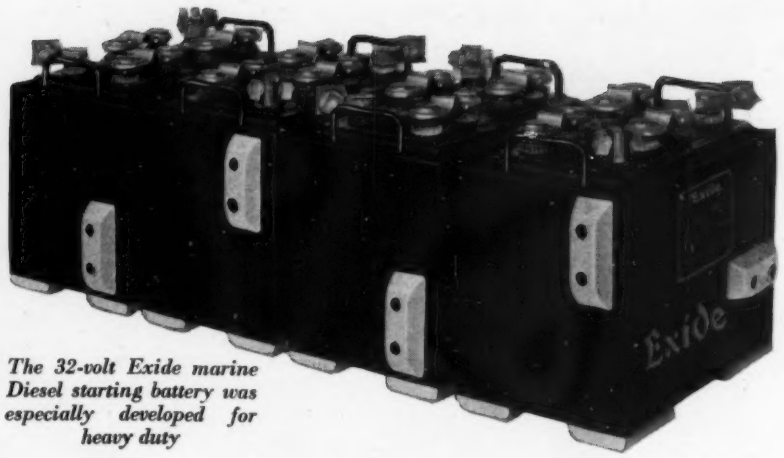
Batteries for Starting Diesel Engines

To provide adequate voltage for starting Diesel engines with the required high cranking speed, the Electric Storage Battery Company, manufacturer of Exide batteries, has developed a new line of batteries particularly designed for high currents up to 1600 amperes at low temperatures.

The company's engineers have given much study to the construction of these batteries so that they will have maximum durability and yet have the minimum weight and size consistent with long life. For example, extra heavy flexible copper conductors, plated with lead, are used between cells to eliminate possible breakage from vibration or from expansion and contraction due to changes in temperature. Heavy hardwood trays are used to stand up to the rigors of marine service.

Several types and sizes of battery are available to meet the requirements of various engines developing from 25 to 600 horse power, with voltage varying from 12 to 115 volts, and current from 300 to 1600 amperes. These batteries are designed and built for use in starting marine Diesel engines as well as for heavy automotive work.

As each type of engine presents a different problem, it is suggested that advantage be taken of the free engineering service of the Electric Storage Battery Company when selecting a new battery.



The 32-volt Exide marine Diesel starting battery was especially developed for heavy duty

+ + +

A West-Bound "Sailaway"

Ten Richardson cruisers left the plant at North Tonawanda on the morning of May 11th in command of N. J. Shea, Richardson representative in Cleveland. The fleet motored up the Niagara River to Black Rock where it locked through into the U. S. ship canal. Thence on through Buffalo Harbor, and out into Lake Erie, where a stiff sou'-wester was kicking up a nasty sea. The course was set for Erie, Pa., where the fleet spent the night in the quiet water of the yacht club basin.

Next morning, after taking on fuel and supplies, the fleet shoved off for Rocky River and the Cleveland Yacht Club, where the cruise was officially ended. Several of the boats proceeded thence to their home ports in Mentor, Lorain, Huron, Sandusky and Detroit.

The 31-foot Marblehead Auxiliary is 10' beam and 4' 1" draft. Her auxiliary motor is a Gray 4-40

This Gar Wood Model 18–35 runabout, powered with two 6-cylinder 90 hp. Chrysler engines, is owned by Ir. J. Leoff, technical editor of "De Waterkampioen," the boating magazine of Holland

Activity at Quincy

The Standard Shipping Company has commissioned the Quincy Adams Yacht Yard, Inc., to build a 28-foot lifeboat from designs by Gordon Munro, naval architect of Boston. The boat will be used in the international lifeboat race to be held in New York Harbor on Labor Day. This is an annual event, a pulling race between boats and crews of a number of the steamships which are in New York on that date.

The Quincy Adams yard built a racing lifeboat for the United Fruit Company for last year's race, a boat which many regarded as the finest lifeboat ever built. Boats competing in this race must meet the rigid requirements of the U. S. Steamboat Inspection Service, so that clever design and careful workmanship are needed to produce a boat that will be faster and handier than the standard type.

The fine 35-foot day cruiser being built for Robert Saltonstall from designs by John G. Alden, was scheduled for completion last month. The yard has been experimenting with small boats. A Snowbird built recently won the opening race at the Squantum Club and a Brutal Beast and a Snipe are under construction.

About 120 boats fitted out at the yard this spring, nearly double the number that went into commission there last year. Careful planning resulted in every boat being delivered when promised, a most creditable performance.

+ + +

The 1935 Boat Directory

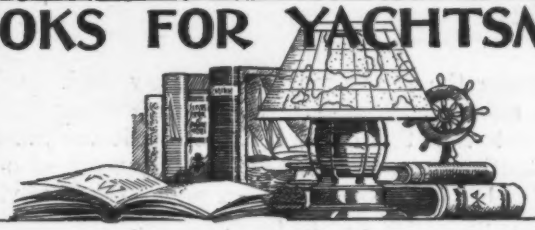
The sixth annual edition of the boat directory published by Outboard Motors Corporation, Milwaukee, Wis., is just off the press. It contains the names and addresses of 188 boatbuilders, from Maine to California, and in Canada, and information as to the type of craft each turns out. These vary from canoes to outboard cruisers and include runabouts, family tenders, racing hydroplanes, and so on.

+ + +

Gielow Adds to Force

Henry J. Gielow, Inc., yacht brokers and designers, announce that Frank H. Lackmann has joined the Gielow brokerage department. Mr. Lackmann is well known and has had long experience in yachting and yacht brokerage.

BOOKS FOR YACHTSMEN



Footsteps in the Sea

By Julius Fleischmann

(G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, $3.50)

CARRYING the reader from port to port on a luxurious world cruise in his yacht *Camargo*, young Mr. Fleischmann succeeds in spinning a pleasant if uneventful tale of his wanderings in "Footsteps in the Sea." *Camargo* is a twin Diesel-powered vessel that in her 225 feet of slim, graceful hull expresses the physical realization of that popular phrase "All the comforts of home." This made it possible for her owner to take his family along.

What their adventures lacked in excitement they compensated for in color and atmosphere, and full justice is done to both in the narrative. Through it, one is led to recall afresh that the dance is primitive man's most natural mode of expression, a particularly gorgeous spectacle of the kind enriching the description of what a tropical Christmas meant to this special band.

The most thrilling moments of the cruise were encountered at lovely Cocos Island, that reputed cache of pirate treasure, which has lured so many ships to its fascinating shores. *Camargo* put in there to give something to the island — land fowl for possible naturalization and propagation — and was rewarded by the opportunity of rescuing three castaways from their plight.

Altogether, "Footsteps in the Sea" is a readable yarn for those who crave their adventure strictly de luxe. M. TODAHL

Horizon's Rim

By Alexander Crosby Brown

(Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. $3.50)

IN JULY, 1928, the auxiliary schooner *Chance*, owned by five young collegians, sailed from New London, called at Block Island, and headed for Bermuda. Thence she went to Kingston, Jamaica, through the Panama Canal and on to the South Seas. Sydney, New South Wales, was reached on June 6th, 1929. The story of this 12,000-mile voyage has been told by Edward H. Dodd, Jr., in his *Great Dipper to Southern Cross*.

Chance left Sydney in August, 1929, and headed northwards inside of the Great Barrier Reef, passing out of it into the Coral Sea. Thence she coasted along the Australian shore to Thursday Island, and on to Timor, Bali, Java and Sumatra to Singapore. From Singapore she sailed to Ceylon and across the Indian Ocean to Socotra and Aden, and up through the Red Sea to the Suez Canal. Alexandria and Messina were visited, as well as Naples and Majorca. Reaching Gibraltar at last, the course was set for Madeira and then across the Atlantic to Bermuda.

On the homeward stretch, *Chance* ran into a hurricane and was hammered hard. An attempt was made to ride to a sea anchor, but the brand new rope parted within twenty minutes. Then there was a long spell at the pumps, a leak in the sternpost having opened up badly. Not a rag of sail could be shown and the leach of the mainsail was torn from the stops and blown to ribbons. At last the wind eased up, after the schooner had been on her beam ends more than once, and sail was made. She reached New Bedford September 17th, 1930.

The book is illustrated with pen drawings and photographs by members of the party. But it is more or less irritating to read. A straightforward tale of a passage from port to port will be followed by a few pages of guide book information or by the young author's anthropological deductions. And occasional aberrations in spelling, especially of proper names, do not add to the reader's enjoyment.

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British Yachting Notes

ON THE eve of what promises to be the finest racing season on record in British waters, it may be of interest to take stock of the outstanding feature of the program. This feature is, undoubtedly, the racing in the "big" class, which will be composed of the four Class J vessels, *Yankee*, *Endeavour*, *Velsheda* and *Shamrock*, with *Britannia*, *Candida* and *Astra* coming in with ratings adjusted to put them on an equal footing.

All the yachts, with the exception of *Astra*, have received minor adjustments to their last year's trim. *Yankee* has had her established load water plane raised by one inch and there have been, I believe, certain small alterations in her rig. *Endeavour* has had only very slight adjustments made to her rigging and is sailing in practically the same trim as that which she had during the Cup races. *Velsheda*, in addition to having her stern lengthened and her water line snubbed in at the fore end, has been given a centerboard and a two-headsail rig with, of course, a double clewed jib. *Shamrock* has also been fitted with a centerboard and she, *Britannia* and *Candida* now have the two-headsail rig. The ratings of the seven yachts are: *Yankee*, *Endeavour* and *Velsheda*, 76 feet; *Shamrock*, 73.50 feet; *Candida*, 73.16 feet; *Britannia*, 72.91 feet; and *Astra*, 71.93 feet.

The time allowances for rating are on the International Scale, but one second per mile is being given to the three yachts outfitted with centerboards, *Britannia*, *Candida* and *Astra*.

Time Allowance in Seconds Per Mile

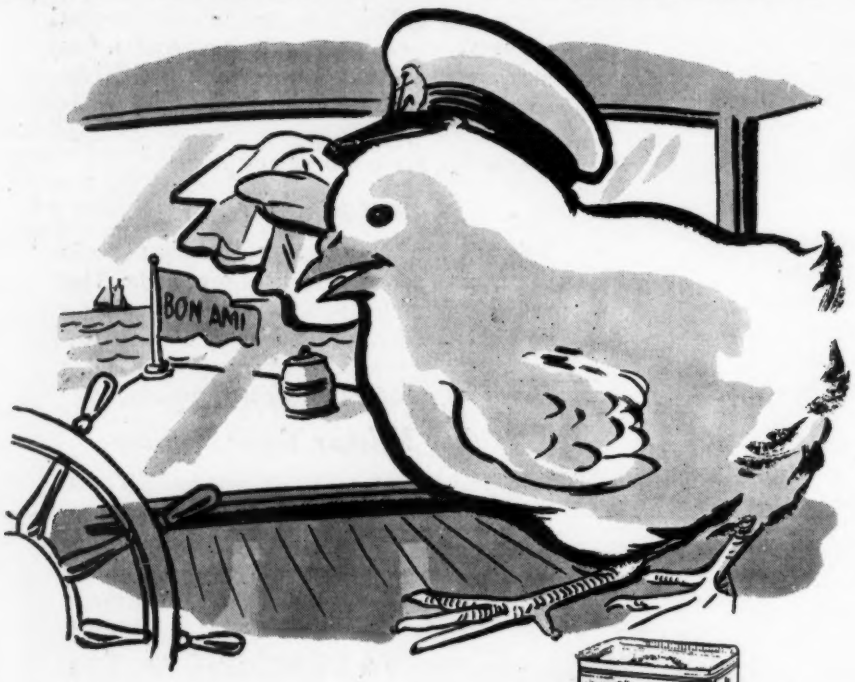
Yacht	*Yankee*	*Endeavour*	*Velsheda*	*Shamrock*	*Candida*	*Britannia*	*Astra*
Yankee	..	..	..	4.8	6.4	7.0	8.8
Endeavour	..	..	..	4.8	6.4	7.0	8.8
Velsheda	..	..	..	4.8	6.4	7.0	8.8
Shamrock	4.8	4.8	4.8	..	1.6	2.2	4.0
Candida	6.4	6.4	6.4	..	..	0.6	2.4
Britannia	7.0	7.0	7.0	..	..	..	1.8
Astra	8.8	8.8	8.8	..	..	..	..

I was under the impression that the New York Yacht Club's time scale was to be adopted for this season's racing. It is not only more accurate than that of the I.Y.R.U. but it also takes account of every tenth of one foot instead of every tenth of one metre. Its adoption has been postponed — a pity, I think, in view of the strength and quality of the big class. For yachts sailing in British waters, a rule has been adopted which limits the area of the spinnaker for Class J, and for old yachts sailing with them, to 95 per cent of the sail area as recorded on the vessel's certificate of rating. The following empirical formula and method of measurement have been adopted for the purpose of calculating this area:

$$\text{Maximum area} = \frac{H+h}{16}\left[b_1+2(b_2+b_3+b_4)\right] = 95 \text{ per cent S.A.}$$

"H" being the length around the luff and "h" the length around the leech. The luff and leech are divided into four equal parts and the symbols b_1, b_2, b_3, and b_4 represent, respectively, the widths of the sail at the foot and across the sail from luff to leech at each of the three divisions. The round in the foot of the sail is not included in the measurement area but it is assumed that this does not exceed 10 per cent of that area. There is a provision, however, that if a measurer has reason to suppose that the round of the foot is in excess of the normal 10 per cent, he shall obtain its area by suitable measurement and, if the total area of the spinnaker then exceeds the sail area of the yacht by more than 4½ per cent, the excess shall be added to "S" in calculating the rating of the yacht. It should be noted that measurers are instructed to pull the luff and leech hand taut and that the breadths b_1, b_2, b_3, and b_4 are to be measured as the sail lies on the floor after it has been lifted, pulled hand taut across the line of measurement, then lowered and released with the folds and creases smoothed out. The inner end of the spinnaker boom, on the mast, must not

The busiest member of your crew is Bon Ami Chick the Sailor...



And when it comes to polishing the windshield, and keeping windows and other parts glistening clear, the Bon Ami Chick is at his best! Even those stubborn salt water marks are a "cinch" for him!

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The "Rellimpa", a 128-ft. yacht, formerly powered with a pair of gasoline engines, has been repowered with a pair of Cooper-Bessemer Type FP eight-cylinder direct reversing Diesel engines, each rated 350 H. P.

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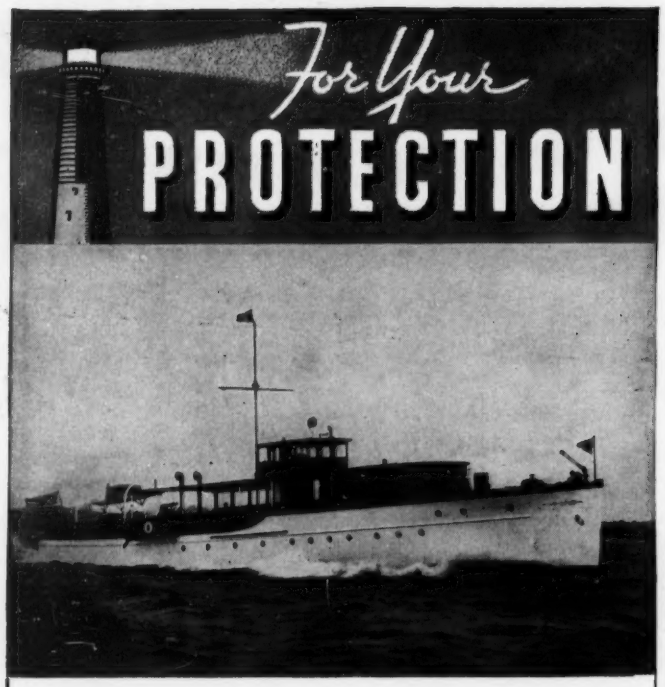

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be hoisted more than 10 per cent of the rule mast height above the deck.

"Yankee"

The interest in the season's racing is greatly increased by the fact that Mr. Gerard Lambert is taking part in all the regattas around the coast. There can be no doubt that his decision to do so is the best thing which has happened to British yachting for many years, not only because he is a very welcome visitor, but also because *Yankee* differs so greatly in design from the English Class J vessels. To anyone who has followed the trend of design, it is obvious that there has been a tendency, of late, to make the afterbody relatively finer than was the case some years ago. In *Yankee*, however, Mr. Frank Paine has ventured much further in this direction than other designers and for this reason it will be a matter of great interest to see how she will shape against craft which differ from her so greatly under varying weather conditions.

It has been my good fortune to see *Yankee* hauled up on the slip at Messrs. Camper and Nicholsons' Gosport yard with no other vessel near her, so that it was possible to get an unobstructed view of her shape. The relative, and actual, fineness of her afterbody is, perhaps, the outstanding feature of her design, this being greater than one had expected to find, even after having read that it existed. The other point which struck me was her full garboard, which her designer has probably given her to reduce wetted surface, no doubt a necessary precaution with such a large hull if the best is to be got out of the yacht in light weather.

From the point of view of both appearance and high speed performance, I should have liked to see a somewhat finer garboard. *Yankee*, in her racing trim with her crew on board, floats with the top of her side marks well clear of the surface of the water — in fact, about 7/8 inch. Below, she is fully equipped as a cruiser, having every requirement which makes for extreme comfort; in fact, she fulfills, and more than fulfills, both the spirit and the letter of the rule relating to cabin fittings in which it is laid down that "yachts must at all times, in cruising or racing trim, be arranged, fitted, furnished and stocked to accommodate with reasonable comfort for sleeping and living on board, the owner, guests and crew."

Since the above was written, the owner has told me that, greatly to his regret, he will be unable to take part in the two opening matches of the season, at Harwich. The yacht was delayed by at least five days on the Atlantic crossing, by head winds; since her arrival at Gosport, bad weather has further delayed fitting and tuning. *Yankee's* first matches will therefore be in the Thames Estuary under conditions which, I am afraid, may not be to her liking. She looks like a vessel which will want the open sea to be at her best. Good luck to her!

M. HECKSTALL-SMITH

What Our Readers Say

Getting the Outboard Ready

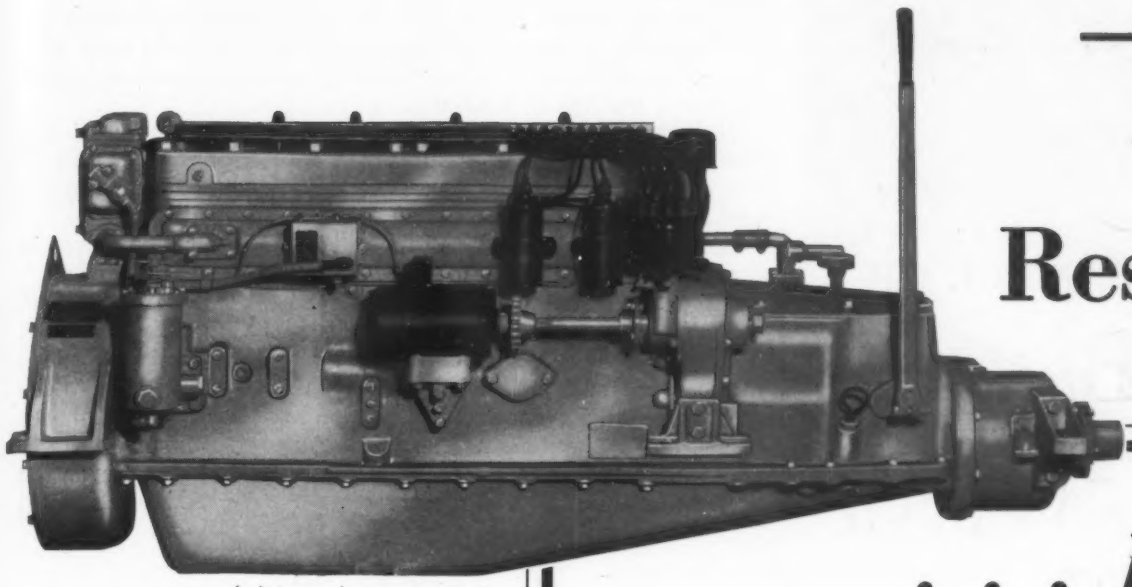
To the Editor of YACHTING:

THOUSANDS of outboard enthusiasts are getting their motors in shape for the summer and here are a few suggestions that may help them.

If the motor has been laid up as the manufacturers suggest, the first thing to do is to remove the spark plugs, squirt a little clean gasoline through the plug holes and then pull the motor over with the starting rope until most of the oil that has been in the cylinders during the winter is removed. Check the plugs to be sure they are not broken, clean them thoroughly and be sure that the spark gap is correct. For the average outboard it should be .025". Clean the timer points and adjust them. On most magneto motors, the gap should be .20" but for this, and also the spark gap, follow the instruction book supplied by the manufacturers.

Next, attach one spark plug to its wire and, if the motor is a 2-cylinder job, ground the other on some part of the motor. Pull her over with the starting rope and see if a good spark passes. Go

BEFORE YOU BUY THAT NEW ENGINE —Make This Resolution!



. . . *Resolved*

I HAVE a good boat and I'll not depreciate its quality by installing an inferior marine engine or automotive conversion. I'll specify a heavy duty marine engine built as a marine engine and capable of withstanding the requirements of marine service.

Compare Buda engines with those of other makes. Take six cylinder engines for instance — Buda gives you at no extra cost —

- **7 main bearings.**
- **3 in. crankshaft.**
- **The new all brass and bronze Stromberg marine carburetor with drip return and backfire protector. New safety in gasoline operation.**
- **Pressure Lubrication — to all main and crankshaft bearings through rifle drilled conduit in crankcase (no loose oil pipes to break).**
  — to piston pins through rifle drilled alloy steel connecting rod.
  — to reverse gear through drilled crank shaft.
- **Startix, the automatic starting device that starts your engine with a turn of the ignition key — and restarts it automatically when it stalls.**
- **The automatic circuit controller that gives additional protection from overloads on the starting system, caused by backfire or reversed engine rotation.**
- **Instrument panel, indirectly lighted with tachometer, ammeter, oil pressure gauge, temperature gauge, ignition switch and choke.**
- **Battery, electric generator, electric starter, distributor, coil, fuel pump, oil drain suction pump, suction pipe to insure crankcase ventilation, lifting rings, tools, and instruction book.**

— A marine engine that is really engineered and not simply converted.

***No extras to buy* with a Buda Marine Engine**

Six cylinder engines, 35 to 125 H.P.
Four cylinder engines 22½ to 57 H.P.

With or without reduction gear.

THE BUDA COMPANY

15402 Commercial Avenue
Harvey (Chicago Suburb), Illinois

BUDA THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR ACCURACY **MARINE ENGINES**

FINE BOATS DESERVE FINE ENGINES

Diesel or Gasoline

• *Capt. Ed. Washburn's 30-foot party fishing boat "Jersey Devil." Ed works out of Bivalve, New Jersey, where the oysters come from. But the worst staked oyster beds mean nothing to the Devil's stout oak planking which is fastened entirely with Monel Metal nails. Read how she was built in jig time.*

YOU WANT A SAMPLE OF

Smart Boat Building?

...WELL JUST TAKE THE "JERSEY DEVIL"

"She's the heaviest and strongest boat around BIVALVE... and she's chock full of Monel Metal fittings."

—SAYS MORT CALKINS

WHEN you were a kid, did you ever walk barefoot through a field of stubble? Well that's just apple pie compared to the trips made time after time by the Jersey Devil.

Her skipper, Ed. Washburn, drives her through the oyster grounds of Delaware Bay. And if you have ever seen an oyster bed, you know how it is all stubbled over with stakes that would rip open any light boat. But not the Devil. Her framing, ribs, keel, carlins and bottom are all built of good stout oak.

When Ed. was first talking over the kind of craft he wanted, he said, "Mort, I want to get the strongest fastenings possible."

So I says to him, "Copper is too soft to drive into that oak. And iron nails rust out, besides which, they always leave mean looking streaks while they're rotting away. What you want," I tells him, "is Monel Metal. That's what I'd get." So he did.

It took less than one-third as long to fasten the Devil as ordinary. Because those Monel Metal nails went into the hard oak without boring. Yet they never split a single timber. And no need, either, to plug the holes, like you do with galvanized nails, because when you drive home Monel Metal nails there's no galvanizing to be knocked off, and nothing to rust.

So you see there's other uses for Monel Metal besides propeller shafts and galley work. Ed. knows that too. He's just ordered a Monel Metal rudder and tiller rope. Here's hoping the same to you.

Mort Calkins

MONEL METAL

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 67 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Monel Metal is a registered trade-mark applied to an alloy containing approximately two-thirds Nickel and one-third copper. Monel Metal is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by International Nickel.

NRA CODE

over all the plugs and wires in the same way. If the motor has had hard or constant use, it might be well to remove the entire magneto or ignition system and check all wires for breakage.

Remove the carburetor and clean it thoroughly with clear gasoline, making sure that all dirt and oil is removed. See that the gasket is neither broken nor dried out or you will be troubled with leaks. Remove the muffler and clean out all carbon deposits from it and also from the exhaust ports. See that the relief holes in the muffler are not closed up by carbon.

Clean out all old grease from the gear housing and wash the housing with gasoline. Check gears for breakage and refill with the proper grease. Check the propeller, as a bent blade will cause vibration and loss of efficiency.

Go over all water pipes and see that connections are tight and that there are no broken or bent pipes. Tighten all screws and nuts and replace any damaged parts. Clean off the outside of the motor and polish it up.

Mix gas and oil in a clean can, and in the proportions given in the instructions. Use the oil the manufacturer recommends.

Fill the tank, attach the motor to the boat and start it. Adjust the carburetor carefully and see that the cooling water is flowing. Never start the motor when it is out of water or serious damage may result. If the motor has properly mixed fuel flowing to the carburetor and a good spark, yet refuses to start or behaves badly, make a systematic check. If you are still stuck, write to the manufacturer and he will be glad to help. But give him all the dope as he is not a mind reader.

EXPERIENCE

Comet Class News

THE corresponding secretary of the Comet Class, John H. Frye, announces that up to June 10th he has registered 105 Comets. This is quite a record as the registration has been done during the past six weeks. C. E. Jenkins, secretary of the measurement committee, has appointed nine official measurers, covering most of the fleets so far organized. Mr. Frye requests that all boat owners, or prospective owners, who have not as yet registered their boats, write to him at once so that he may advise them of the local measurer in their district. A boat must have a measurement certificate to compete in the season's race program.

\+ + +

Much interest is being shown in the National Comet Championship Regatta, to be held September 7th and 8th. Plans to care for the visiting fleets are being made by the Raritan Bay Yacht Racing Association, which will manage the regatta.

\+ + +

The Medford Boat Club fleet has been organized with Bryant E. Moulton, fleet captain, and Neil A. Elder, fleet secretary. Six boats are already registered, with five more soon to be added. This fleet has arranged a very active race program for the season.

The Keyport Yacht Club fleet received its charter, with Wilbur Huylar as fleet captain, and Jim Bedle, 3rd, fleet secretary. The racing schedule includes the championship series of the R.B.Y.R.A. and the National Championship Regatta.

The Richmond Yacht Club fleet was presented with its charter at the spring dinner. The fleet captain is Mabon Kingsley and Roger Willcox is fleet secretary.

The Raritan Yacht Club fleet now numbers twelve boats. The latest addition, a Comet built by the Kretzer Boat Works of City Island for T. R. Baxter, is just about the last word.

Word has just been received from the Lake Ozark Yacht Racing Association that a Comet fleet of six boats is being organized. The first regatta is planned for July 6th.

Stone Harbor has announced that arrangements are under way for the special regatta to be held August 17th and 18th.

\+ + +

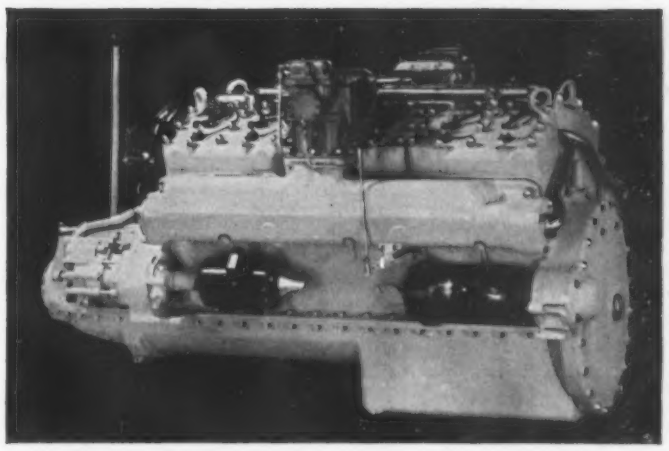
Anyone desiring to buy or sell a Comet should get in touch with the corresponding secretary, Mr. John H. Frye, Room 2106, 195 Broadway, New York City.

G. D. EMMONS, JR.

50 ft. Ketch "CYGNUS" hailing from Wayland, Mass., is economically powered by SCRIPPS F-4, 53 h.p. reduction gear engine specially designed for auxiliary service.

With our extensive line of 48 models we can supply any demand from 25 to 600 h. p. in direct drive, and furnish true right and left hand engines of symmetrical opposite construction and rotation for twin installations. We have high and medium speed models of 4, 6, V8 and V12 cylinders. Also reduction gears and angle drive when requested.

Illustrated is SCRIPPS Model 302—High speed, Vee-type, 12 cylinders, 300 h. p. at 2400 r. p. m. Piston displacement 894 cu. in.



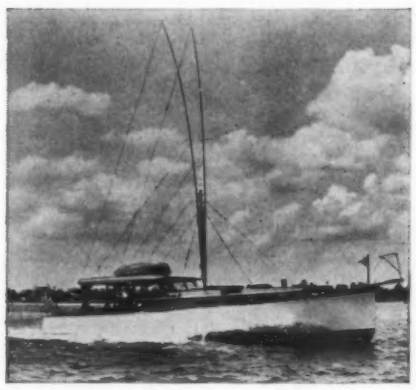
SCRIPPS ENGINES satisfy every demand

The selection of SCRIPPS engines by experienced boatmen is significant of the judgement trend that recognizes and appreciates the importance of superior quality as expressed by SCRIPPS . . . Unexcelled performance, smooth acceleration, light weight, compactness and simplicity are masterly engineered in every SCRIPPS. These world famous motors possess to an unusual degree lasting strength, ruggedness and stability. They inspire confidence that their ever responsive power will hold your boat true to the course and bring you safely to port in calm or in rough weather . . . To give you the immediate enjoyment you expect from your boat every motor is thoroughly broken in, carefully tested and precisely adjusted before leaving the factory . . . And the surprising fact is that our list prices, in many cases, are lower than marine converted engines of same piston displacement . . . Before making your final decision carefully investigate the outstanding features of these fine engines.

"Both the motor and the boat are engineering achievements" said the owner of this Gar Wood 28-foot runabout powered by SCRIPPS V12, 300 h.p. engine.

A.C.F. 38-foot twin screw express cruiser "TOVAN" at full speed ahead with SCRIPPS twin models 172-173, 175 horsepower each, a very reliable power plant.

A pair of SCRIPPS engines, models 152-153, 169 horsepower each, gives a speed of 36 miles to this 38-foot Hackercraft commuter recently shipped to Oran, Algeria.



Matthews "46" twin cabin cruiser specially powered for Florida offshore fishing by SCRIPPS medium speed, twin engines of 155 horsepower each; her speed is 22 miles per hour.

WRITE today and learn of the greater value of a SCRIPPS power plant. Give essential details—length, type of craft, speed desired, or horsepower needed. We will then send you illustrated literature fully describing the model recommended as best suited to your individual requirements.

SCRIPPS MOTOR COMPANY, 5833 Lincoln Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

SCRIPPS

• THE MOTOR THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC •

The way a Chris-Craft 25-foot custom runabout looks doing 42 miles, specially powered with a SCRIPPS 210 horsepower high speed six cylinder engine.

NEW SCRIPPS V8—90 h. p. marine engine (conversion of Ford V8 of which there are over 183,000,000 h. p. now in service), for all operating angles up to 18°. A wonderful motor for marine use as converted by Scripps. Direct drive $435 f. o. b. factory. With reduction gear, price slightly higher.

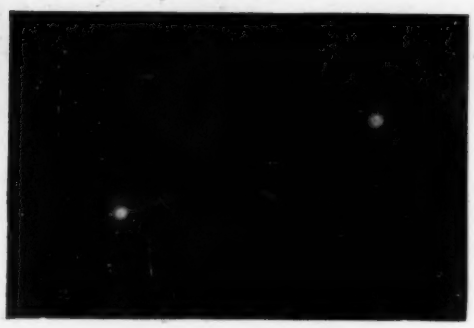
IN EVERY FIELD EXIDE HAS EARNED AN IMPORTANT POSITION OF TRUST

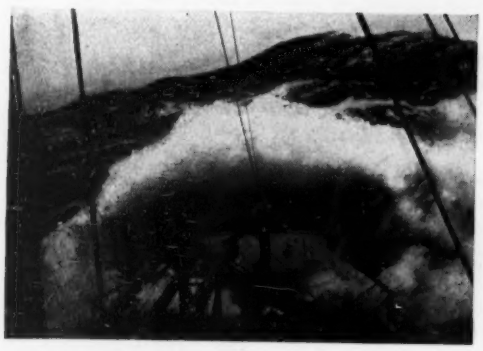
Because of their unfailing dependability, Exide Batteries are used by telephone companies to help carry your voice over the wires.

Railroads use Exides, not only for dependable, low-cost signal power, but for car-lighting, air-conditioning, Diesel starting, and materials handling trucks.

Utility companies depend on Exide Batteries to operate automatic, protective and regulating apparatus, both in routine service and emergencies.

For position lights, landing lights and radio reception, transport airplanes depend on Exide Batteries.





At sea, for regular operation, and in any emergency, Exide Batteries stand ready to operate wireless apparatus, lights, pumps, bulkhead doors and other vital equipment on commercial, fishing and pleasure craft.

Showing the unique construction of Exide-Ironclad positive plates. Slotted rubber tubes retain the active material, while exposing it freely to the electrolyte.

FOR nearly half a century The Electric Storage Battery Company has been building batteries exclusively—making them for every storage battery purpose, and making them constantly better.

That is why a major part of American business and industry, as well as of every form of transportation—ashore, afloat, underground and in the air—have chosen Exides for countless vital services.

The combined experience of large users—telephone companies, utilities, railroads—is convincing proof that the selection of Exides for any battery application assures unfailing dependability, high power ability, long life and low cost and ease of maintenance.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.
Philadelphia
The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose
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Exide
IRONCLAD
MARINE BATTERIES
With Exide MIPOR Separators
"MIPOR," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

News from Yachting Centers

Sound Waves

By LEE SCUPPERS

HARRY JACKSON, master mariner of Travers Island and hard-bitten old shellback of the New York Athletic Club navy, is spending his evenings with a mess of charts, tide and current tables, parallel rules and dividers, preparing for his thirtieth participation in the Winged Foot organization's annual cruising race from Huckleberry Island to Block Island.

Commodore Jackson and his predecessor as head of the N.Y.A.C. yachting department, R. W. ("Shorty") Rathborne, originated this oldest of established overnight events way back in 1904, coöperated with the late Thomas Fleming Day in adding a motor boat division in 1908, and by his presence and personality has helped to keep the fixture at the top of the long distance racing calendar ever since.

He hasn't missed a single race (barring the war years when there weren't any), making the passage in sail in the earlier days and transferring his affections to the power division in later years. When the morning of July 6th rolls around, you'll find Jackson on someone's cruiser in the rôle of first mate and navigator, trying to see if he can bring in a winner under the new handicap rule which will be in force this year for the first time.

\+ + +

It's quite a trick, this new rule — sort of a guessing contest — but, nevertheless, a sound test of a power boat owner's knowledge of his boat, what she will do under all conditions and a good trial of his ability as a coastwise navigator. At first glance, the conditions appear awesome enough to frighten most seagoing chauffeurs, but when boiled down to their essentials they contain all the elements of an unusually interesting contest.

In effect, the race committee has said to entrants in the motor boat class: "The race will finish inside the jetties at Great Salt Pond at 9.00 p.m. You may select your own starting time, basing it on how long you think it will take your boat to cover the one hundred nautical miles from Execution Light to Block Island. Before you start you must turn over to us your 'predicted log,' specifying your starting time and the hours at which you expect to pass certain control points.

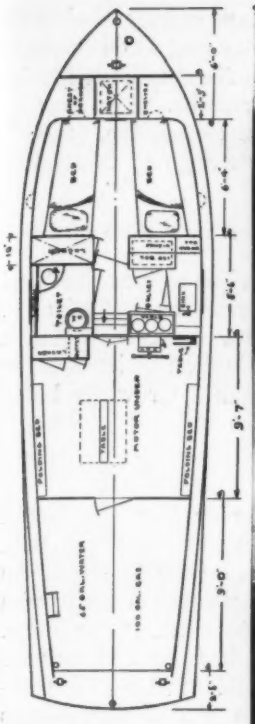
"We will place a neutral observer aboard your ship and it will be his duty to sequester all the watches, clocks and such, so that you cannot know how close to your schedule you are running. He will take the times at the control points and turn his data over to the committee upon arriving at Block Island. We will then compute the error between your predicted log and your actual performance. The boat having the lowest total error will be the winner.

"In case of fog? Oh, yes, we've thought of that. If it gets thick, the observer will loan you a watch (set back or ahead) to help you in checking your dead reckoning, or will time you between buoys himself at your request."

This new system ought to make the race more fun and entice more owners into it. Lord knows there should be more. Cruiser races on the West Coast run under this plan often draw as many as sixty boats. If the N.Y.A.C. gets six power craft in its event it feels that it is doing well. Maybe Long Island Sound cruiser owners don't like racing.

\+ + +

Having run three regattas in June for those yachtsmen whose racing appetites are not satisfied by the regular Saturday afternoon Y.R.A. events, the Horseshoe Harbor Yacht Club, of Larchmont, is going to hold seven more before the season ends. The dates are July 7th and 21st; August 4th and 18th; September 1st,



The interior layout is shown above. The forward cabin can be had in two optional arrangements—either twin beds as shown—or two upper and two lower berths. Length of aft canopy optional.

1—Deckhouse looking aft with the two berths dropped ready for use. Deep spring mattresses induce restful slumber. Note the large open cockpit beyond—on same level as deckhouse.

2—Deckhouse looking forward. Note the new box-type berths folded up one on each side. You can make these berths up in the morning and they're ready at night when you are. Dining table in center is removable. Large locker to port is full-length.

3—Forward cabin looking forward showing the four berth arrangement. Alcove forward contains chest of drawers and locker space with a ladder leading to forward deck.

THE BOAT THAT IS WINNING THE NATION
...THE MATTHEWS "38" SEDAN

The Matthews "Sailer"—25' 7" x 22' 5" x 8' 6" x 2' 8". Owners from coast to coast call it the "perfect little ship." Complete cruising accommodations for four—toilet galley, ice box, dining table. Husky and able for a week-end cruise or a month. Priced within reach of the average yachtsman. Send for complete descriptive circular.

● **You'll never know what roomy comfort is until you step aboard this newest Matthews "38". Owners from coast to coast have marvelled at the refinements and new comforts incorporated in this enclosed sedan. Its all-weather features add two months to your boating season—an additional month in the spring and another in the fall.**

For downright value in a husky quality cruiser, you won't find the equal of the Matthews "38" Sedan anywhere. A broad statement—but absolutely true.

The season is still young—see your nearest Matthews dealer at once—or write today for the circular describing this model. No obligation of course.

The "38" Sedan is just one of our great fleet of 21 different models of "38's", "46's" and "50's". This wide range of models offers a cruiser to suit every cruising requirement. A copy of our general catalogue is yours for the asking. Write today.

SEE THESE RESPONSIBLE DEALERS FOR SALES AND SERVICE

New York City	5th Ave. and 15th St.	Bruns, Kimball & Co.
Boston	1043 Commonwealth Ave.	Walter H. Moreton Corp.
Washington, D.C.	14th and Water Sts. S.W.	National Motor Boat Sales, Inc.
Miami	48 Columbus Hotel Arcade	Matthews Cruisers, Inc.
Detroit	6611 E. Jefferson Ave.	Gregory Boat Co.
Chicago	900 So. Michigan Ave.	Matthews Cruisers Distr.
Alton, Ill.	Times Building	Mississippi Valley Yacht Sales
Cincinnati	436 E. Second St.	J. A. Scarlett
Galveston	Commerce Building	R. Sealy
Houston	3206 Main St.	Sebo Boat Co.
Wilmington, Calif.	West Basin	Robert V. Staats, Inc.
Montreal	699 St. Maurice St.	Stewart C. Knox

"38" Matthews STOCK CRUISERS MATTHEWS 46 "—since 1890"

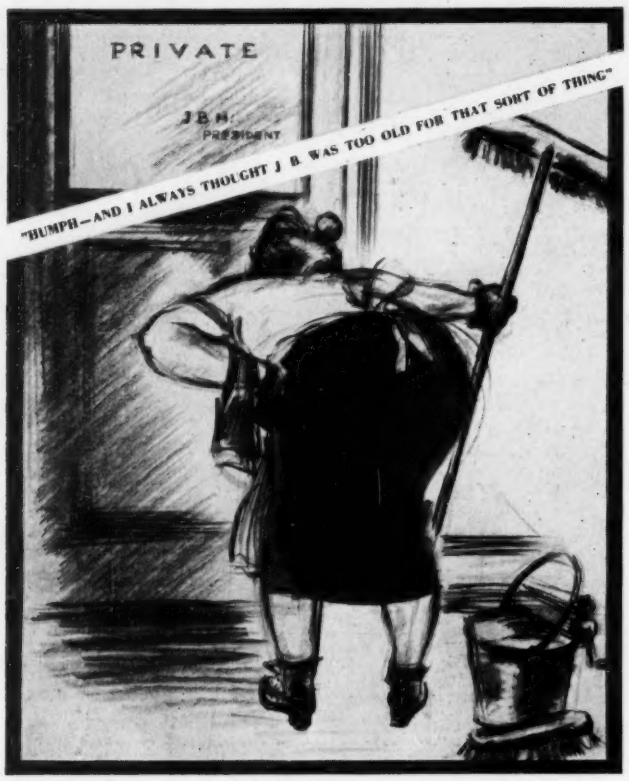
The MATTHEWS *Co.*

314 BAYSIDE PORT CLINTON, OHIO

"Wherever you cruise . . . you'll find a Matthews"

Ask your wife if this isn't so . . .

A DRY SKIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLDER THAN YOU ARE



NO MAN in his sane moments really wants to look older than his age. In this competitive world of ours youth gets the breaks. Old age is a handicap at every turn.

Women all know that a dry skin wrinkles easily—and that cold winds dry out the skin, leaving it chapped and brittle. So they protect the natural oils in their skin by using creams to keep complexions youthful.

Do not let shaving rob your skin of natural oils and invite old age to come right into the bathroom.

Start shaving with Barbasol if you want to keep your skin in the pink of condition.

Barbasol is a latherless cream that gives you the fastest, smoothest, cleanest shave you've ever had. It is so soothing and refreshing that many people use it for sunburn, windburn and chapping.

No more ingrown hairs. Barbasol holds the whisker steady to the razor, insuring a clean cut at the base.

And the natural oils in Barbasol keep your face looking young.

That's why Barbasol is America's most popular shaving cream.

BARBASOL BLADES
now 5 for 15¢

For only fifteen cents you can now buy 5 of those scalpel-keen Barbasol Blades that make shaving a joy.

They're going like hot cakes, men. Step up and get yours today.

Shave the Barbasol way.

Soften your whiskers with Barbasol Shaving Cream and mow 'em down with Barbasol Blades. It's the perfect shaving combination.

Tune in Singin' Sam—the Barbasol Man—every Tuesday evening over the Columbia Broadcasting System. (See your local newspaper for time.)

15th and 29th. They take care of such Sundays as are not already spoken for by Larchmont and Manhasset Bay and when conflicts occur, Horseshoe Harbor will accommodate the smaller boats for which no provisions are made by the other clubs. Brownrigg L. Norton is chairman of the Horseshoe race committee, and his associates are Howell C. Perrin, Francis Sweisguth, Klaas van Heel and Ralph E. Pierce.

+ + +

Speaking of race committees, Ned Hodge has resigned as head of the American Yacht Club experts. His successor is William L. Crow, former commodore of the Princeton Corinthian Yacht Club. The change gives American the distinction of having the youngest race committee chairman on the Sound, Crow still being well on the bright side of thirty.

+ + +

Ill health has removed Harold W. Patterson from the Sound yachting scene this summer. The veteran recorder for the Y.R.A. and handicapper for the Percentage Handicap Class has been forced into temporary retirement and his portfolios have been taken over by Walter S. Sullivan, a real old hand at the game. Sullivan is president of the handicap outfit, has raced all manner of yachts for nigh onto forty years and served on more race committees than he can remember. His advice will be valuable to many of the regatta committees operating on the Sound — provided they'll heed it.

+ + +

The Western Long Island Sound fleet of the Star Class is in the throes of what promises to be its busiest season. A total of 42 races has been scheduled for the 34 boats registered in the fleet. This includes the six fleet elimination races to pick the group's representatives in the Internationals and Atlantic Coast championships, the regular Y.R.A. Saturday and race week events, a flock of Sunday contests and, for the first time, team races. For the team matches, the fleet will be divided into four sections — Bayside, Manhasset Bay, the Westchester shore, and Glen Cove, where a new group of Stars is operating. There will be four boats to a team and a series of three round robin races will be sailed for the team title.

+ + +

Add forlorn figures: Alex P. Gest, the Larchmont cruising fireman, all togged out in white flannels and shoes, braided blue jacket and spotless white hat, trying to look as though he enjoyed wearing the regimentals of the Larchmont race committee.

+ + +

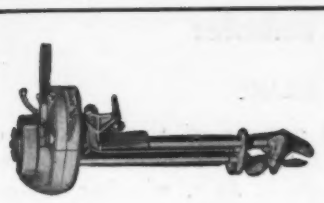
It is easy to see why there are few if any dinghies out for the regular Sound races. George Ratsey has them all on board his cutter *Zaida*, sailing in the Handicap Class Division A. His press gang has corralled Sam Wetherill, Dick Hill and Harry Hall, so how can you have dinghy racing when this trio is otherwise engaged?

+ + +

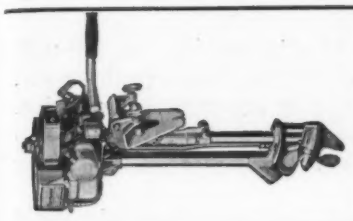
There may be some Ten-Metre racing on the Sound after all. *Hilaria* (ex-*Synthetic*) is looking for competition and may get it from two boats that have been out of racing around here for some time. Dr. Philemon E. Truesdale's *Twilight* has been bought by Miss Louise Grace of Great Neck, L. I., and *Ballymena* has been acquired by the Falvey family of Greenwich, Conn.

+ + +

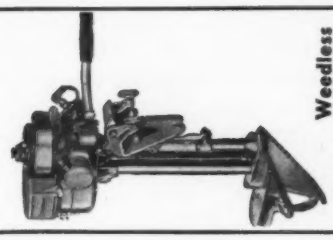
If you don't see Uncle Eddie Willis tending sheets for Adrian Iselin in *Ace* as often as you think you should, it is simple enough to find him. The old Cow Bay corsair has become a model yachting addict and he fairly haunts the Port Washington Mill Pond where the clam diggers, firemen and waterfront characters gather to poke their little racers up and down the course.



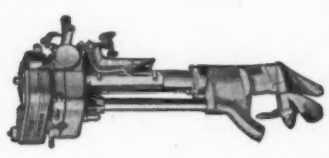
SPORTSMAN World's lightest outboard, 24½ lbs. Flexo-Rubber steering. Hooded Power, underwater silencing. **$55**



FISHERMAN Designed *by* fishermen *for* fishermen—husky, dependable, powerful. Speed up to 9 miles; only 43 lbs. **$95**

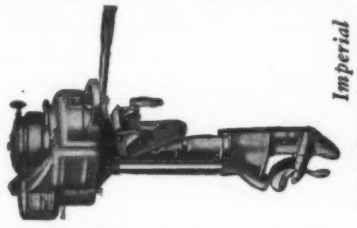


Weedless FISHERMAN Exclusive underwater design; drives full speed through thickest carpets of weeds. Price..... **$100**

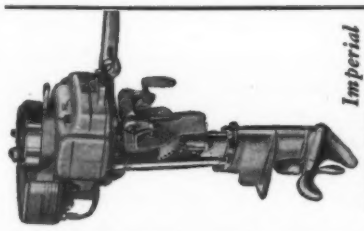


LIGHTWIN A favorite for family use; rubber mounted engine, excellent speed, easy starting, quiet. 40 lbs. **$115**

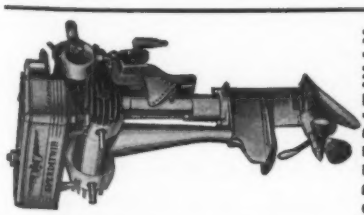
Imperial **LIGHTWIN** Silky running, alternate firing, hooded power motor. With Simplex Starter shown, $160. Standard **$145**



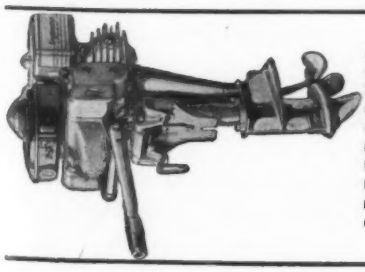
Imperial **LIGHTFOUR** Lightest 4-cylinder motor. With Simplex Starter as shown, $182.50; Standard **$167.50**



Imperial **SPORTFOUR** For smart runabouts; superbly smooth. Up to 30 mile speed on smart hulls..... **$235**



SPEEDITWIN Finest of famed Speeditwins — rugged high-duty model for fast speeds and heavy loads.... **$245**



SPEEDIQUAD Most powerful, swiftest service outboard. Electric starting at slightly increased price.... **$325**

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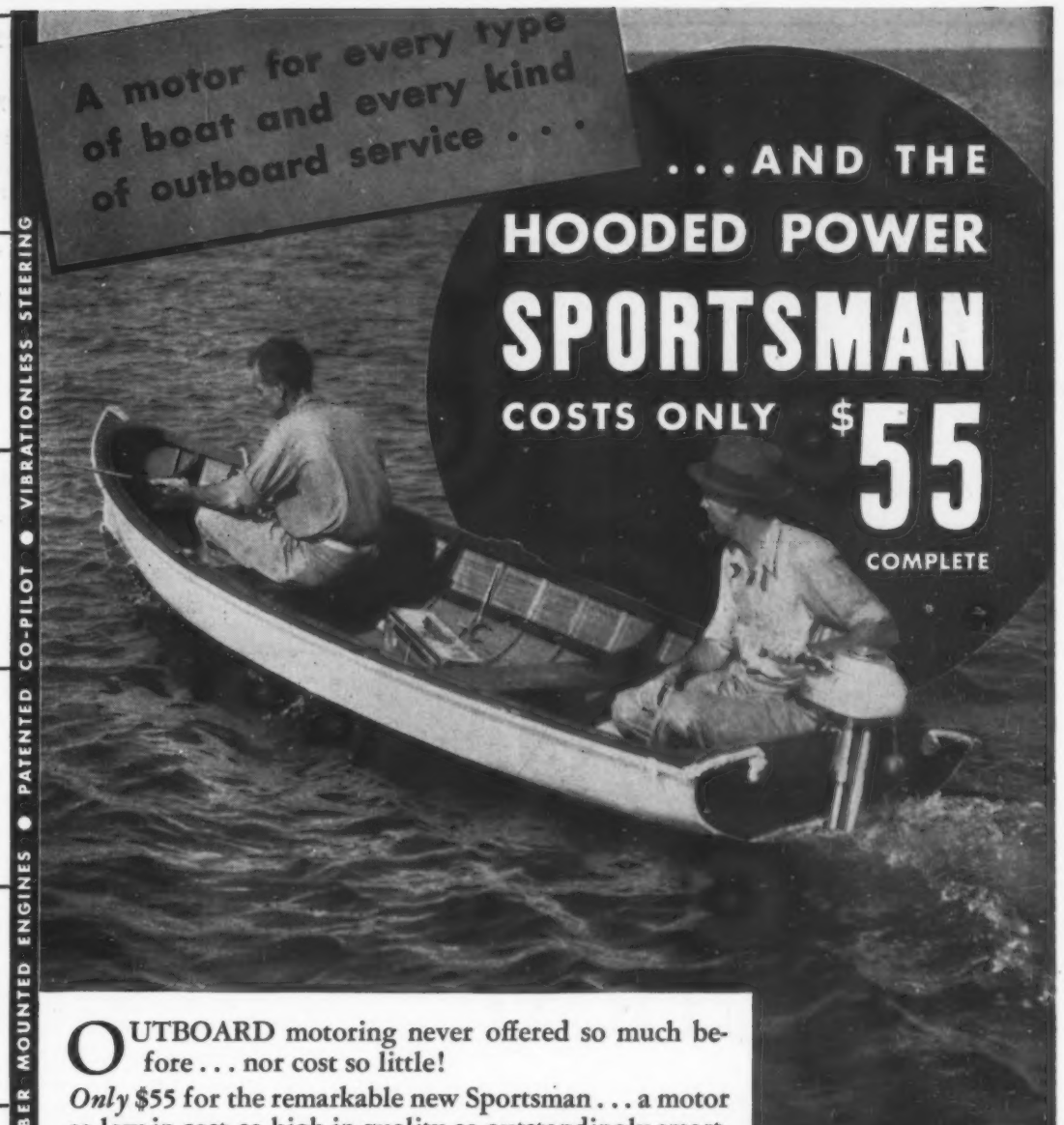

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The lightest, handiest, most portable motor . . . . .
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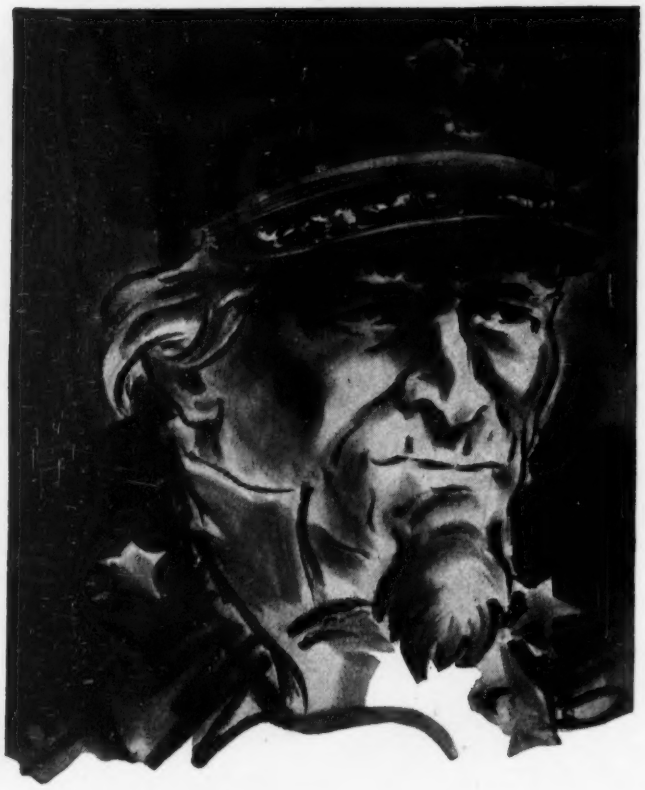

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DEALERS EVERYWHERE CARRY AMPLE STOCKS

West Coast Bubbles

By WALDO DRAKE

OLIN J. STEPHENS, II, had a taste of the vagaries of California cruising weather in June, when he served as guest helmsman aboard William L. Stewart, Jr.'s, winning 60-foot schooner *Paisano* in the California Yacht Club's second annual tri-island race for the Candy Cup.

Paisano required 53 hours and 39 minutes for the 170-mile course in circumnavigation of Santa Catalina, Santa Barbara and San Clemente Islands, whereas the only other yacht to finish, Donald H. Radcliffe's schooner *Monsoon*, reported home to San Pedro after 75 hours and 51 minutes of fighting tides and shifting zephyrs.

Stephens flew out from New York and arrived on Memorial Day with the intention of "seeing" California before returning the following Sunday, after inspecting progress on the 55-foot staysail racing schooner which the Wilmington Boat Works are building for Stewart from Sparkman & Stephens' designs. But because the wind declined to blow, Olin's views of the Golden State were largely from the air.

\+ + +

Viajero is to be the name of the trim and husky double-ended, ketch-rigged motor sailer, 68 feet long, which Wilmington Boat Works will launch about July 4th for Herbert Davis, of Long Beach. First of her type on the Pacific Coast, *Viajero* was designed by William Hand. As auxiliary power she will have a 250-horse power Hall-Scott motor, with 2:1 reduction gear. Her owner will break her in this summer with a cruise down the West Coast and up the Gulf of California, preparatory to an extended trip into Alaskan waters next season.

\+ + +

Fifteen days was all that Colonel George S. Patton, Jr., noted Army cavalry tactician and tank corps veteran, required to sail his 53-foot Alden schooner *Arcturus* from San Pedro to Hilo, Hawaii, last month. His crew on the 2300-mile trek consisted of Mrs. Patton; Gordon Prince, veteran Boston yachtsman, and Mrs. Prince; Francis P. Graves, of Los Angeles; and one professional.

Col. Patton has gone to Honolulu for duty on the staff of Major General Hugh Drum, commanding the Hawaiian Department.

Also now in Hawaiian waters is Morgan Adams' 110-foot Gloucesterman *Radio*, which ran down to Honolulu from San Pedro in 11 days, but under sail and power.

\+ + +

California's summer outboard season was launched at Long Beach's Olympic marine stadium on June 2nd, with a turnout of some forty boats.

Johnny Hamilton, "kid" driver from Los Angeles, stole the show by taking four out of eleven events, with his Class A hydro *Secret* and his runabout *Secret Too*. The Class C hydroplane winner was Bill Withington, 1934 champion, from Pasadena, with *On My Way*. D. L. Remlin's brand new *Twerp* took Class C racing runabout honors, and Hovey Cook had his own way with his unlimited runabout *Millionaire Kid II*.

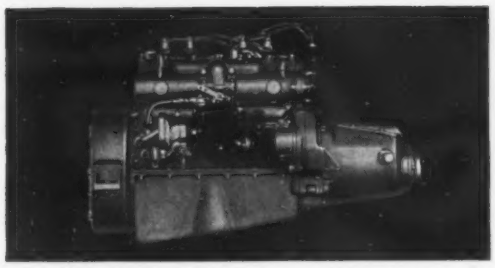
\+ + +

Due to the illness and enforced retirement of Frank S. Hutton, F. K. Eckley is new commodore of the Newport Harbor Yacht Club. H. W. Rohl has been advanced to vice commodore and William A. Bartholomae has been elected rear commodore.

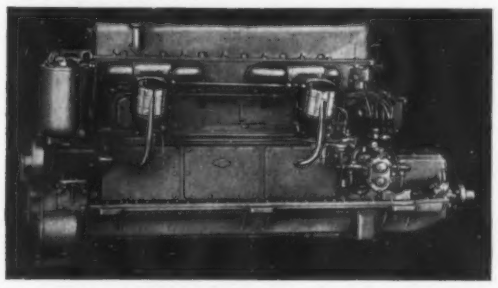
\+ + +

Yachtsmen who take their boats to San Diego for the Pacific Coast-Southern California regatta, August 3rd to 11th, will find the new 2000-foot sand breakwater and anchorage off Roseville a most pleasing addition since the last regatta at the Harbor of the Sun, in 1924.

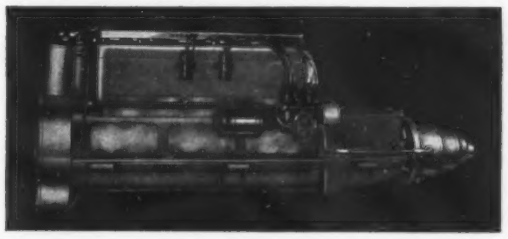
A NEW KERMATH NOW SPELLS OWNER ENJOYMENT FOR YEARS TO COME



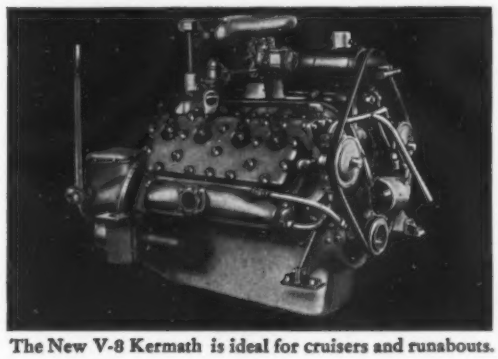
Kermath provides a selection of seven distinct four-cylinder motors ranging from 20 h. p. to 55 h. p.—for cruisers, launches, work boats, etc.



The 225 h. p. Sea-Wolf is one of the most powerful motors for its size ever built—exemplifying Kermath's renowned engineering and precision manufacture.



The Sea-King 150 h. p. motor with new type centerline reduction gear. All Kermath reduction gears are water jacketed and water cooled for extra wear and quiet performance.



The New V-8 Kermath is ideal for cruisers and runabouts.

★ IMMEDIATE DELIVERIES
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★ WIDER SELECTION

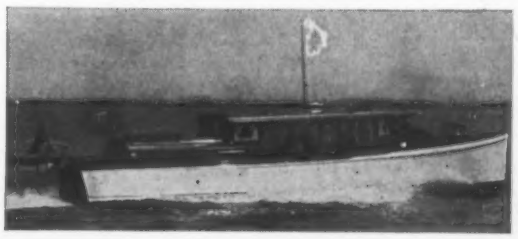
With the best weather of the season just ahead, why not give your boat a new lease on life—a Kermath motor? Make it a Kermath—and you're sure to have the right engine—at the right price—at the right time! You get your Kermath when you want it—not when the particular size you require is finally turned out by the manufacturer. For Kermath's production facilities (largest in the world) make it possible to guarantee immediate delivery on all models.

Kermath offers heavy duty, modified high speed and high speed motors for any and every specified boating need. Don't compromise! Make your selection from the most complete line of marine motors ever built—*and be sure!*

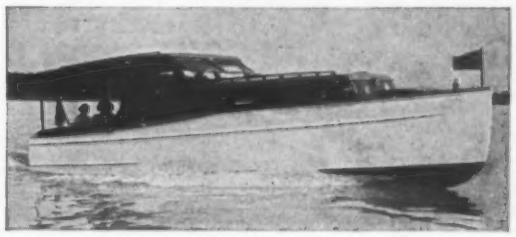
Why delay? Write today for complete details. Let our competent staff of engineers help you select the Kermath that's "built to your boat." Made right—priced right, a Kermath is a gilt-edged investment in lasting boating satisfaction.

Notable Boats of the Month

Matthews "46" Day Cruiser, "Onaway," built by The Matthews Company of Port Clinton, Ohio for Mr. R. H. Norton of Chicago. Powered with Twin Kermath Sea-Mates.



30-foot Chris-Craft cruiser, "Dido," owned by Mr. David C. Whitney of Detroit and built by Chris-Craft Corporation of Algonac, Michigan. It is powered with Twin Kermath Sea-Eagles.



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2 to 12 CYLINDERS . . GASOLINE AND **KERMATH** 8 to 450 HORSEPOWER DIESEL ENGINES

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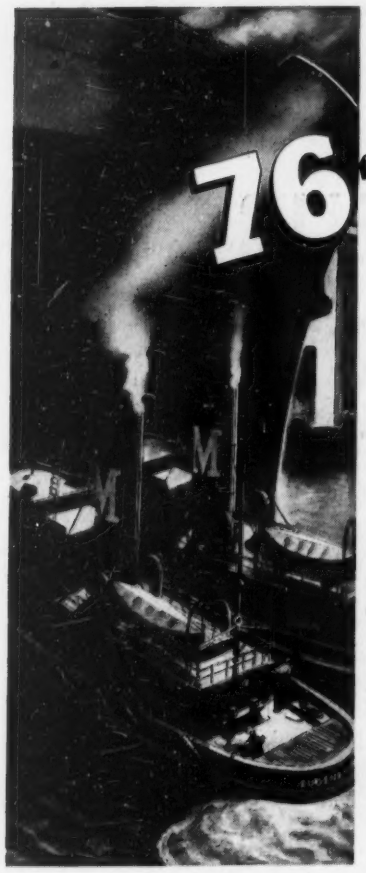

. . . of Moran experience, equipment and financial responsibility stand firmly behind every marine operation undertaken by the Moran company — coastal towing, ship handling in harbors, and the movement of inland water freight! A phone call sets the organization to work, instantly, smoothly, efficiently . . . by night or day.

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The NEW VINYARD "40"

VINYARD enthusiasts asked us for a twin screw "40" which would include the essential and necessary features of our "50" — AT ONE-HALF ITS PRICE. It is here, and we feel that it constitutes the finest value obtainable anywhere.

UNUSUAL FEATURES INSURING RELIABILITY AND CONVENIENCE

11' 6" beam. Living room 13' long. Twin-screw 200 h.p. Complete cruising equipment. Deck at sides rail-protected. 1⅛ inch Cedar planking. Fuel tanks in watertight compartment. Life boat and davit. Owner's room aft has two double beds. Twin cabins, companionway aft.

The "40" is constructed throughout to VINYARD'S well-known "custom" standards of workmanship. The result is this luxurious cruiser built for years of trouble-free service.

Come to our yard and inspect the various sizes and designs, send for an illustrated catalogue or ask to have a representative call with details.

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Great Lakes Breezes

By R. A. HAYNIE

THE official opening of the Great Lakes yachting season on Memorial Day was, as far as the weather was concerned, anything but auspicious, but, in spite of the rain that persisted throughout the day, there was a record number of yachts out for the opening races, over fifty competing in the events conducted by the several clubs in the Chicago district.

At Chicago, the battle of the "R" Class started with *Gossoon* winning both races held to date with her famous rival, *Gypsy*, coming in third on both occasions. That this class is going to be a free-for-all is indicated by *Atalanta* taking second in the first race and *Nancy* finishing second in the other.

\+ + +

The Eagle Class, too, promises some hot competition. *Falcon* took the first race and *Quienna* the second, and now comes the good word that *Aquila*, the present champion of the class, will be out under charter to Ted and Sanger Robinson. Thus, the entire fleet of six will again be in commission.

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The two schooners, *Bagheera* and *Ben Bow*, have been having a scrap of their own in preparation for the cruising races, the honors being even, each yacht having one race to her credit. Speaking of cruisers, it is evident that the racing among these yachts is going to be really astonishing in the numbers competing. Small or large, their owners are all "steamed up," and talking of parachute spinnakers and quadrilateral jibs, and "wrastling" with the rule generally. Who said "cruising" class?

\+ + +

Träsko, a new 31-foot ketch from designs by Rhodes, has joined the Chicago Yacht Club fleet. She was built last fall for a Milwaukee yachtsman and purchased this spring by Lincoln Maytham.

Another addition to Chicago's fleet is a 65-foot sloop which Norman Marsh is bringing up from the Gulf.

\+ + +

The Stars at Sheridan Shore have been racing for two weeks and have sailed six races so far, with Tom Waage's new *Skipit* and the Pirie brothers' new *Gemini* continuing their last year's battle. But some of the others have entered the fight and, from present indications, the winner of the Lake Michigan championship will have to be pretty good and have lots of "breaks." But not the kind of break Waage had. Tom gets whatever honors are coming for breaking the first spar in these waters. However, he borrowed another mast and won the next race.

The Chicago Yacht Club's fleet of Stars has not really got started yet. The many new boats building are late in getting clear of the yards, but it is expected that in another two weeks they will be out in full force.

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The Power Yacht Squadron has a full schedule of races this year, including a cruise down the Illinois River to Ottawa with sail boat men as guests. What a trip!

Probably the most interesting race is scheduled for June 29th and 30th, with the fleet competing for a handsome cup donated by the late Ole Evinrude. This race will be divided into two legs, the first being from Chicago to Racine and the second from Racine to Milwaukee, which will bring them in in time for the L. M. Y. A. Regatta at that port. A real yachtsman's welcome will be staged by the Milwaukee Yacht Club.

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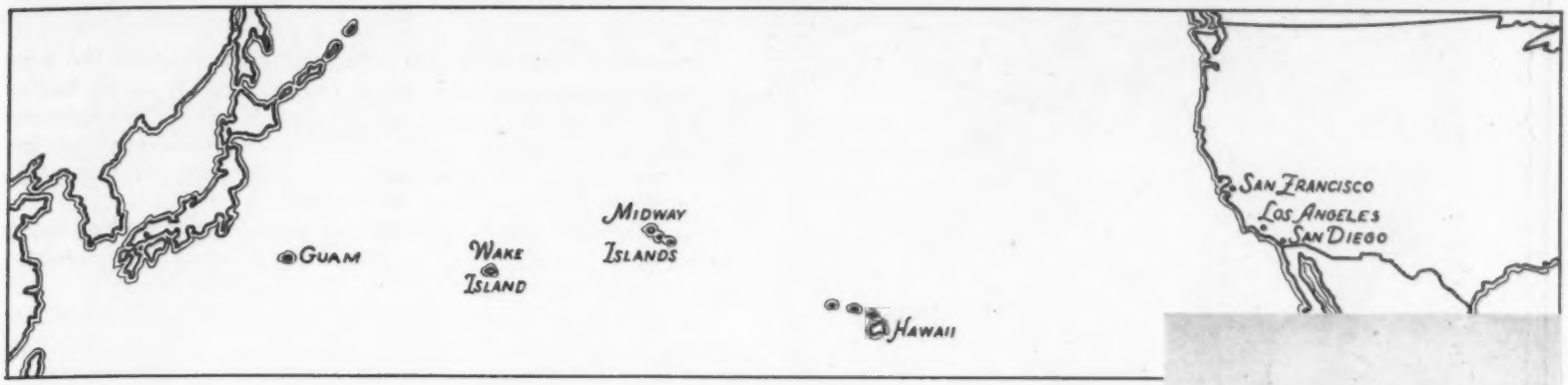
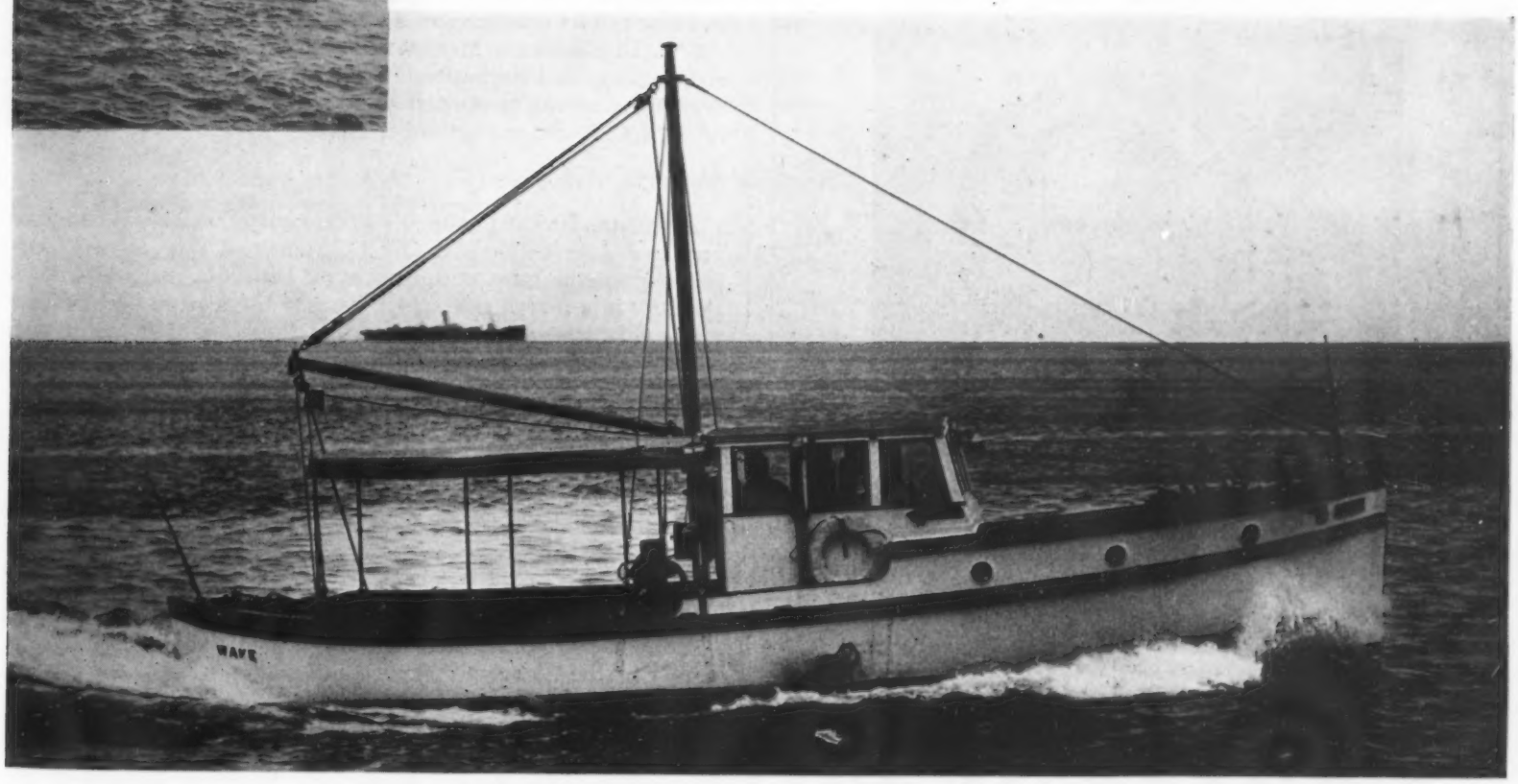
The Chicago Yacht Club has finally completed arrangements for erecting a station on its site at Grant Park. Although small,

HALL-SCOTTS POWER THESE BOATS THAT *MUST* NOT FAIL



To properly service the new 8,500 mile airway to the Orient, Pan American Airways, Inc., is establishing air bases at Honolulu, at Eastern Island in the Midway Group, at Peale Island in the Wake Group, at Guam, and in the Philippines. To Wake and Midway Islands are now being shipped two very interesting boats built for Pan American by George W. Kneass Company, of San Francisco. These boats are completely equipped with two-way radio sets, five-ton booms, twenty-five ton hauling stanchions, emergency ration holds, two double bunks, and have a cruising radius of eight hundred and fifty miles.

Each boat is powered with a pair of Hall-Scott FISHER JR's., with 2:1 reduction gears. These engines were selected by Pan American Airways on their record of power and dependability—for these boats *must* not fail.



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The yachtsman who feels that his boat deserves the finest will choose the Chelsea *Ship's Bell* Clock, illustrated above, and its partner in quality, the Chelsea Barometer. In matching cases, diameter of dial from 3¾" to 8½". At nautical instrument and marine supply houses. (Chelsea Clocks for home use are also sold by leading jewelers.) Chelsea Clock Company, Boston, Mass.

CHELSEA CLOCKS

and Barometers

it will offer the necessary facilities to serve the club's rapidly growing fleet of large yachts which lies in the downtown harbor.

+ + +

Menominee, Michigan, has, through the efforts of the local yachtsmen, succeeded in having a much needed yacht harbor built. Five hundred by one thousand feet, it offers fine protection for both sail and power boats, and is far enough away from the industrial section to be free from dust and smoke. Arrangements can be made for the delivery of supplies.

Other cities on Green Bay are taking action in providing facilities for yachting and in a few years we can expect this excellent body of yachting water to take its place in the sun.

The Ludington Yacht Club, newly organized last summer, has already obtained a site on Pere Marquette Lake, and has provided dock space for visiting yachts. It is expected that a clubhouse will be erected this year.

Thus is yachting growing apace, as the poets say, on Lake Michigan.

Along the Detroit River

By WALTER X. BRENNAN

WHILE the Gold Cup committee, sponsors of the annual Detroit Labor Day week-end regatta, has given local yachtsmen little encouragement for a program this year, a group of enthusiastic power boat men at the Detroit Yacht Club has kicked over the bucket and will hold a regatta regardless of the committee's plans. There was no regatta last year at Detroit, which was deeply regretted by many Detroit River fans, who resolved not to let another season pass without an important power boat event.

+ + +

Although plans are not definite, it is hoped to stage runabout races and short cruiser races and navigation runs, headlined with the W. D. Edenburn Memorial Trophy event for the 225 Class and possibly an International Class X outboard event. The open events will be run on August 31st and September 2nd with races for D.Y.C. boats on September 1st.

+ + +

Kid Sister, Howard Lauhoff's 40-foot cutter which was launched just two days before the D.Y.C. Memorial Day regatta, surprised even the most enthusiastic by outsailing the well-known *Baccarat* in a match race which became the feature event of the regatta. Russell A. Alger, Jr., was at the helm of *Baccarat* with several of his Bermuda crew aboard, while Russell Pouliot, designer and builder of *Kid Sister*, did the sailing on her.

The new boat gained on each leg of the triangular lake course until she had worked out a half-mile lead but lost it on the drifting match down the Detroit River to the finish line. *Baccarat* finished ahead but not far enough to make up the 8-minute time allowance given the smaller craft.

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Commodore Gar Wood and a group of Detroit yachtsmen flew to Put-In-Bay, Ohio, June 16th to attend the Roberts Trophy dinner at the Cleveland Yacht Club and to witness the placing of Commodore Wood's name on the Inter-Lake Commodore's Memorial. The C.Y.C. event was sailed this year from Cleveland to Rondeau Point, on the Canadian shore, and thence to Put-In-Bay, scene of the annual Inter-Lake Yachting Association regatta, July 15th–16th.

+ + +

Detroiters are reported to have something in the bag for the power boat racing public that should be announced within another

ANNUAL SAILAWAY CRUISE
OF THE
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RICHARDSON BOAT CO. N.TONAWANDA N.Y. NEW YORK CITY
Jack Dempsey, King of Sportsmen, and the New York Harbor Authority, greet Commander Harold June of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition who was honorary commodore of the huge Richardson Sailaway Fleet.
Part of the huge Richardson Sailaway Fleet moored at the Undercliff Boat Works float. Other Richardsons in the fleet anchored in the Hudson.

Each Richardson was assigned to a position in the locks. Here's how the boat came from four abreast to single file as it departed from each lock.

THE huge 6th Annual Sailaway Cruise of the Richardsons was a complete success. We, of the Richardson organization, doff our yachting caps in appreciation to those who so heartily participated or cooperated.

And this Cruise, like its predecessors, proved again that the quality of Richardson design, workmanship and materials is the best the market affords even though a Richardson is the world's lowest priced standardized cruiser.

Get a Richardson and cruise, in perfect confidence, through the scenic, uncrowded, safe waterways of America.

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We have the facilities to give your yacht a conscientious service. You should have no trouble to haul and service on short notice with fourteen and sixteen feet of water on our Crandall Railways and the Kilburn Turntable with twelve radiating tracks.

An owner or prospective purchaser entering the average yard may expect to stumble over odds and ends of material covered with grease. We have a clean yard and basin and trust it will be a pleasure for all hands to make inspections without ruining clothes and dispositions.

Our landing stage and basin are for your convenience. There is no charge for wharfage. Storage space in our new B-shed, shown below, is now available. If you are perfectly satisfied with your present storage conditions make no change, otherwise we will be pleased to quote and reserve space for you in a shed lighted thoroughly with plenty of windows. Early reservations are sometimes the best.

Mid-summer painting, replacements, engine room and deck equipment are available.

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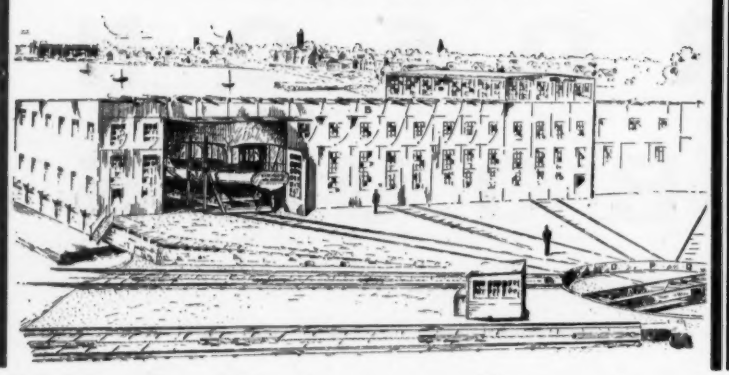
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.



month. At least two 225-cubic-inch boats are in the making and some of the city's motor experts are burning midnight oil over new power plants. All is secrecy and should the boats come up to expectations some Detroit club flags should be whipped to ribbons. If the boats don't work out, they will remain no more than a rumor. A similar policy of no advance publicity is being maintained by the owner of the Gold Cup challenger under construction here.

+ + +

The 84-foot Alden designed schooner *Bimesa II*, which has been sailed each year in the Chicago-Mackinac Race under the burgee of her owner, W. W. Knight, of the Toledo Yacht Club, will sail in the Port Huron-Mackinac event this year. The boat has been purchased by Fred Ford, of the Bayview Yacht Club, Detroit. *Bimesa* was the first boat in the Chicago Yacht Club fleet to arrive in Mackinac last year but her heavy handicap set her down in the final scoring.

+ + +

Outboard racing should reach a new high in the Detroit area around July 4th, what with the Michigan championships at Flint, the Southeastern Michigan championships at Lake Orion, and the international event at Port Huron run during the week. All are N.O.A. sanctioned events and several drivers of note are already entered.

+ + +

Gar Wood, Jr., has added a Class X motor to his equipment and the officials of the Blue Water Carnival, which is staging the Internationals, are hoping to bring some competition to the meet for him. The races will be run over the course used for the last Harmsworth Race on the St. Clair River, where both Canadians and Americans can watch from their own country.

+ + +

The Bayview Yacht Club's first regatta for all types of sailing craft brought out 94 starters for a new early season record. The number has been equaled only by the D.Y.C. Sweepstakes, the final event of the season. Bayview has heretofore promoted only long distance and cruising boat events.

Massachusetts Bay Flashes

By ED EARLE

THE biggest racing fleets since pre-war days marked the start of the 1935 season in Boston Harbor. With 88 boats sailing in the official opener off City Point, the 65th annual Memorial Day regatta under the South Boston Yacht Club burgee, and 93 starters in the initial interclub skirmish a week later off the Squantum Yacht Club, it is a certainty that the fleet will be well over the hundred mark by the Fourth of July. Everything was set to smash the record in the Savin Hill Yacht Club open regatta during the second week of last month, but a drenching nor'easter put the damper on many skippers who figured it was not the ideal weather to break out new canvas. As it was, a fleet of 43 boats in eight classes braved the seagoing conditions in the wet, rail-down breeze.

+ + +

The Indian Marconi dories, the most numerous one-design class in the Bay, have furnished the backbone of the harbor racing fleet, with former Rear Commodore George W. Wightman, of the Corinthian Yacht Club, still leading the tribe at the tiller of last year's champion *Peggy*. This season will mark a decided revival of the veteran Class I 18-footers, the oldest class still racing.

The championship season at Marblehead opened the tenth of last month under the colors of the Corinthian Yacht Club, in a fickle, compass-boxing wind. Ray Hunt brought the *Hornet* home an easy winner in the "Q" Class. The black, 25-rating boat which lifted the Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup, and the "Q" Class crown last season at Marblehead, made an impressive start. *Hornet* will have a hard battle on her hands to repeat, as Charles Francis Adams is returning to action with the *Bat*. The three-time Puritan Cup winner *Robin* will also be a favorite since Chandler Hovey, like Mr. Adams, will have no America's Cup trials to worry about this summer. John S. Lawrence, noted internationalist, who managed the *Yankee's* 1930 campaign, has chartered Edwin Abbott's *Falcon*, and expects to have that sweet-lined boat tuned before the summer is far along.

+ + +

The swanky 30-Square-Metre fleet at Marblehead received another addition in the *Valiant*, a radical 1934 boat and runner-up at Sandham formerly owned by Capt. Eric Lundberg, the Swedish ace, who cleaned up the international series of 1929 at Marblehead. *Valiant* was purchased by James T. Connelly, of Newburyport, through the office of Belknap and Paine, and was slated to arrive in Boston on a Swedish steamer during the last week of June.

+ + +

Manchester-by-the-Sea will be the port for a new class of 22-Square-Metres. The "22's" were started at Hingham three years ago and then went out to Detroit. The nucleus of a class of at least six boats at Manchester is the *Win-D-Peg*, sold from Knud Reimers of Sweden to Harry Thorndike, through E. Arthur Shuman, Jr., of Belknap and Paine.

+ + +

Denmark, as well as Sweden and Germany, will be represented in the foreign 30-Square-Metre invasion of Marion, Edgartown and Marblehead this month. The new Reimers-designed *Roulette* will carry the colors of the Royal Danish Yacht Club of Copenhagen and be sailed by Capt. Lundberg. Another Reimers production, J. Raculand's *Lill Sinva*, will fly the Swedish colors. Translating some of the German letters has engaged the attention of sundry experts who claimed they could read German. But the enthusiastic tenor of the German epistles infers emphatically that The Fatherland will be at Marblehead. The foreign skippers will make their headquarters at Art Shuman's comfortable abode during their stay at Marblehead.

+ + +

A fleet of forty entries was expected to start in the New London-Marblehead race of the Eastern Yacht Club around Cape Cod. Last minute entries should have swelled the fleet for the 171-mile trek. The Morss brothers' ocean-racing schooner *Grenadier* and Vice Commodore F. Haven Clark's *Joan II*, several-time winner of the Cleopatra's Barge Trophy, should be formidable representatives for the Eastern.

+ + +

The Spring Rendezvous of the Boston Station of the Cruising Club of America resulted in an interesting "gam." As usual, Charles Welch's *Walrus*, Burnham Porter's *Roarin' Bessie*, George Cutter's *Black Squall*, and Albert Gould's *Segochet* tied up Tarr's Wharf at Smith's Cove.

+ + +

When The Cruising Club of America fleet got under way out of Scituate on the Block Island and New London Cruise, an interesting first leg was concocted to take the place of the usual spring Jeffrey's Ledge race. This informal open race for cruising auxiliaries started from anchor in Scituate Harbor and finished at the eastern entrance to the Cape Cod Canal. The committee, headed by "Al" Chambers, decided that the element of luck was more than usually important in such a short race and the handicaps

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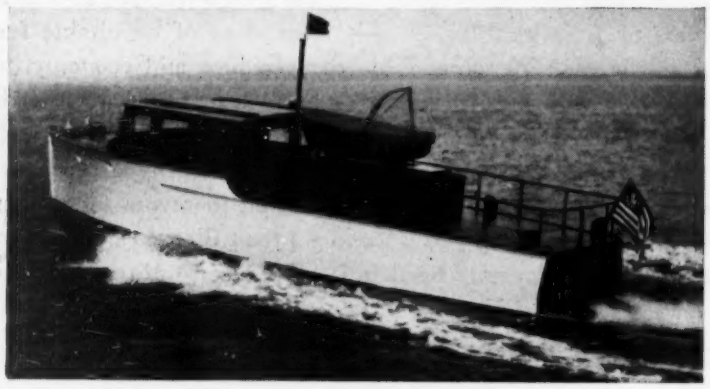

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would not result in any injustice as there were no "sea lawyers" in the event. In addition, the prizes were made consumable with a container of rum for each class — size of container depending on number of entries.

+ + +

Sparkman and Stephens report the charter of the 35-foot yawl *Petrel*, owned by John H. Harwood, to Colin McLaurin of Boston for the season. *Petrel* will cruise Down East.

+ + +

The twin screw commuter *Pronto* has been sold from Richard Harte of Nahant to E. J. Abbott of Newburyport through the combined offices of John G. Alden and Belknap and Paine. Dick Harte has chartered the 75-foot Diesel motor sailer *Chiro*, owned by Charles T. Gilbert.

+ + +

The Race Week fleet at Marblehead will be augmented by the International Star Class which plans to put on a series there, according to a letter from the Star Class Association received by Chairman Frank P. Munro of the Corinthian Yacht Club Race Committee.

Narragansett Bay Gossip

By SPINNAKER LIZ

HERE it is — almost the middle of summer and the fun begins! Races, protests, keen competition for some cup or mug, cruises, bending the merry elbow, all of these in the sport known as Yachting. Already Narragansett Bay is alive with craft of every size and description from the large sloops and schooners down to the smallest skiffs, each owner having just as much fun and sport in his own way.

+ + +

The first race of the season was the long ocean race starting from Brenton Reef off Newport Saturday, June 8th, with six boats crossing the line at noon bound for Bergen, Norway.

+ + +

Going from the sublime to the ridiculous, have you heard about the Bay Nook Yacht Club? It is owned and managed by youngsters starting their sailing career early and racing twice a week over short courses such as the Frostbiters use. The boats range in size from Snow Birds up to a 14-foot round bottomed boat. The first race was very exciting, 13 boats finishing five races within split seconds in each race.

+ + +

There has been a great deal of talk about the *Rainbow* going into commission this year, but she is not. She is still on her haunches at Herreshoffs', slightly faded from the winter's cold but still regal and always to be admired.

Instead, Mr. Vanderbilt has put into commission his Class M sloop *Prestige* which has been tucked away at Herreshoffs' for four years. She was launched the first of June and certainly took to the ways in a manner of real enjoyment. Mr. Vanderbilt will try out a loose-footed mainsail on the *Prestige* after the experiments of the wishboom rig, which will probably be used more and more.

+ + +

Herreshoffs have sent six 12½-footers to Chicago, all with the new wishboom rig. The 23-footer *Silver Heels* will also be tried out with the new rig, the largest boat as yet to try the experiment.

W. J. Strawbridge's new Twelve-Metre, designed by Francis Herreshoff, was launched June 7th and named *Mitena*. She is a lovely looking double-ended sloop, painted white with a green

water line and green stripe just below her deck. She is long and narrow and her deck fittings are streamlined.

Among other boats launched at Herreshoffs' are R. H. I. Goddard's *Ramallah*, L. Edward Zacher's sloop *Comet*, R. V. Gambrill's Class M *Carolina*, T. A. Potter's Ten-Metre *Revenge*, George Baker's sloop *Ventura*, and Dr. Truesdale's Ten-Metre *Twilight*.

+ + +

The Saunderstown Yacht Club has taken a new lease on life and is trying to be nautical again by having three classes of racing boats, the Atlantics, the Cape Cod knockabouts and the "B" dinghies. It looks as if there might be six Atlantics, as Harvey Baker's *Sora* is in commission this year. The others are Jim Tillinghast's *Tycoon*, R. B. Noyes's *Moza*, Bill Dodd's *Sister*, Kent Matteson's *Natanis*, and Jim Sheldon's *Tern*.

+ + +

At the Frederick S. Nock yards, in East Greenwich, the 43-foot sport fisherman *Cero*, for Richard S. Aldrich and Harold Hoffman, was launched June 8th. She is the last word in construction guarding against explosions and fires and every precaution has been taken for her safety. She has three separate ventilating systems, each worked by a separate blower, and fresh air intake pipes leading into the engine room which is under the floor of the wheelhouse, bulkheaded off from the main cabin.

Also at Nock's is Drayton Cochrane's 107-foot schooner *Mabel Taylor*, built five years ago at Shelburne, Nova Scotia. She is being scraped, painted and overhauled, getting ready for the New London races, after which she will leave on a summer cruise for England, Germany and France.

+ + +

Another new boat that was launched in June was Charles D. Jenckes' auxiliary yawl *Werdna*, designed by Sparkman & Stephens and built by Lemos at Riverside.

On Buzzards Bay

During June, at Casey's Yard in Fairhaven, one might find a launching party any day as practically all the new boats are overboard going their various ways. Four boats were to be finished and hit the ways within four days, and what a hustle! L. L. Dowley's *Cross Rip*, Mr. Bedford's *Cindy*, and Miss Louise Strongman's 20-foot sloop were among those which went overboard. Mr. Rook of Providence has bought an old 72-foot rum runner, which is being remodeled and fitted out at Casey's.

+ + +

Kelley's reports the sale of Burtwill Stafford's *Pop Eye*, a 44-foot Jonesport built sport fisherman, to the Tabor Academy. Among other boats launched at Kelley's is the Twelve-Metre *Anitra*, which belongs to Charles Harding. She, by the way, is the only "Twelve" with auxiliary power.

+ + +

Peirce & Kilburn have put into commission and launched G. G. Whitney's *Gosling II*, A. B. Houghton's Lawley 68-foot *Dirigo*, F. V. Desloge's *Nimrif*, W. Burke Harmon's *Blue Jacket* and George W. Mixter's *Teragram*.

+ + +

The Diesel schooner *Penzance*, belonging to F. J. Frost, has just been sold through the office of John Alden to George E. McQuesten.

Furnans Yacht Agency reports the sales of: B. T. Peck, Jr.'s, 40-foot motor sailer *Dorel* to J. Kenneth Bradley of Bridgeport; F. J. Tabor, Jr.'s, "S" *Red Jacket* to John Neild II, both of New Bedford. Ed Parsons' *Sea Witch* has been chartered to Julian Baird of St. Paul.

The three new Clipper Class boats of Furnans design have been delivered to their respective Narragansett Bay owners and now a class of these boats is starting in Padanaram. The first one is for R. S. Irving, Jr., and is already under way.

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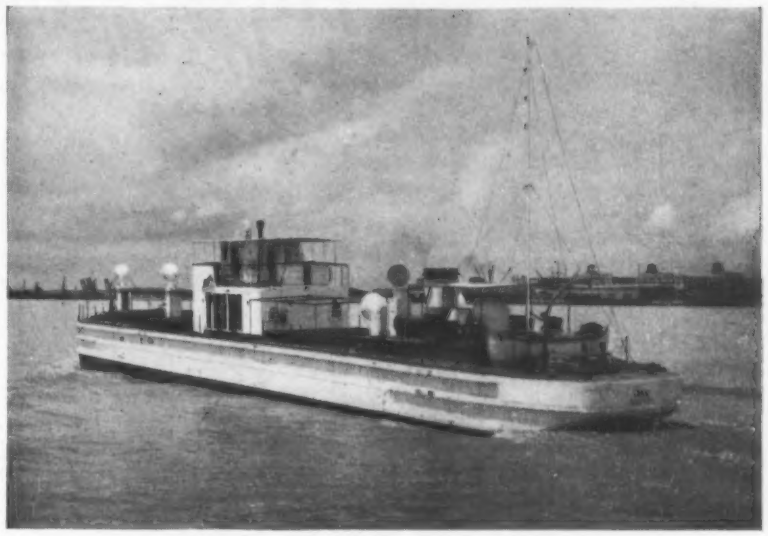

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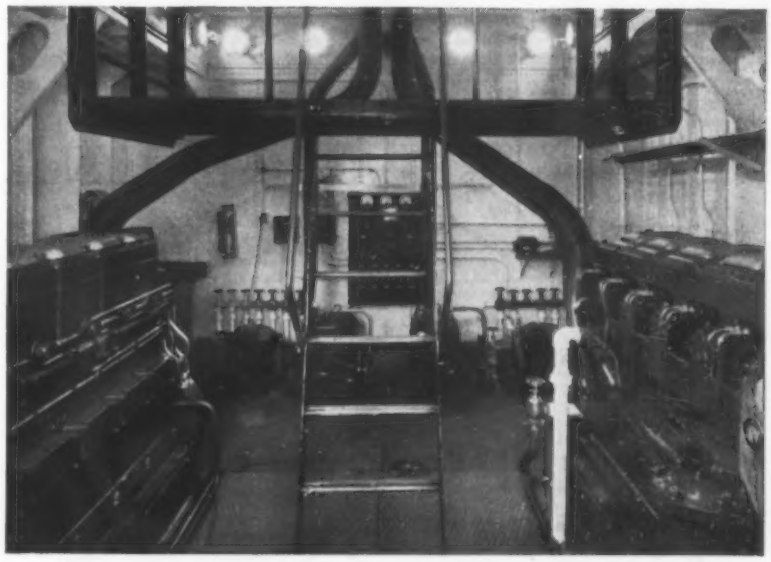

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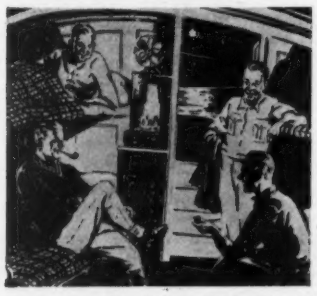

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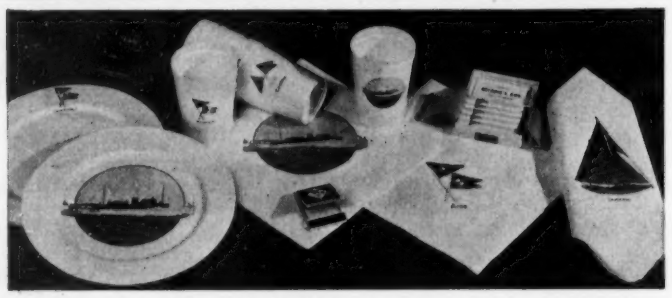

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Princetonians Rule the Waves

PRINCETON won the eighth annual regatta of the Intercollegiate Yacht Racing Association off Larchmont on June 13th by beating Yale a boat length in the last race of the series.

It would take an entire issue of YACHTING to tell the story of Princeton's triumph with the embellishments it deserves, but suffice it to say that because William S. Cox, of Wilmington, Del., and Vineyard Haven, Mass., slid the Nassau Interclub's bow over the finish line while Sam Townsend, of Greenwich, Conn., and Yale, was vainly trying to luff the Eli yacht past the finish dory in the lightest of light airs, Princeton wound up the competition with a total of 55¾ points to Yale's 53. Dartmouth took third place with 40¾, Williams fourth with 38¼, Cornell fifth with 35¼, and Harvard last with 31.

Each college entered two crews. Six races were sailed in Sound Interclub knockabouts and a like number in Atlantic One-Designs. After the first three contests, skippers who had handled Interclubs switched to Atlantics and vice versa.

The entire series was sailed in the lightest and most variable of light, unsteady breezes. Long Island Sound rarely has been as perverse and enervating as it was on June 12th and 13th. The wonder of it all was that twelve races could be completed.

Princeton held an eight-point lead over Yale, the nearest contender, after the first day's three races and added a quarter of a point to this margin in the first contest of the second day. Then Yale, with Townsend in the Interclub, and Lewis Hyde, of Edgartown, in the Atlantic, surged up in the day's second start and reduced the Tiger advantage to two points.

Thus Princeton's quest for its fourth sailing championship hinged on the outcome of the last race. Hyde, by dint of excellent work to windward on the last leg, beat the Princeton boat sailed by Meyer and so only three-quarters of a point was left of the Nassau lead. If Cox beat Townsend, Princeton would win the MacMillan Trophy. If the reverse happened, victory would be Yale's.

Cox and Townsend rounded the first weather mark together and sailed the long leeward leg virtually side by side. Cox got the inside berth at the mark, though, and was on Yale's weather as they started the homeward beat from Scotch Caps to Larchmont breakwater. Less than halfway up the wind, Yale tacked into a hole, lost way and spun helplessly while the Princeton crew nursed the dying breeze on the other tack until it had a half mile lead.

Then the wind gods turned on Princeton, becalming Cox within hailing distance of the line and providing Townsend with a faint easterly air that sent him crawling slowly but relentlessly up to Princeton. Just when it seemed that Cox never would move again, the breeze backed into the northwest and gave the Princeton yacht steerage way. Townsend, trimming his parachute spinnaker way forward, headed up for the line. Cox, with the wind freer, had a better sailing angle. Fifty feet from the finish they were even, but Cox, to windward, got the first of a favoring puff and ghosted over the line a length to the good. As Cox ended the tense duel, Townsend had to tack to avoid fouling the finish dory, and before he could get across Williams had eased into third place. But that didn't matter. Yale's cause was irrevocably lost anyway.

Cox beat Yale but he didn't win the race. Jimmy Moxham, of Cornell, had finished the contest on the last of the southwester 48 minutes earlier.

A summary of the races:

	Atlantics						*Interclubs*					
College	*Places*						*Places*					
Princeton	2	2	3	4	5	2	1	2	1	1	4	2
Yale	4	1	1	3	1	1	4	3	5	2	2	4
Dartmouth	1	5	4	1	3	4	4	1	6	4	5	6
Williams	6	6	6	2	2	5	2	6	2	5	1	3
Cornell	5	3	5	6	6	6	3	4	4	3	3	1
Harvard	3	4	2	5	4	3	6	5	3	0	6	5

Skippers — Princeton: William S. Cox, John Fales, J. Chris Meyer.
Yale: Samuel Townsend, Lewis Hyde.
Dartmouth: Robert Collins, Bruce Potter.
Williams: Robert P. Noble, Jr., Norman Gaynor.
Cornell: James Moxham, Nicol Bissell.
Harvard: F. Stanton Deland, Jr., E. Dwight Fullerton, Jr., George Franklin.

EVERETT B. MORRIS

One of the entrants for the Portland-Halifax ocean race, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, is the schooner "Hilda," owned by John F. Randall, vice commodore of the Casco Bay Yacht Club, and C. B. Randall

Portland to Halifax Ocean Race

TO COMMEMORATE the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, an ocean yacht race from Portland, Maine, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, will be sailed this summer, the start being scheduled for July 13th. The race is to be run under the joint auspices of the Yacht Squadron, the Portland Yacht Club, and the Casco Bay Yacht Club.

Open to all classes of yachts, the race is 360 miles in length, practically all of it in open water. This is the first race to be sailed between the United States and Halifax in eleven years, the last previous event having been held in 1924.

Starting off Portland, where the Governor of Maine will send the fleet away, the course lies across the Gulf of Maine, around Cape Sable, and to a finish off the Squadron breakwater, Halifax Harbor. It is proposed to sail the race in three classes, one for racing yachts of Universal Rule rating, and two classes for auxiliaries, under and over 50 feet length.

So far, it is reported that eight Nova Scotia yachts are entered, while up to June 17th, an equal number of American yachts had sent in entry blanks. Among the latter are the schooner *Sayonara*, owned by Vernon F. West, Portland, a veteran of several Bermuda races; *Hilda*, owned by Vice Commodore John F. Randall, Casco Bay Yacht Club; *Malabar II*, James R. Robinson, and *Grand Turk*, a 47-foot schooner sailed by Haskett Derby of Boston. This last yacht was formerly the *Restless*, of Halifax, and was designed by W. J. Roué. Among the yawls entered are the *Saracen*, owned by Arthur Ham, of Quohog Bay, Maine, and the *Hobnob*, 48-feet, sailed by Herbert Payson, Jr. The *Bejosa V*, a new 48-foot ketch from designs by John Alden is expected to start.

Among the Canadian boats likely to start are Col. C. H. L. Jones' schooner *Awenishe*, the schooner *Nomad*, owned by Lt. Col. S. C. Oland, and a new schooner for J. H. Winfield.

The start will be in charge of the following committee: Herbert Payson, Jr., Chairman, W. H. Clifford, 3rd, Nathan W. Thompson, Herman Burgi, Jr., Clinton Merrill, and Clinton D. Randall.

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"Yankee" Goes to Meet John Bull

(*Continued from page 30*)

doing 12 knots under double-reefed mainsail, staysail and trysail. Sea carried away small part of forward starboard bulwark. Not much harm, but conditions prompt us to take in mainsail and heave to. Let you know later."

This was the dope, for at this time we were getting our opportunity to observe the behavior of a good "J" boat in a gale of wind. It was blowing at Force 8 (say, 40 miles), we were running with the sea on our starboard quarter, and we were making the sweetest going I had ever seen. A roller mounted up astern and nudged us, and we rolled away from it. We sat tight, waiting for what I had come to think of under such conditions as the inevitable deluge of water on deck — and nothing happened. And this went on for hour after hour, the "steam gauge" wavering between ten and twelve.

Presently there came another message from our protector, 100 miles astern. "Hove to under staysail and trysail. Staysail tore and took it in. Now under storm trysail." At this moment Gus Olsen, our professional skipper, an excellent sailor but one who hadn't our faith in *Yankee*, remarked excitedly, "It would be suicide for us to heave to." We let it go at that, but as the wind continued to increase Frank began to think of reefing the trysail. Finally the climax came, when a continued puff seemed to have a velocity of 60 miles an hour, and the trysail was handed for reefing.

Phut! The wind dropped and the glass rose, and in ten minutes we were banging in virtual calm, wave crests crashing aboard as we prepared to rehoist the trysail. And now the vagaries of ocean weather were shown to us as they are in every new experience. Quite evidently the center of the depression had swept across us. But when it passed it did not blow with renewed violence from another quarter. Instead, we jogged throughout the night in a Force 3 westerly, the mainsail on the boom to keep it from slatting out, and the storm sails giving us little more than half our previous speed. *Atlantic*, hove to for three hours, never was becalmed, but felt the wind moderate gradually and despite her loss of time gained 15 miles from us before the next day nooned.

So we had had our test of *Yankee* off the wind, and with her long, easy run and her unbulwarked decks she had proved that she could take it. The next test came when we reached Longitude 17° and met the easterly wind that has blown over England with little let-up since late in March. But before the wind came the calm, and I want to speak about that calm, breaking my promise to keep off meteorology. Seven years ago *Pinta* was becalmed in Longitude 17°. So was *Atlantic*, racing to Spain five days behind her. Four years ago, when Paine and Parkinson raced *Highland Light* to Plymouth, she was becalmed in 17°. So was *Brilliant*, two years ago. And here were *Yankee* and *Atlantic* in like situation, the schooner just visible to us over the edge of the northern horizon.

Is it mere coincidence that in latitudes ranging from 47° to 49° so many yachts should be becalmed when they arrive within 500 miles of Europe? Or is there a sort of "devil's hole" where the westerlies of the middle Atlantic meet easterlies from the continent and leave the sea to fight it out in the heaven-side layer? I don't know the answer.

However, we weren't left long to speculate on such matters. When the wind came in it was smack out of the east, and we said goodby to our last hope of a fast passage. We had just completed a run of 256 miles. During the first day of the head wind we averaged two tacks and made good 137 miles. The second day, when there seemed no likelihood that the wind would work around with the sun, we maintained the starboard tack and close-reached up to Latitude 51°, only 100 miles southwest of the Fastnet Rock. We'd have carried on still farther on this board, hoping to pick up a fair slant under the coast of Ireland if we hadn't had in hand the job of beating *Atlantic* to Bishop Rock. As it was, we learned via radio that our consort was more than a hundred miles to the south'ard of us, excellently placed to profit by a southeasterly or southwesterly, and for the next two days we made a dead beat of it to our destination, turning in runs of only 96 and 120 miles.

During all this time the wind hardly veered a point north or south of east, although for a good share of the time we encountered a heavy southeasterly swell that caught us dead on end on the port tack and slowed our speed appreciably. Finally, when we were thoroughly sick of the wind's contrariety, we made our landfall on the Scillies, brought the Bishop abeam three miles to port at 11:00 a.m. of May 11th, and found that we had put in 15 days 9 hours and 19 minutes coming from Cape Cod. This wasn't too bad, but neither was it much good, the only compensation being that *Atlantic*, which had been raced to the best of her ability all the way across, was still one hundred miles astern.

In her work on the wind *Yankee*

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behaved well, but not as well as a boat designed for ocean cruising would have done. When she was pressed her long bow pounded in the steep seas of the trawling banks, and we heard tales from the forecastle of how the men were tossed from their bunks to the under side of the deck and bounced back again to their mattresses. These were slight exaggerations. Under staysail and trysail in a 20-knot breeze she logged from six to nine knots and took the choppy seas without commotion. Aft, we ate comfortably and at night had no fear of being rolled out of the weather bunks.

In her sailing ability *Yankee* was remarkable, carrying an easy helm no matter what the sail plan, and remaining dry on deck from the main skylight aft. Neither on the wind nor off did she require two men at the wheel, and at such times as the helmsman was harnessed to the mizzen rigging the sea never tested the efficacy of his harness. I have never found conditions so easy for the taking of sights, and for the matter of that have never enjoyed so comfortable a passage.

With the islands abeam we carried on in a failing wind to the Lizard and there, under instructions from *Atlantic*, shortened sail and waited for her to overtake us. In the process we reached up toward Plymouth and were becalmed for several hours near Eddystone while *Atlantic* was bucking a Force 4 easterly a few miles south of the Lizard. One day more of punching up Channel, and then the flagship, under sail and steam, passed us off Portland Bill and we exchanged spoken greetings for the first time since our departure.

T. O. M. Sopwith's yacht *Vita* motored out and took us in tow late in the afternoon of May 13th, when we were fifteen miles west of the Needles, and at nine that night we anchored in the silent, empty reaches of Cowes Roads. We had been 17 days and 18 hours from Boston, and we were fatter and lazier than we had been on starting.

The passage ended the morning after when *Yankee's* tender *Utilitie* came down and towed us to Gosport, *Vita* leading the way and *Atlantic* coming after. Knowing how enthusiastically the British neglect to greet visitors from overseas, we were looking for a bit of a frost as we entered port. We were overwhelmed by what actually took place. As we drew abreast Nicholsons' yard every steam and motor boat in sight saluted us with frantic whistling, every lass along the shore who ever loved a sailor shrilled a greeting, and every hand with a handkerchief waved in welcome. Everybody, in short, who had a part in it seemed out to promise that there can be a pleasant side to international Class J racing and that *Yankee* is in the hands of friends.

NOON POSITIONS AND DISTANCES RUN

	Yankee			*Atlantic*		
April 25, left Army Base Pier, Boston, at 10:00 a.m. Rounded Boston LV at 12:54 p.m.						
	Lat. N	Long. W	Dist.	Lat. N	Long. W	Dist.
April 26	41:03	68:10	140 (from LV)	41:18	68:40	121
27	39:52	64:52	168	40:08	66:35	118
28	39:24	60:24	209	39:25	61:36	227
29	38:53	55:33	228	38:55	56:11	255
30	39:28	51:06	210	38:57	52:38	164
May 1	40:30	47:17	187	40:20	49:04	185
2	42:23	43:06	220	41:33	44:29	224
3	43:43	38:08	233	43:00	38:34	273
4	45:55	32:29	273	45:28	33:44	260
5	46:37	28:18	179	45:40	29:11	194
6	47:47	23:36	204	47:16	25:06	198
7	48:32	17:20	256	48:41	17:52	304
8	48:46	13:55	137	48:22	14:15	148
9	50:38	11:38	143	49:18	11:35	117
10	50:04	9:19	96	48:31	9:46	86
11	49:43	6:16	120	48:49	7:32	83
12	50:18	4:28	70	49:49	5:27	108
13	50:28	2:33	79	50:25	2:36	112
	To Cowes		41	To Cowes		44
			3193			3221

Yankee —

Boston to Cowes, 17 days 18 hours 20 minutes.

Land to land (Highland Light to Bishop Rock) 15 days 9 hours 19 minutes.

Best five days, 1145 miles, averaging 229.

Best ten days, 2199 miles, averaging 220.

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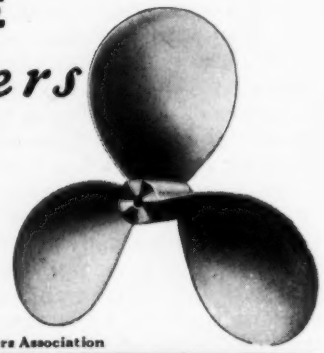

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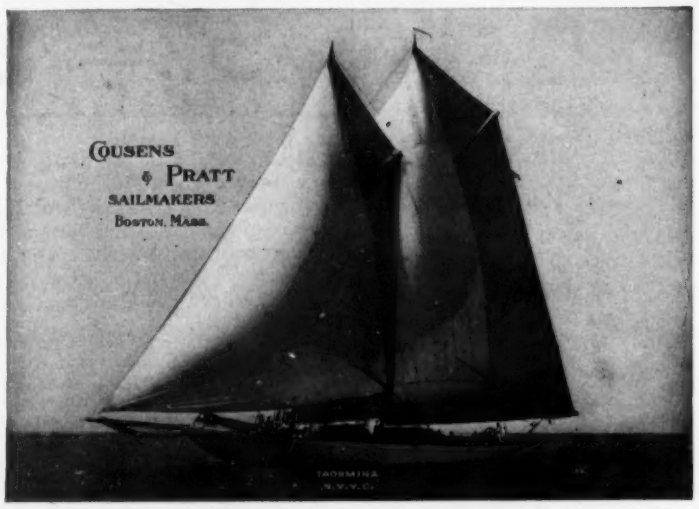

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(*Continued from page 58*)

cockpit floor, thence through a single line of tubing to the carburetor. The tanks are concealed, and also protected, by the seat fronts and the handy hinged tops.

To fill the tanks the seat tops are lifted and the cover plates removed—one at a time, of course. Any gasoline spilled simply lands in the cockpit well and flows overboard through the scuppers. Two or three buckets of water dashed into the cockpit will wash overboard every trace of surplus fuel.

Now, it can be seen that when shutting down the motor by stopping the gasoline supply, rather than by switching off the ignition (the globe valves being *above* the cockpit floor) the inside of the hull is absolutely free from gasoline and from any trace of its fumes. Consequently, the crew of *Tally Ho!* call this the "safety gasoline tank installation," which it has certainly proved to be.

Water from melting ice is likely to make a mess, and the bilge is no place for it. However, sometimes a boatbuilder will simply run a neat length of pipe from the bottom of the ice box to the handiest part of the bilge, and let it go at that. Baker designed a better arrangement, with a sump in the form of a galvanized tank, outside of the ice box. The water which collected there was used for washing. This rig was installed in the second of his *Rangers*. The tank was fitted with a proper water cock which made it easy to draw water. Ice always keeps best in a dry box; and the same applies to food. It is difficult enough to keep the ice box on a yacht clean and sweet without having the bother of mopping up water as an added chore.

In *Tally Ho!* a five gallon tank is tucked away under one of the cabin seats. The drain from the ice tray leads into this tank. There is a shut-off cock close to the tank which is, of course, left open, leaving a free flow into the tank. A length of 3/8" tubing leads from the bottom of the tank to an outlet through the side just below the clamp. At the foot of this tube there is a light, spring loaded check valve, the direction of flow being from the tank and up the tubing. At the opposite end of the tank a regulation automobile tube air valve is fitted. The tank will hold the drip from 50 pounds of ice. To eject water from the tank, shut off the cock between the ice tray and the tank and attach a tire pump to the air valve; ten or twelve strokes of the pump will supply ample pressure to blow every drop of water overboard through the outlet in the topsides. Disconnect the pump, open the cock, and the tank is again ready to care for another cake of melting ice.

And that is a practical way of solving the problem of the ice box drain aboard a small cruising yacht.

The Paris Salon Nautique

(*Continued from page 45*)

Nicholsons of France — have nothing to learn about construction.

The other motor cruisers were of no outstanding importance, but the hydro glider exhibited by Air Nautique was of considerable interest. Last year this craft made a successful demonstration cruise up the Niger River, carrying different cargoes from port to port, and covering 2300 miles in 500 hours. The steel hull is built up in sections for easy transport to the French Colonies, and the motor was a well-known Diesel. With a draft of little over a foot, when fully loaded, this type of craft has a definite future for service in shallow waters and is being manufactured in various models.

The section devoted to engines revealed that the Diesel is rapidly gaining ascendancy, even in moderate horse power. Several well known exhibitors were missing, among them Peugot and Excelsior. The Renault Diesels were a particularly clean job, well finished and compact, and the 65–85 hp. model was, I consider, the most striking engine in the exhibition. Berliet showed a large 6-cylinder 100 hp. model, which looked impressive, and also two full-sized engines, cut away so as to display all working parts. The other principal Diesels were the Duplex (a 2-cycle model with a rotary scavenging blower driven off the crankshaft), the Badouins, and some models exhibited by Compagnie Lilloise De Moteur, including a small 4 hp. 2-cycle opposed piston model, which looked an excellent installation for inshore fishing boats.

In outboards, Johnsons made a fine display, and Pentas, Evinrudes, and Eltos were also there, besides various French models. The only British exhibits were a small Stuart Turner and a 4 hp. Britannia. But foreign engines are expensive in France at the moment, owing to the heavy import duties.

The rest of the Salon consisted of various exhibits, some having little connection with the sea. Camping outfits of every category, patent vacuum bottles, refrigerators, books, facsimiles of liner cabins, a

large display by the French Navy, including anti-aircraft guns, a diver (who, at regular intervals, strolled about in a glass-lined tank), navigating instruments, and models of ancient and modern warships.

Though many will call the exhibition a partial failure this year, the fundamental cause has nothing to do with a falling off of interest. The youngsters were there in force, examining and criticizing the canoes and one-designs; and, if small beginnings make good endings, there is still high hope for the future.

\+ + +

Concurrently with the Salon, the Power Boat Company of Hythe, Southampton, held its annual exhibition. For a long time this firm has specialized in speed craft of great seaworthiness, Mr. Scott-Paine being responsible for their design. In all, nearly twenty boats were shown, ranging in size from 13-foot "Sea Swallows" (small two-seater runabouts with a speed of 27 m.p.h.), and 16-foot "Sea Jokers" with a speed of 30 m.p.h., to a 45-foot express cruiser fitted with three 100 hp. Power engines and capable of over 30 m.p.h. All these craft, beautifully built and finished, have a semi-displacement type of hull, and the large express cruiser was the last word in luxury, containing crew's quarters, an observation cabin with sunshine roof, a double and a single cabin, galley and lavatory, a steering deckhouse, and a small open cockpit aft — all the fittings and furnishings being first class. The 40-foot "Sea Lord," fitted with two 100 hp. Power engines and capable of a speed of 26 m.p.h., contained four berths, and the 37½-foot "Sea Monarch," capable of 30 m.p.h., two. These larger craft were planked with African mahogany, double-skinned below the chine and laid diagonally above it. The wood of the cabin tops and wheelhouses was Laurana, a white mahogany. *Miss Britain III* was also on view.

The Power Boat Company, whose boats are used as tenders by the Admiralty and the Royal Air Force, has recently completed a 45-foot armored cruiser for the Chinese Maritime Customs, one of the most interesting craft ever produced; the conning tower, fore cabin coamings, and the center of the hull are plated with one-inch high tensile steel. With a speed of 30 knots, propelled by three 100 hp. Power engines installed aft, and with two or three Lewis guns, she will, it is anticipated, seriously curtail the activity of piratical marauders in eastern waters.

The Gyro Boat

(*Continued from page 48*)

nary sail boat. It is only necessary to stop the rotor with the brake; there are no flapping sails to be furled. In fact, the rotor boat coming alongside of a dock resembles the power boat more than the sail boat in operation.

Those sailors who always sit in the shade of the sail will miss this advantage in the *Gyrette*. However, the rotor boat can easily be equipped with an awning such as it is possible many pleasure sail boats would have if it were not for the interference of the boom. There will then be the advantage of shade over the cockpit. It is also true, of course, that some apprehension may be felt as to the danger of being hit by the rotating blades. The rotor, however, is tilted at 17° from the mast, and the blades never revolve inside the shrouds or at all close to the cockpit. To be entirely safe, it is only necessary to remain abaft the mast. It must be admitted, however, that at present this type of boat is not developed to the point where it can be safely placed in the hands of children or armchair sailors. The larger the boat, of course, the higher the rotor mast, and the less the danger from this source. Critics of the boat may also fear that the spread of the rotor blades will offer so much resistance to the wind as to render the craft dangerous in gale conditions. As a matter of fact, experiment has proved that the windage of the rotor, when not in motion, with that of the mast and rigging, is no more than that of a sailing boat with all sails down or the storm sails set.

We have now had a month's sailing with the *Gyrette* including several 20-mile trips. Such experts as F. C. Geiger, John R. Hogan and Donald Steele have said that it was good fun to sail a gyro boat. They have agreed that she is probably considerably faster down wind and reaching than the same hull would be under sail. While it is not yet possible to sail quite so close to the wind, still, the *Gyrette* will easily make within four points. The results have demonstrated that the average performance of the *Gyrette* is at least as satisfactory in speed and sport as that of the sail boat. Yet she is still in the experimental stage.

The specifications of the present boat are as follows:

The rotor has a diameter of 20 feet and a disc area of 314 square feet.

The rotor blades are 15-inch chord, with 24 square feet blade area. The rotor is mounted on a special hub with a standard Austin automobile brake.

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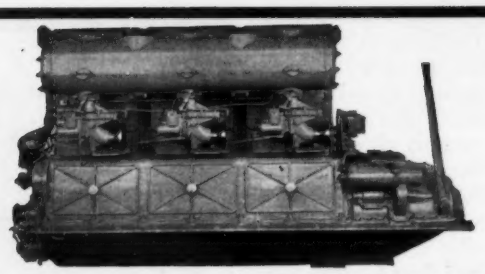

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The entire rotor mechanism is mounted on the forward side of a vertical mast, 12 feet above the deck and tilted at an inclination of 17° to the mast.

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Besides the standard sailing instruments, the boat is equipped with an anemometer mounted upon the stern to record the wind velocity.

In all other respects the boat is a standard Star hull.

Several naval architects and designers think that this new type of locomotion by wind power will have many uses. Since it is good fun, it is likely that many sailors may wish to employ the rotor boat as a means of variety in racing and cruising. As auxiliary power for motor boats, motor cruisers, Diesel work boats and the like, it may be practicable. The low operating cost will recommend the device to the operators of power boats in circumstances under which high speed is not desirable, and the simplicity of handling will commend it to the tastes of a power boat sailor. The reduction of motion and rolling in the rotor boat makes it admirable for the transportation of fragile commodities, such as fruits and watermelons, so frequently injured in transportation. Indeed, this device may well bring back wind power to the work boat, at least as an auxiliary.

Already the development of the idea of autorotation for racing boats is under way. Designs are being perfected by two naval architects for boats which will probably be in operation this season. We hope during the coming summer to secure through these designs more accurate racing data and to continue our competition with boats of the Star Class. Perhaps it is unlikely that the America's Cup will ever be defended by a rotor boat, since it may be ultimately regarded as in a class by itself, but whether in competition with a sail boat or regarded separately, the possibilities of the device for sport are worth exploring.

"Director" Commences Her Traverse

(*Continued from page 41*)

shark off San Salvador, followed us for a time.

Director doesn't obey all the rules. She's a schooner with a snubby rig. Main, foresail, staysail and jib. No topsails. For three days, the seventh to the ninth, she sailed herself under foresail, staysail, and jib, probably looking all out of balance with the mainsail stowed. She goes to windward well enough under main and staysail. She sails herself best under reefed main and fore, staysail and jib.

We had the schooner *Carlsark's* log with us and it was interesting to compare our day's runs. Although quite a bit larger, the *Carlsark* kept with us on the chart as if we were racing. Her passage to Nassau was made a year before in almost identical weather. She had a larger, more experienced crew — three of our six had never been aboard a boat before. When we were on the parallel of Nassau, and running for San Salvador, our time was a day better than *Carlsark's*. We felt quite encouraged.

The idea of taking a green crew to sea for a long voyage has been discussed from many angles. While we were in need of the photographic ability of Hugh Davis, who had been three times to Africa as Martin Johnson's "still" man, and the zoological experience of Wilson Glass, we would not have taken them if it had appeared foolhardy. In the month in shipyard these two cowboys from Oklahoma learned every rope, sheet, and halliard on *Director*. They showed remarkable aptitude in that short time and were standing watches alone in some of the worst weather we had, with the experienced members of the crew sleeping blithely. George Harris had gone to Brown with one of us and came along as ignorant of the sea and its ways as the rest of them. In a month he became our best helmsman. Steering must be something like flying; good flyers and helmsmen are born.

The days slipped by. Three slow ones off San Salvador. But one night, in the graveyard watch, the light loomed just below the horizon and our navigators sighed with relief. We had had no time check since departure from New York as our radio aerial had gone by the board the first night out. (Some day we're going to shove what's left of that "phosphor bronze" wire down that thieving chandler's throat!)

But there we had it. Dead ahead. The wind went out for the first time since sailing. We had carried it fair for the whole run. Never too little, always plenty! *Director* was in water twenty degrees warmer than that tough old bottom of hers had ever known, and she reveled in it. We dropped her sails and went on under power, after a fashion, until we skirted the shore of the island. There we turned off the uneven racket of the engine and had a great feast. About this time we hooked a small shark and, between the curiosities of the ichthyologist and the mammalogist, we

had the deck looking like a slaughter-house in less time than it takes to skin an eel. Not that we were preparing to eat this scavenger of the deep. No, his jaws and fins went into formalin with a lot of the rest of him and he was properly labeled for shipment to the New York Aquarium.

Several days later the shark had disappeared entirely and our appetites returned. Castle Rock had been passed in the night and we were out of sight of Inagua. Cape Maysi was abeam and our first sight of Cuba tempted us ashore. But we had to get on to Colon, with the Caribbean still to cross.

Haiti looked formidable as we passed and Dennis told us the story of the Black Napoleon and his castle in the hills. Soon Cape Dame Marie was gone in the night and the light on Navassa Island was bright ahead. The easterly swell grew longer, the wind came in stronger, we lashed down again. The Caribbean was kicking up. Five days later we came busting through the Limon breakwater and dropped our hook beside a large freighter from Japan — but not until we had had our main boom jump off the mast in the heavy rolling offshore. Its end dipped and the boom tackle broke, causing the jaws to swing away. Sail, blocks, wire, sheet, and the heavy spar took charge of the deck. All hands crawled aft and Sherwood got a dock line on the jaws. It took a good half hour to get the whole thing down, secured, and the trysail up in its place. The rolling of the ship prevented our putting it back on the mast. Not until the next afternoon did we dare cast off the lashings and swing it up with the burtons and the lifts.

We had never seen swells like those before. One, in particular, though none of them were breaking or vicious, came tumbling at us from the east. We saw it while still a mile ahead of it. It came on and on, dwarfing those around it. We fully expected it to engulf us. Hugh slammed on all the hatches and we prepared to hold on. But we laughed as it lifted us high and we held our breath as it dropped us down, down, down. Gatun Locks held no greater thrill. But not a drop of water came aboard. Ten minutes later, a stupid little wave slapped at our topsides and drenched us all!

We made our Central American landfall at Isla Grande, twenty miles down the coast from Limon Bay. Then we paraded on our way into the harbor past Los Faralones and Manzanilla. A squall struck us early in the evening as we waited outside the breakwater for the moon to help us in. We headed out again, off towards the sea, and I'm sure none of us would have regretted it. The smell of the land wasn't as sweet as we thought it would be; we had learned to breathe the salt and the spray and to look ahead for great distances over a horizon that never seemed to end. We weren't glad to be in again.

We came about to face the harbor lights once more as the squall died out and the moon rose over a bank of ugly clouds. As our chain ran out and the ship checked up on it, we couldn't hear. The roar of the sea and the rush of the wind was over. Even the screeching whistle of a nearby tug was muted. We stood there looking silly until the customs boat came alongside. We had our pratique and all the papers were in order. In the morning we went in. We had sailed *Director* south.

Two Famous Bluenose Ships

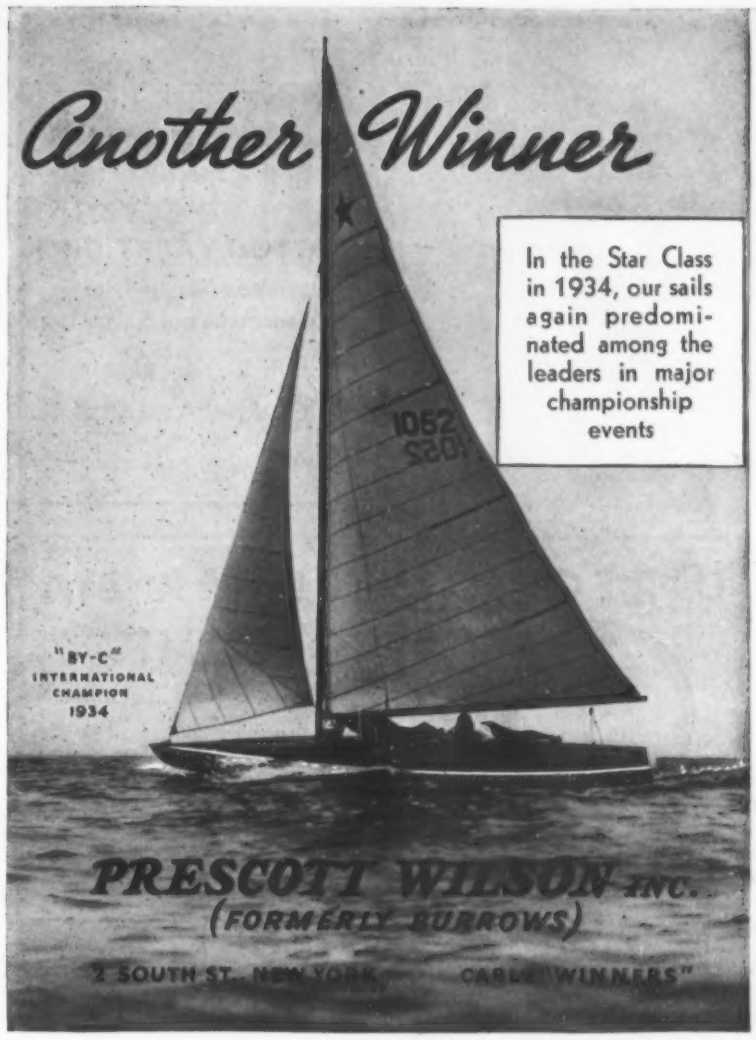
(*Continued from page 53*)

break of the poop was always floored over in port with teak gratings. These were stowed at sea. Below the cabins, in the after end of the 'tween decks, was the lazarette or provision store; it had a trap hatch from the pantry and was separated from the 'tween decks by a heavy plank partition.

On the boat skids forward of the poop was a platform for the standard compass. The connecting bridge over the booby hatch could be hinged up out of the way, if it was necessary to work cargo in that hatch. This platform also held the two brassbound teak harness casks, for "ready use" supply of salt horse and salt pork. The water was carried in big tanks in the lower hold, indicated on the plan, with a pump in the mizzen fife rail.

The forecastle deck was not closed in underneath, except for a row of rooms and lockers partitioned off on each side, and provided a large sheltered space at the fore end of the main deck where a lot of jobs could be carried on during bad weather. The big windlass was in the middle of this space, and forward of the windlass was the forepeak hatch. The rooms were the paint and lamp rooms to port, and carpenter's shop and bosun's locker to starboard. The side lights were carried in little round steel towers called lighthouses, access to which was from underneath.

The arrangement of the forecastle head is clearly shown in the plan; the catheads and the davits were, of course, used for stowing the anchors. At sea these were taken right in on deck and securely lashed there, the cables being disconnected and sent below. The hawse pipes would then be plugged and everything would be snug under the fo'c'sle head.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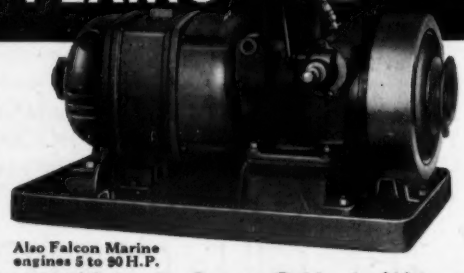

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There were four cargo hatches, as indicated on the plans, the principal one being hatch No. 3. The capstan on the fo'c'sle head could be used to operate the windlass by hand gear; the after capstans were just there for general convenience, to heave on halliards, moorings, or anything that came handy. The cargo hand winch by the No. 3 hatch I never saw used; it was just a survival, typical of the innate conservatism of the old-fashioned seaman.

The big main pumps abaft the mainmast I saw operated only for a few days, after we had shipped several hundred tons of wet sand ballast. We then pumped out quite a percentage of the weight we had taken in. The steel hull, of course, was as tight as a bottle.

As to her rig, the picture shows it up well. It followed the conventional lines. There were no patent brace or halliard winches or other gadgets. It will be noticed that the topgallantsails were not cut deep, but had only a short hoist. This gave her sail plan a beautifully symmetrical appearance, the sails diminishing uniformly in size from the great lower yards, where all hands would frequently have a hard struggle to furl one of the big lower sails, to the dainty skysails where the sail was handled by one boy. Her sails were of hemp canvas, except the royals, skysails, and light fore and afters, which were of cotton duck. Hemp canvas is a sort of straw color, and is more pliable and nicer to handle in heavy weights than is cotton.

But writing about the *Oweenee* without mentioning Captain Burchell is rather like discussing Hamlet without speaking of the Prince of Denmark, to paraphrase the well-known saying. He was a strong and striking personality. A part owner in the ship, she had, as I intimated before, practically been built to his order; she was his only home for something like eighteen years, during which time she ranged the seven seas and circled the globe I don't know how many times. Captain Burchell always kept her in a condition which would have done credit to any large yacht, and she was so splendidly built and finished that, even at the time I left her, when she was fifteen years old, she still looked like a new ship. Captain Burchell was a tall, lean, energetic and forceful man, a highly strung type. Picture a man of this build, looking almost the double of the late Sir Thomas Lipton in the face, wearing a high-crowned, flat-topped derby hat, pulling on a strong cigar and striding along as though he certainly meant to get somewhere, and you have Captain Burchell. At sea, of course, the hat was laid aside for a cap, but the cigar was a permanent fixture. A strict disciplinarian, standing no nonsense from anyone, and meeting anything in the nature of insubordination with instant decisive action, he was, at the same time, fair, showing his crew every reasonable consideration with regard to food and working hours.

The *Oweenee* was no hell ship; I never saw a man ill-used or insulted by any member of the afterguard. Discipline, strict and severe discipline, was certainly maintained, and properly so; it was in the best interests of everyone. But it was the personality of Captain Burchell and his officers, their obvious competence to handle their jobs and take care of anyone who opposed them, combined with the fairness I mentioned above, which did the trick. And there was also the Nova Scotia name for, although the ship's port of registry had been changed from Windsor, N. S., to London, she was famous as a Nova Scotia ship, and that was enough to make the toughest characters think twice before starting anything.

I spoke of the perfect order in which the ship was always kept, from keel to truck. Her color scheme has always seemed to me particularly attractive. The hull was black to the water line, and the spars salmon color, except where scraped and greased. The boats were white, with teak sheerstreaks. All the teak was varnished with clear varnish, and its light brown tone was carried out in all the deckhouses and bulkheads at poop and forecastle, which were grained in two tones of brown to bring out the panel effect of the butt straps on the plates. The bulwarks were painted white, with a blue tint, and the panel strips a darker blue. The front of the rooms under the forecastle deck was paneled and painted to match the bulwarks. The round iron bulwark stanchions and the chain plates of the rigging, the hatch coamings, ventilators in the fife rails, mooring bollards, and all machinery were a dark green. The steel channel bar stiffening the bulwarks and supporting the greenheart pin rail was dark brown to match the wood. The whole effect was extremely pleasing.

A reference to the deck photograph of a four-master very similar to the *Oweenee* shows up strikingly the long narrow deck, the structure of the bulwarks, with the chain plates riveted to the top of the sheerstreak, the stanchions and the pin rail. When the picture was taken the ship was laid up and all her running gear except the braces had been stripped. This makes her look very bare. Notice, however, the steep angle of the rigging and the great height even to the lower yards; this will give an idea of what it meant to go aloft on one of these flyers and also indicates the tremendous area of the big lower sails.

The *Oweenee's* crew consisted of two mates, five petty officers, boatswain, carpenter, sailmaker, stew-

ard and cook, of whom the steward lived aft, the rest in the midship house. Of the twenty men in her forecastle, eighteen were able seamen and two were ordinary seamen. Twenty-eight, including the captain.

+ + +

The ship left Liverpool fully stored for a long voyage, with tons of Liverpool pantiles (hard biscuit) in tanks in the lazarette, and tiers of casks of salt horse and pork forward in the forepeak, and more than two years later we were still eating some of these original stores after they had been twice around Cape Horn. Of course, fresh meat, vegetables, potatoes, flour, etc. were bought in each port, and we were always well fed. The reason the biscuits lasted so long was because fresh bread was nearly always served out to us and eating Liverpool pantiles was a matter of personal taste. With her crew, the ship was practically self-contained as regards all small repairs, renewals and general maintenance. She had an ample supply of paint, rope, canvas and every variety of spare gear. The carpenter, a Finn, was a general all 'round mechanic, he was as good a blacksmith as a carpenter, and also ran the donkey winch whenever it was used. The sailmaker was a highly skilled specialist. He had just served seven years at his trade in Liverpool, and his skill and speed, the snap and finish with which he always did his work was really fascinating to watch. Captain Burchell and the sailmaker cut out all the new sails and the sailmaker made them up.

The mates, with the boatswain and sailors, could handle any job about the rigging; in fact, given the material, we could have rerigged the ship if necessary. All the braces, halliards and sheets were of flexible steel wire, right down to the final whips or purchases, and the yards were steel up to and including the topgallants. She had pole topmasts, that is the lower mast and topmast were all in one piece — steel, of course. This whole great fabric, from decks to trucks, was gone over every long deep water passage.

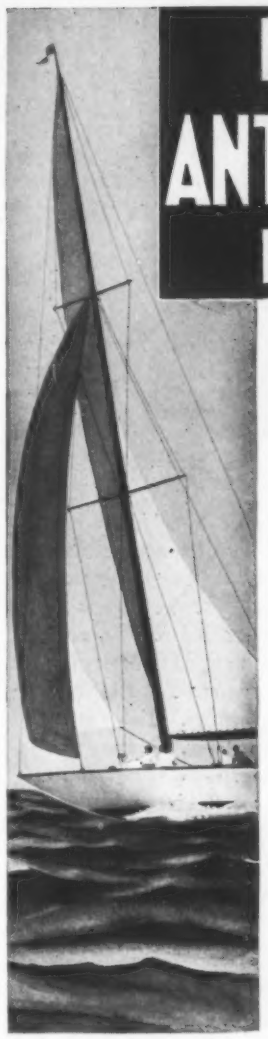
With regard to the sailing and general handling of the ship, the watch on deck could set any of the sails, using a capstan to help out if necessary. When taking in sail, the watch could handle anything down to the topgallant sails; topsails or courses, however, were a job for all hands. Other jobs calling for all hands were tacking or wearing ship, shifting a course, and also shifting topsails if it was blowing hard at the time. Shifting sail, I might say, means sending down one suit and bending another in its place. When reducing sail, it was usual to take in the mainsail and cro'jack before the topgallant sails, if the ship was running free with the yards squared in. When on a wind, however, the topgallants came in first. The picture shows the ship on a wind, tacks boarded, with the main skysail and mizzen royal being clewed up together, and the cro'jack hanging in the gear ready to furl. This would be decidedly unusual and I am inclined to think it is a piece of artistic license. The only technical fault in the picture is the reef band in the spanker. This sail could not be reefed, as it had a standing gaff, was loose-footed and brailed in to the mast. Although a big sail, it was the handiest one in the ship.

The *Oweenee* set 30 sails altogether, 18 square sails and 12 fore and afters. Although there were reef bands in the upper topsails and courses, and we always carried the reef tackles on the lower yards, these were used only for sending the sails up and down when shifting sail. I never saw a sail reefed during my time in the ship.

Any heavy job calling for all hands was always carried out at the change of the watch wherever possible, as the whole crew would then be mustered on deck in the ordinary routine. Of course, occasionally some sudden change or stress of weather would necessitate the watch being called out at other times but, on the whole, we lost surprisingly little time out of our watch below. Captain Burchell was a past master at forecasting weather conditions and always seemed to know when to reduce sail. I never spent hours on a yard in all my time in the ship. The *Oweenee* was not a heavy ship for a four-master and her rig was moderate; in fact, it is my considered opinion that, with a bigger sail spread and a stronger crew, she could have been driven much harder and would have made still better time.

As to her speed capabilities, she always did at least ten knots when there was any real life to the wind and could, under favorable conditions, do eleven or twelve when braced sharp up, and she seemed to make hardly any leeway. When running free and really hard driven, I hesitate to say what she could do. I don't think I am exaggerating when I say that she would touch 17 or 18 knots at times, when struck by heavy squalls while running the Easting down. I saw her do 15 knots for 48 hours on one occasion, and swinging her royals at that. On the same passage she left Durban, Natal, and ran her Easting half around the world in 30 days. We were ballasted to perfect sailing trim and racing against time to pick up a grain charter in Portland, Oregon.

She had only a single wheel and was a beautifully balanced ship. One man could steer her under almost any conditions. She was also a remarkably dry ship in spite of her fine lines; her buoyant sheer



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would account for this in part. Readers of Mr. Villiers' accounts of the later windjammers are accustomed to pictures of flooded decks, with life lines and even life nets stretched all along. The only time we had to stretch life lines along the *Oweenee's* deck was on one occasion when running around Cape Horn, with the ship down to her marks and a deck load of Oregon timber flush with the rail.

The crew was not really strong enough to handle her as she should have been handled. For instance, in tacking ship it was always necessary to haul down the main and mizzen staysails and clew up the mainsail and cro'jack before putting her about, and losing all that sail tended to kill her way when she needed it most. The jigger staysails were kept set to help her swing up into the wind and the two ordinary seamen were stationed on the poop to shift over the two staysail sheets as soon as the sails began to flap, and then haul on the mizzen topgallant, royal and skysail braces when the after yards were swung. These braces led down on the poop. With the captain's eagle eye on us, we had to show our best paces and the job had to be done on the run to be done in time. Heaven help us if we marred the teak anywhere with a swinging block or shackle while rushing the sheets around.

It was a thrilling sight to watch that great ship go around on a fine day with a fresh breeze. As she swung up in the wind the tremendous thunder of flapping canvas would be stilled as everything came flat aback and the crew would stand poised, like runners at the mark, down on the main deck, starboard watch at the cro'jack braces, port watch at the main. At the exact moment, Captain Burchell's powerful, resonant voice would ring along the decks: "Main topsail haul!" and all the main and mizzen yards would fly around practically by themselves, the crew having all they could do to gather in the slack of the braces. The decks were full of men running with the braces or gathering them in, hand over hand, with a medley of weird cries. The secret of this was to catch the moment when the lee sides of the after sails were blanketed by the sails ahead of them, but with the wind pressure still acting on the forward yardarms. This unbalanced pressure would swing the yards in a very lively fashion. With the ship around on the other tack, the fore yards would then be hauled around.

Well, the *Oweenee* is converted into a motor oil tanker now and her beautiful hull is still giving service in the Red Sea and Persian Gulf trade, as far as I know, but the sails are gone. And the splendid sailors I remember are no more to be found in the few surviving windjammers.

Captain Crowe and Captain Burchell were both drowned at sea about twenty years ago and with them and their contemporaries has passed away a great art which played a great part in the world for a very long time, but is now rapidly being forgotten.

Learning by Doing

(*Continued from page 46*)

minutes, we got the feel of the boat and could see that she did what we asked her to do if we did our part. But coming in alongside the dock was enough to make our knees wobble again until we remembered the advice: "Take it easy." So we slowed the engine and slid up near the dock, threw out the clutch, tossed the lines ashore, and made fast. A few more tips from one of the yard men and we tried it again, this time breathing more easily and finding that we could even relax a bit and still put the boat where we wanted to.

Sunday morning came and the fleet was ready to start. Some twenty new boats were lined up in front of the plant and half a dozen others, built last year, cruised about in the canal to make things more complicated for us, as it seemed, but really as a gesture of good will. At last zero hour came and we backed out into the canal and took our assigned place in the procession. Our instructions were to follow the boat ahead of us and this we did, speeding up or slowing down as she did so that we kept our distance astern of her. We chugged along behind her, regulating our speed by the throttle and having no trouble at all. At first, we were inclined to do too much steering and we would put the wheel over too far to one side and then have to put it the other way so that we did some zigzagging. But we soon found that the boat would answer to a small motion of the steering wheel and, as we went on, we managed to keep her straight, moving the wheel only a little at a time. It was lots easier and as we found out, more seamanlike.

As we were getting used to steering and handling the engine, and were beginning to think that we were pretty good at it, the boat ahead of us slowed down and we could see those ahead milling around waiting for the first canal lock to open. We slowed the engine, put the wheel over and headed back for a little way. That showed us how the boat turned with the motor almost idling, and we made a mental note of it. Then we turned again and ran slowly, killing time. At last the lock gates opened and

In the lock at Brewerton. By that time we were adepts at handling lines

here came a big black tanker out into the canal. She blew her whistle once. We had been studying the "Pilot Rules" faithfully and knew what that meant.

Then the green light called us into the lock and we went ahead to take up our position. At first the lock looked about a mile long, and then we wondered whether there would be room for all of the boats. But they took their positions, after a little confusion, half of them against the lock walls and the others tied to them. We were against the right hand wall with our stern opposite a big iron post. I hopped out and wrapped our stern line around the post a couple of times and held on to the rope, and the boat swung neatly up against the wall, our bags of shavings keeping her from scratching the fresh new paint. Some of the boats were every which way, across the lock or headed back toward the entrance.

The gate closed and the water started to go down, so we paid out the lines from the boat gradually, keeping her in close. Then the water stopped going down, the gate ahead opened, the kids cast off our lines, and we went ahead into the second lock and repeated the process. Soon we were out of that lock and getting straightened out once more. We followed the boat ahead like a shadow. At first we wondered why she was swerving about so, as we knew that she had a crew of old-timers. But we soon learned that there was a reason, for we nearly ran over a piece of driftwood that would have bent our propeller.

As we neared the terminal at Rochester, we noticed that the leading boat swung around and headed back but did not tie up to the wall. Instead, she kept away from it until a fine series of waves, kicked up by the fleet, came down the river and rolled all the boats. If we had been tied up we would have taken a bumping against the concrete that might have caused damage.

Next morning we were up bright and early, taking gas and water and before long the fleet was formed in line again and on its way. Pretty soon we saw that we were overtaking a tug and, as she seemed to take up a lot of room, we watched the boats ahead of us. We noticed that they crowded close to her and we were afraid there would be a collision. But the water thrown off by her propeller caught them and slid them away. It was nervous work, but we followed the others and came through all right. Then we overtook a big oil tanker and we found that we had to keep well clear of her, as the suction pulled us in and then threw us out again.

We went into the first lock that day with too much headway and had to reverse the engine to keep from hitting into the boat ahead, which taught us that we had to take things easy when in close quarters. But we then put out our stern line and the bow swung up against the wall without difficulty.

The next level gave us another new experience. We met a tug with a long tow and stopped to let them go by. But there was a current with us and a wind that kept us moving ahead, so we put the engine into reverse and held the boat where she was until ready to go ahead again. But, to our surprise, we found that we had to steer the "wrong way" when going astern. This was disconcerting, but we were learning.

We tied up that night at Lyons, at the regular terminal, and found stores handy so that we could do our marketing without going far from the boat. We passed a quiet night, though every now and then we would wake up and hear a big Diesel tanker chugging along past us. Next day we made the run to Brewerton, gaining confidence each

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time we had to go through a lock or pass another boat.

We got off early in the morning for the run across Oneida Lake, our first stretch of open water. It was calm enough when we started but the wind picked up as we went along and before we got to Silver Beach and into the canal again we got quite a shaking up. The course across the lake is well marked by buoys and little lighthouses so that we tried steering a compass course just for practice and found that it was quite different from steering by our next ahead.

By the time we reached the big government lock at Troy, through which we passed out into tidewater, we felt like old salts. But the Hudson gave us rather a rough welcome, with a rip snorting thunderstorm in its upper reaches and a fine shaking up in Haverstraw Bay, where the wind was blowing against the tide. But we took it easy and came through all right, all the time gaining confidence in our boat.

Finally we sighted the George Washington Bridge and knew that our cruise was almost over. The fleet went into a boat yard under the shadow of the Palisades and, after a short time, the boats dispersed to their home ports. We had a fine time on the cruise and know a lot more than we did when we started. Now for a summer of cruising! Short cruises over the week-ends and a long one when my husband's vacation comes. We're already studying the charts to see how far we can get in those two weeks.

"Hot Spot"

(*Continued from page 37*)

we are after the big boys. Of course, our large tackle is far too big for white marlin. While we always release all white marlin and sailfish, the large hooks are apt to injure them, and if the fish is hooked in the eye or is bleeding, he will probably become prey for the sharks. However, it is amazing what a creditable battle these white marlin put up even on line as large as 39-thread. I have caught them on line from 9 to 39-thread and once saw one jump twenty-seven times on 39-thread. He made the highest jump I believe I have ever seen made by any fish other than a Mako shark.

How the Blue Marlin Act

In this giant "hot spot" are to be found many smaller favorable locations, with all of which Tommy Gifford is well acquainted, and late one fine afternoon found us over one of them. We had only one bone fish left for bait. These, by the way, have no superior for blue marlin.

Gifford pulled this last bone fish out of the bait box. It was still fresh, having been on ice. He looked it over carefully to see that nothing was out of place. His baits are his greatest pride, and they are a work of art. Inspection completed, he put it on the starboard outrigger and let it out.

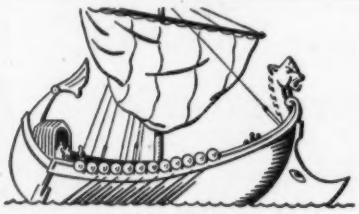
When fishing at Bimini in May and June, I sit in the chair, which is in the center of the cockpit, leaving plenty of room on both sides on the *Lady Grace* to fight the fish from any angle. I never leave it except on rare occasions. In fact, ten or twelve hours is an average stretch for most of us.

The bone fish had been jumping and skipping merrily along, as all baits do on the long and expertly designed outriggers. There came a terrible whoop from Osborne, Gibb and Holden, who were sitting on top of the cabin. A blue marlin, traveling at the greatest speed at which I have ever seen a fish swim, and weighing, as all hands on board conservatively estimated, at least seven hundred pounds, hit that bait with all the momentum of a 50-mile-an-hour rush.

A wall of water 20 feet wide and 15 to 20 feet high, shot up into the blue, well over the outrigger poles. In fact, I did not see the fish at the time because of it. Down came the line from the clothespin at the outrigger's end. I struck when it went taut and away shot the marlin, still going at the same rate of speed. He had never even slowed down. Osborne, the mate, had the controls. Keeping his head beautifully, he started the boat ahead fast at the exact split second that I struck. This marlin had no intention of altering his ideas about having that bone fish for an early supper and at the speed he was traveling he almost automatically hooked himself. All of this took place in about thirty seconds.

The marlin soon had us off the "hot spot," and he had not as yet started jumping. After a rush of 2,000 feet and a long, hard sound, he came up, jumped five times in succession, then doubled back and started around the boat, still at the same rate of speed. It was uncanny to watch him circle us once, twice, then three times, about 200 feet away. There we were in the center of a complete loop.

Try as he would, for once in his life Gifford was having trouble getting the *Lady Grace*, with her twin motors and twin rudders, out of it. At the end of his third complete circuit, the marlin made one more magnificent jump and that was the finish. The hook sailed in



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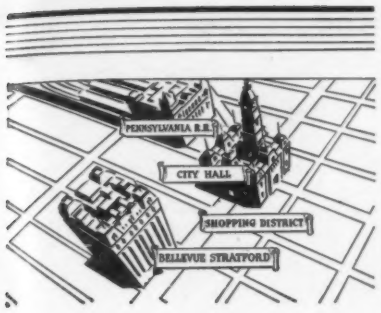

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The author in a battle with a white marlin

A tuna landed at Bimini, badly eaten by sharks

one direction and what was left of the bone fish in the other. Once I got that line reeled in I found my 14-0 Pflueger hook, the largest and most powerful made, straightened out like a screw driver.

Late in July of last year, Michael Lerner of New York had the same experience with a fish weighing around 1,200 pounds, the only difference being that his fish continued to jump as he circled the boat, still at the same high rate of speed. Mr. Lerner fished for twelve days. In that time he raised sixteen blue marlin, hooked twelve and caught five, weighing from 160 to 305 pounds, a fine average.

The following day, in the same spot, and at the same time, I raised a blue marlin, but it would not strike, and the third day, at the same time and place, a third one. Both of these fish weighed upwards of 350 pounds.

Last year, besides Mr. Lerner's five fish and my own, Captain Gifford, who occasionally takes a day off to fish, caught one weighing 353 pounds. Alex Yarnell of Philadelphia took one of 209 pounds, and Sharp Ezell of St. Louis caught one of 202 pounds. Little Miss Catherine Dunscombe took one of 177 pounds on 24-thread line with Captain Leo Droughton — a fine achievement for a young lady of fourteen years. The four Cass Brothers of Miami, caught three, of 322, 201 and 119 pounds.

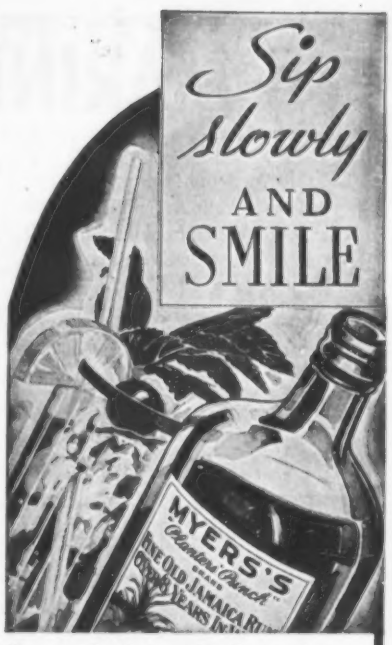
The Cass Brothers were the only anglers to bring in carcasses of tuna last year. They were using 72-thread line with the giant 20-Knowles reel, made in Bimini, and managed to get three fish into the boat, all badly mangled, but not before John Cass had come close to losing his left hand at the wrist.

At a low estimate, 75 tuna were hooked in June, 1934, and only three chewed-up fish that would have gone over 700 pounds, whole, were brought in. Captain Gifford fought one for eight and one-half hours, had him licked and was getting him into shallow water, so as not to be bothered by sharks, which, for some reason, had not been around, when his 54-thread line was cut on the rocks.

Not a good record for tuna; no. But I believe that this luck cannot go on forever. It is only a question of time, with the experience already gained, until this fish will be caught — and caught fair — without being marked by sharks, on 54-thread line.

I shall conclude by saying that I hope anyone who has a liking for salt water fishing will make the trip to Bimini. Any time from December on is good.

One can cross with the guides from Miami in their boats, or use the Pan-American Airways amphibians or the Chalk Flying Service and in fifty-five minutes can meet the guides over there. In due course of time, Bimini will probably offer more in the way of accommodations. A club or large hotel will probably be built and there is a chance that Mr. L. R. Wasey may build a clubhouse on South Cat Cay or on the main island, both of which he owns. This would take care of a great many more fishermen and would mean, naturally, a great many more guides. I firmly believe that inside of five years more record fish will have been taken from these waters than from any other place in the world. Until then, more power to the men who are making Bimini the "hot spot" of deep-sea game fishing.



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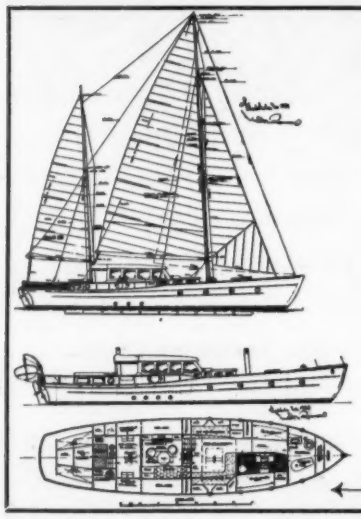

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Of Interest to the Skipper

Some fortunate owners moor their boats in the back yard, as is done with "Malihini," a 38-foot Chris-Craft Individualized Cruiser owned by H. Gregory Wait of Shelburne, Vermont. Two 150 hp. Chryslers drive her

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THE 20-foot motor sailer designed by Nicholas S. Potter and built by the Fairfield Boat Works of Greenwich, Conn., is to have Universal power as standard equipment. Buyers may have their choice of the single-cylinder Universal "Fisherman" or the 2-cylinder Universal "Blue Jacket Twin" for speeds up to 8 m.p.h. Should greater power be wanted, the Universal "Economy Four" or "Utility Four" may be installed.

The Fairfield motor sailer is 20′ over all and 7′ 6″ beam. She has two berths, galley, toilet, icebox, and lots of stowage space.

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"Pendragon" Takes the Water

THE auxiliary cruising cutter *Pendragon*, built for Henry M. Devereux, was launched May 4th at the yard of Henry B. Nevins, Inc., City Island, N. Y. She is 40′ 9″ over all, 30′ 0″ l.w.l., 10′ 0″ beam and 6′ 3″ draft. She is a cutter with double head rig and carries 788 square feet of sail. Her motor is a Gray Light Four, with reduction gear. This is located on the center line aft with the propeller offset. The yacht has handled well in her trials under sail and power.

\+ + +

New Motor Boats Delivered

L. B. CHAPMAN, manager of the yacht division of the American Car and Foundry Company, reports that John S. Harah of Uniontown, Pa., has just bought an a.c.f. 26-footer powered with a Gray 6–56 engine. She has been named *Ke-Uk-Sa* and will hail from Oxford, Md.

Harry Braunstein of Wilmington, Del., has bought a 47-foot a.c.f. cruiser powered with a 175 hp. Hall-Scott engine. She has been named *Freddie B.* and her home port will be Wilmington, Del.

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Pyrene Announces New Extinguisher

A NEW two-quart fire extinguisher is announced by the Pyrene Manufacturing Company, of Newark, N. J. It is of the pressure type, and delivers at will either a fan shaped spray or a solid stream. It is ruggedly built, of copper and brass throughout, with two seamless concentric shells, the outer one holding the liquid and the inner one air under pressure. No built-in pump is used; the air pressure may be renewed from any air line with a pressure of 100 pounds or more.

The discharge nozzle, when wide open, produces a solid stream; when partially open, it emits a fan shaped spray which vaporizes almost instantly, displacing oxygen and smothering the fire. When the nozzle lever is released, it acts as a temporary shutoff.

The extinguisher is 18″ high, 5″ diameter and weighs, fully charged, 16½ pounds. With its air pressure operation, flexible discharge hose and nozzle control, the operator can work in close quarters and give all his attention to directing the stream where it will do the most good.

"Burrs' Dock" Now Carries Essomarine

PRACTICALLY every cruising yachtsman who has ever dropped anchor in New London is familiar with the establishment of A. H. and A. L. Burr. Off that dock has been the rendezvous of the cruisers that have raced to Bermuda or to Cape May, and many have availed themselves of the service of the company. The two red speed boats, used for newspaper and mail delivery and for taxi service, are well known and almost everyone has, at one time or another, procured gasoline, oil and paint and other supplies at Burrs' or called on their service department for repairs.

Now the brothers have arranged to act as distributors for the Colonial Beacon Oil Company and will handle the Essomarine line of marine oils and greases. Burrs' Dock now carries the familiar Essomarine red, white and blue emblem.

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Yacht Sales and Charters

COX & STEVENS, naval architects and yacht brokers of New York, report the following sales and charters made during the past few weeks:

The 248-foot Diesel yacht *Warrior* sold for Harrison Williams to Sandoma Corporation of Los Angeles.

The 195-foot Diesel yacht *Placida* chartered for H. G. Haskell to a member of the Seawanhaka Y. C.

The 148-foot Diesel yacht *Alamo* chartered for L. B. Manning.

The 123-foot Diesel yacht *Northwind* chartered for Charles Martin Clark to a prominent yachtsman.

The 85-foot houseboat *Edna B* chartered for Captain Robert Busby to a member of the N. Y. Y. C.

The 76-foot schooner yacht *Ilikamo* sold for the Estate of Charles S. Hamilton to Commodore W. J. Marshall of the Detroit Sea Scouts, Detroit, to be used for training Sea Scouts.

The 75-foot power houseboat *Silver King* chartered for John L. Maralious to a member of the N. Y. Y. C.

The 70-foot auxiliary schooner *Voyager II* chartered for Eversley Childs, Jr., to a prominent yachtsman, for use in Eastern waters.

The 60-foot auxiliary yawl *Nimbus* chartered for Robert Jacob to a Philadelphia yachtsman, for use on Long Island Sound.

The Ten-Metre sloop *Ballymena* sold to Mrs. Elizabeth S. Falvey for racing on Long Island Sound.

The 50-foot auxiliary ketch *Doubloon* chartered for Arthur Rushton to a New York yachtsman.

A 42-foot cruising power boat sold for George A. Dobyne to Nathan M. Kaplan of St. Louis.

A new Matthews "38" sold to Dr. Charles Ehrhardt of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Six-Metre sloop *Kay* sold for Mrs. Frank S. Danforth to Dr. Lawrence Poole.

The 34-foot Consolidated Playboat *Maid* chartered for George E. Roosevelt to John M. Lovejoy.

The 33-foot sloop *Montauk* sold for John M. Lane to C. B. Mitchell, Jr., of Baltimore, Md.

A 31-foot Marblehead auxiliary sloop sold for the Marblehead Boat Corporation to David McCargo of Pittsburgh, for use at Cape Cod.

The 22-foot auxiliary cruising catboat *Jean* sold for A. E. Schryver to Arthur P. Deacon of Larchmont, N. Y.

An 18-foot Senior Wonderbout sloop sold for the Stearns Marine Company to Dr. Joseph Lintz.

This a.c.f. 38-foot twin screw express cruiser, driven by two 175 hp. Scripps engines, was recently delivered to York-Jersey Underwriters Agency, Inc., H. Van Iderstine, President, of Newark, N. J.

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